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MARCH 9, 1955

Vol. 22, No. 41

PROBLEMS OF LONELINESS

MIGRATION authorities in Holland, it was announced recently, are worried about Dutch migrants here.

Their special concern is for Dutch bachelors who are so distracted by loneliness when they come to Australia that they buy themselves powerful motor-cycles on which they fly round the countryside at great risk to life and limb.

If they had girl friends, the authorities say, these flying Dutchmen would settle down into sober-sided citizens minus motor-bikes.

The question of whether or not young men buy motor-bikes seems at first sight a somewhat trivial matter for official concern. But there's nothing trivial about the reason for bike-buying—loneliness.

Only those who have experienced it appreciate fully the tragedy of loneliness. Thousands of native Australians know only too well the aching emptiness of being always alone.

For migrants, unfamiliar with the language and customs of the country, the emptiness is even worse. It's a problem which should concern Australians even more than it concerns the Dutch.

A lonely and unhappy new settler is unlikely to become a good citizen. Anti-social habits develop quickly among those who feel themselves unwanted and neglected.

It's the responsibility of all Australians to remove this feeling of neglect by holding out a welcoming hand to migrants.

This doesn't mean marrying your daughter off to the first sad-eyed Dutchman you see on a motor-bike, but it does mean some personal effort.

There are already a number of clubs and societies designed for bringing together old and new citizens. Joining one of these, or forming one where none exists, is one step in the direction of making migrants feel at home and weaning them away from melancholy and motor-bikes.

Our cover:

● "I think I moved. Does it matter?" Princess Margaret asked Robert Feldman, of our New York office, after he had taken the picture of her that appears on our cover. Wearing the Order of the Garter with her magnificent gown of white organza embossed in white satin leaves and flowers, she was descending the staircase at Government House, Trinidad, to attend a State dinner during her tour of the West Indies. Other pictures of the Royal tour are on pages 16 and 17.

This week:

● American singer Frankie Laine, whose second article specially written for us appears in this issue, said one of the things that had impressed him most in Australia was the custom of admitting fans to his dressing-room. In Melbourne they came to his dressing-room in crowds, "and their ages ranged from two and a half years to an old lady of 85," said Frankie.

● Aldyth Angwin, author of our short story "Patting the Cat," is an Australian whose home is at Ballarat, Victoria. She is the advertising manager of a large shop in Ballarat, and writing is her hobby and pleasure. "I've been scribbling ever since I could hold a pencil," she told us. She has had many children's stories published, and has just completed a children's novel.

Next week:

● In our teenage supplement, Candy Hardy will give advice on autumn fashions and will highlight the pinafore dress as the brightest idea of 1955. A pinafore dress teamed with a satin blouse will be illustrated in color and these will be available to readers either ready to wear or cut out ready to make. Two pages of color pictures will help you decide your type and will give suggestions for making the best of your good points and improving your bad ones.

● An article by Larry Foley, of our New York staff, will discuss a new book, "The Challenge of Being a Woman," which is creating a great deal of talk among American women because it maintains they are not really happy.

● Our fiction next week will include "The County Wench," a short story from "Last Recollections of My Uncle Charles," the latest book by famous English author Nigel Balchin.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

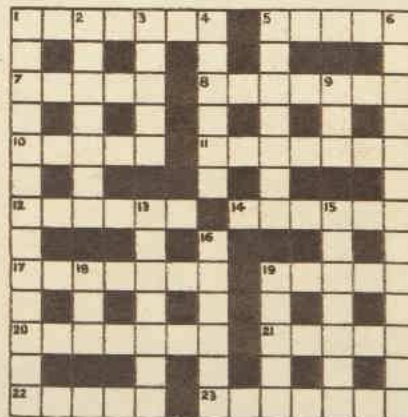
1. Is this leopard a swindler? It sounds so (7).
5. Performed on short account of Edward (5).
7. Tree in which a swell turns (5).
8. Red Star (Anagr. 7).
10. A fool may do it badly after yours faithfully (5).
11. Confirm a confused sender who carries a duck (7).
12. Law suit I and no cat are mixed up in (6).
14. Somewhat slangy underclothing (6).
17. Raised platform which ends with the beginning of 8 across (7).
19. Sheep's cry in table (5).
20. Chide about test (7).
21. Proportion of a rodent to a lady loved by Zeus (5).
22. Try us when stiff with age (5).
23. Judging from the inside, these head coverings are not for country people (7).

Solution to last week's Crossword.

IMMATERIAL
OLD A V I A R
E I T R A I L I N G
L O I A L I Z E R
IMMANENT GOOD
S E T T I N G
E A S T E R R E T A R D
R C S L R S
A C R E B I G A M I S T
T E D S I N N O
E L E M E N T I T N
N A E U E R E
A S T R O N O M E R

1. It could be the mistake of a parson (6, 5).
2. His guiding principle starts with "I" and ends there (7).
3. Appointment when making an experiment with a saint (6).
4. Strike a woman towards this place (6).
5. He must have been a young man with police yet he is remembered for his lamp (7).
6. No pain desires in arrangements made by Providence (13).
9. Listener in free Arabia (3).
13. Small chapel or an arch conservative (7).
15. Torpor, i.e. train? (7).
16. Barrer (6).
18. It costs money when you give it and often does the same when you receive it at Flemington (3).
19. It can be an insect, a person, a tool, or a machine, but the result is always a hole (5).

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 9, 1955



Instalment two of our lively 4-part serial

An Alligator Named DAISY

BY CHARLES TERROT

PETER WESTON, aspiring young English composer, arrives home from a holiday trip to Ireland without a penny but with a pet alligator, Daisy, which was dumped on to him by a drunken cabin-mate.

He had no intention of keeping Daisy, but was persuaded to do so by MOIRA O'SHANNON, another fellow passenger, who is doing research work on animal habits and is so attractive Peter found it easier to keep Daisy than to offend Moira.

At his home, however, his conventional mother and father are appalled by Daisy, and there seems no doubt as to how lovely, wealthy MELISSA COLEBROOK, whom Peter is courting, will react to such a pet, even though his sister EVE is rather amused by her.

Peter's father, already most unsympathetic towards his ambition for a musical career, orders him to dispose of Daisy at once. But when he takes her to MR. OTTO, head of the pet department in a big store where he works, Mr. Otto not only refuses to have anything to do with her, but informs Peter, quite erroneously, that the Zoo would not take her, either. NOW READ ON:

PETER went down two floors to the Piano Department where he was told by Mr. Notchar, the department head, that he was late.

"And that's a very bad start for your first day back at work," added Mr. Notchar severely. "Thompson has gone on holiday, Miss Allison's ill and you're my only assistant."

Mr. Notchar, who was small and fussy and invariably wore a floppy black stock, disliked Peter, whom he regarded as utterly unsuitable for the job of selling pianos and sheet-music. Peter was often late, he was continually having to be checked for writing music during working hours, and his pretty girl friends visited him and had long conversations with him. Mr. Notchar was just waiting for the chance to get him fired.

There were about fifty or sixty pianos in the department and a small selection of ac-

cordions, violins, and brass. It was seldom that more than two pianos were sold each week, but there was quite a brisk business in sheet-music and often Peter was asked to play a piece for a customer.

Mr. Notchar had not noticed Daisy's bag, which Peter had hastily dumped behind a piano stool as soon as he entered the department. He now decided that it was not worth taking any more chances with Daisy; the odds were that she would enlarge the tear in the bag and escape. Accordingly, as soon as Mr. Notchar's back was turned, he took her out of the bag and put her inside the largest instrument in the department—a massive automatic piano of red and black lacquer.

Between the lid and the works there was plenty of room for Daisy to crawl about, and she would be safe there until closing-time.

He then sat down at his favorite grand piano, placed a sheet of blank music-paper on the rack and tried to concentrate on composing a Toccata. Now and again, he would play a few experimental notes, ignoring Mr. Notchar's frowns, but after half an hour the paper in front of him was still blank.

It was bitterly disappointing and he was quite glad when Melissa Colebrook turned up, looking handbox pretty in a new model frock. Melissa was a tall, slender blonde with a petulant mouth and narrow, attractive green eyes upturned at the corners.

"Darling, why didn't you call me last night?" was her first question.

"I didn't get back till very late," he told her. "What was it about?"

"We're having a house-party for our annual tennis tournament the week-end after next. Can you come?"

"Thanks, I'd like to." Peter was a very

good tennis player and so was Melissa. Last year, he had partnered her in this particular tournament and they had lost in the finals to Bill Wade and Nancy Loftice, both of whom were almost up to Wimbledon standard.

"I'm playing with Bill this year," Melissa told him, hoping to make him jealous.

"That so?"

"You don't mind?"

He shrugged. "Why should I? I'll call Nancy and ask her if she'll be my partner."

"I've arranged that already. I think it'll be fairer, don't you?"

Out of the corner of his eye, Peter saw Mr. Notchar approaching.

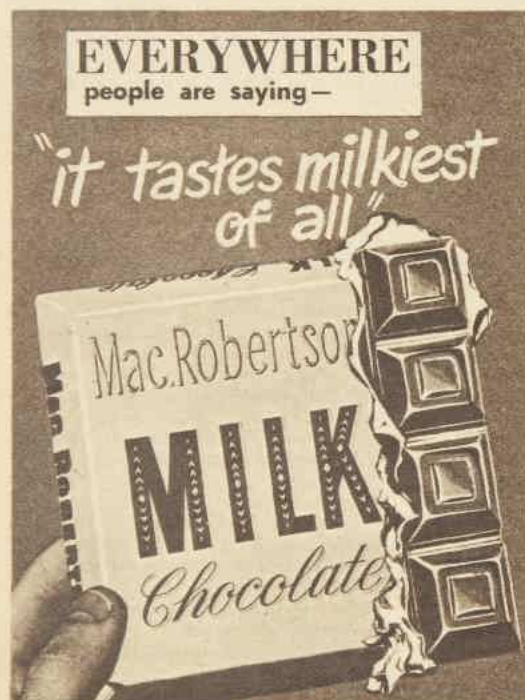
"You better ask me to play something or you'll get me fired."

"Oh, that horrid little man again! Why

To page 37



Daisy scurried on, leaving havoc in her wake, and with Peter in frantic pursuit.



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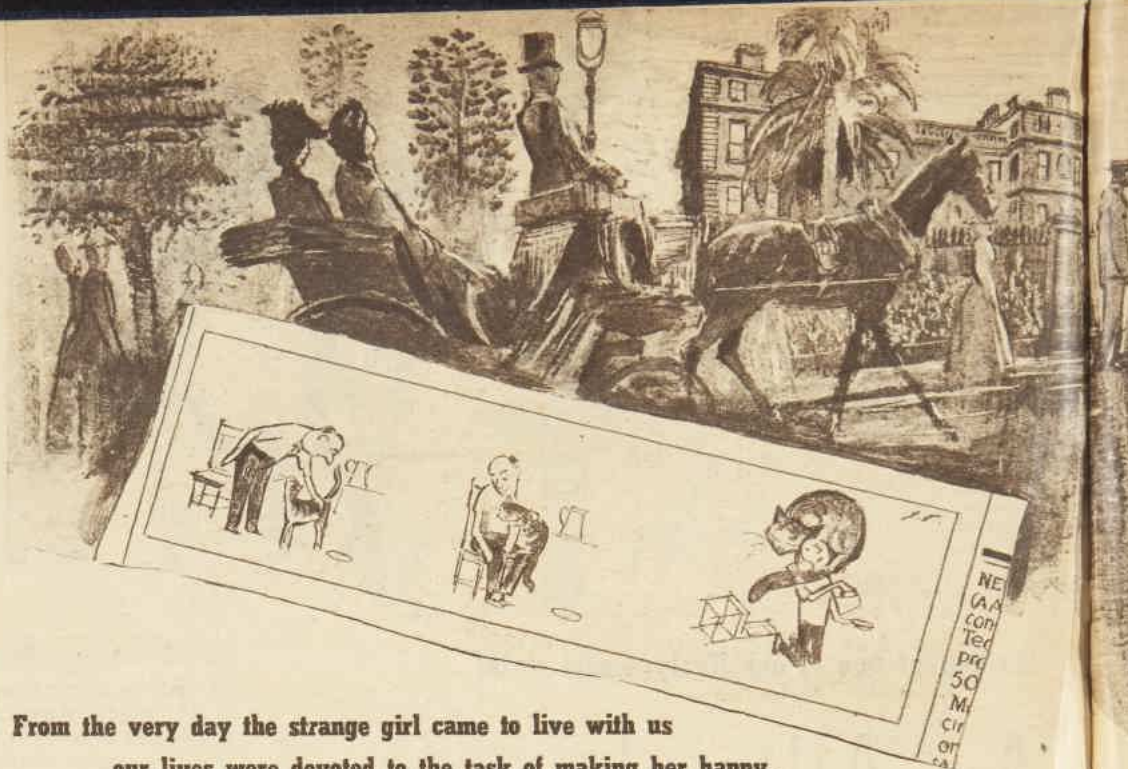
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From the very day the strange girl came to live with us
our lives were devoted to the task of making her happy.

A short story
by **ALDYTH
ANGWIN**

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

Patting the cat

THE cold, tangy spit of early autumn rain kept hitting against my face as I walked back from the letter-box on the corner, my body braced against the biting wind.

I remember running down this street many times years ago, with rain on my panting face and my straggling curls, but now my steps were slow, carrying their weight of time.

I had posted a letter to my twin, David, to tell him of my safe return after a happy week with him at my niece's home. David and I had our seventeenth birthday together, complete with cake and candles. A bitter spike of wind dodged under my hat, but I lowered my head and quickened my pace a little to avoid it.

It had been a lovely birthday party. My twin was an old man, but one to be proud of. I pictured him as I would always remember, looking fondly round the birthday table at his daughter and two fine grandchildren, then at me.

I'm afraid I looked mostly at David. We don't meet very often now, and as seventy years are all we are promised, every time I see him becomes more precious.

I turned at the gate of our old home and let myself in the front door, shutting out the icy drizzle. The room's warmth suddenly enfolding me and I sat down thankfully to toast my feet in the fender. Almost as though she were in the room I could hear my mother's voice saying, "You'll have chilblains, Lassie. Take your feet away from that fire."

I opened my bag to get a handkerchief when a flash of paper caught my eye. I drew it out and unfolded it. A comic! One of David's grandchildren must have put it in my bag. Bless his heart.

I opened it up and saw that it wasn't a comic. It was a cartoon, one of those that relied on its expression for humor. The title was "Patting the Cat."

The first sketch showed a timid little man leaning over to pat a large cat which looked up at him adoringly. In the second sketch the man was seated

with the cat on his lap, its eyes almost closed in supine satisfaction.

In the third the man was kneeling, and on his face was a look of comic dismay and something like fear. The huge cat was wound round his neck and with one paw softly pressed against his cheek.

I knew as soon as I looked at it that neither of the children had put it there. It was David, dear, gentle David, to whom the cartoon had appealed. There was no writing, just the neatly cut out paper.

I looked at it long and hard and thought about Maverley. I remembered as though it were yesterday, the first time I ever saw her. She was standing just inside the school gates on the first day back after a term vacation.

Her feet, in their heavy black button-up boots, looked to be embedded in the earth, and her hands were clasped tightly over an old battered bag as though she had no will to put it down.

I wondered if she was coming in to school and then walked on slowly. She followed me at a distance, Indian fashion, stopping and slowing down when I did so that she kept just far enough behind me to be out of speaking range. At last I swung round and waited for her to catch up to me.

"Hullo," I said. "You're new here."

"Yes." She lowered her eyes to concentrate on her feet.

My eyes followed hers and from there rose to the rusty black stockings, the frock that was obviously a hand-out from someone. I felt a tremendous surge of pity as I realised that everything about this girl was wrong and that she knew it. We were just too old for the hand-taking stage, so I walked beside her into the girls' room.

All day at school I thought of Maverley. I wondered what it would be like to dress like that. I wondered about her mother, her home, and what she would do in the world.

After school we were all standing at the gates when Maverley walked out to

go home. With the easy assurance of our spotless uniforms and crisp, white blouses, we watched her. She reached the group and her eyes lifted.

I was struck by their deep blue and intensity. Hesitatingly she glanced at one, then at another. I smiled and her face softened strangely. Nobody spoke. With the callousness of the young we watched her turn and walk away, her thin, long body moving slowly down the street.

"My, what a gawk." The girls all laughed.

I wasn't very brave, but then I didn't have to be for these girls were my friends.

"I think I'll walk home with her. She's going my way."

"Good girl, good girl," the girls laughed again, not unkindly, and called goodbyes until I was out of earshot. It didn't take me long to catch up to Maverley, and when I did, words failed me.

She looked at me in surprise, then said, "Why did you come after me?"

"This is on my way home, so I thought maybe we'd walk together."

We didn't speak for a whole block, then Maverley planted her feet firmly on the path and took my hand in hers. "Thank you. Oh, thank you." One large tear squeezed out of her eye, ran down her nose, and hung there defying all the laws of gravity.

I was horribly embarrassed and stole a quick look to make sure none of the girls was following. "Don't thank me, Maverley. We can walk home again." She gave my hand a final squeeze before we walked on to the corner.

It soon became an accepted thing that Maverley and I walked home together. She'd wait just a little while from the school gates until I came each afternoon. The girls laughingly told me if I went home another way my large awkward Maverley would be still waiting when the sun came up next day. In spite of their teasing, the girls began to



include her in things, to give her any little extras they had in pencils, chalks, or pens.

I'd found out a little about the way she lived, the unwanted child of a first marriage, made to do all manner of jobs that a handy man wouldn't tackle, and receiving no sympathy or understanding from the gimlet-eyed woman who was her stepmother.

She lived in a mean little house that had two sombre eyes and a straight little nose of a door. To get around to the back you had to walk on a muddy path with uncut grass tickling your legs, and prickly rose bushes tearing at your petticoats. I never saw inside the house. It has been pulled down now for about fifty years.

One night Maverley came to tea. I was, in my adolescent way, rather proud of her, of her crumpled pleats, her home-made look. I was also proud of my family, which meant mother, dad, and David.

My visitor was very strange and new. Mother tried hard and finally succeeded in putting the girl at her ease. I've often wondered why the first time wasn't a success, but now I know, as I know so many other things, that it was probably the first real home she'd ever been in.

It was the first home she had seen where people loved one another; where a father went to work and a mother stayed home to cook lovely dinners; where children, without any effort on their part, had clean and tidy clothes.

David and I walked home with Maverley afterwards and she bade me goodbye with a white, strained face. I watched her go round the side of the house after refusing David's offer of escort. Then he and I retraced our steps.

David was taller than I, almost as tall as Maverley, and as we swung along our hands touched occasionally. "What's the matter, Sis?" David could always sense when I was upset. "What's the matter with your girl-friend?"

"It's just that she's," my voice was husky, "she's never had anything. She lives in that awful house. They never give her anything. Our dog gets more food and warmth than she does. Oh, David. She hasn't even another dress to wear, only that awful one she had on today. She's never had anything pretty or

sweet. Oh, David." My last words came on a little sharp breath. "I didn't know things could ever be like that."

Maverley came often after that, and, to my delight, she and mother liked each other very much. I, who had been used to mother-love always, was amazed at the way my new friend responded to this first real love in her life. It was not so with David. With him and my father she was awkward and shy. David tried very hard, but he couldn't conceal from me his instinctive aversion.

I tried to talk to her, to make her see that concentration on her feet, when either of the men was in the room, wasn't necessary, as they were willing to like her too, but she'd just look at me with that fathomless gaze which made me quickly change the subject.

One night I came home after being out with the girls and Maverley was there, her face blotched with tears and misery. She told me that her father had died suddenly, and her stepmother was going away.

A week later mother told me that Maverley was coming to live with us for a while. I was delighted. But I can still remember the look on David's face. All he said was, "For how long?"

"David," mother's face was most reproachful. "You've always had your comfortable home with all the clothes and food you need. Don't tell me you mind Maverley coming here."

David didn't like it. I can remember coming into this room to find him sitting in the dark just staring at nothing. I came over and sat just about where I am sitting now, so that I could reach out and take his hand.

"What is it, David?" "It's Maverley. You like her, don't you?"

"Yes, David, but you will like her too. It won't make any difference to us. Truly it won't."

David turned and looked at me. He was having a struggle, I could

Every afternoon I watched Maverley in her shabby frock, going through the gate of her poor little house.

tell. Then he finally said. "I suppose if you think she's so wonderful, I'll like her too, but I don't think she's like you."

I didn't know quite what to do, so I just hoped that time might alter his feelings.

Maverley came. She and I went to work together. I to an office; Maverley to a shop. I think it was then that the first odd thing happened. At school I knew she always finished up owning more pencils and crayons than the other girls. It had pleased me, because I wanted her to have things. The episode of the dress was the first in my life that cost me something. Perhaps that's why its memory stayed with me.

Mother took us to town and purchased a frock each to wear to business, on the condition that we should both pay her a little out of each week's wages. On the way home Maverley asked me in a confidential tone if she could give me her contribution, as she hated the embarrassment of paying mother for the dress by instalments.

I told mother. She fully understood and agreed. Maverley never thought of it again. I paid her share the first week, then asked her for the money. She said she'd let me have it next pay-day, but she didn't even offer it.

Knowing that Maverley had never had anything, and putting myself in her place, I paid her share as well as my own and tried to forget it. Mother never knew and I didn't tell David.

In a way I felt responsible for Maverley's actions and wanted to forget the incident as quickly as possible. Such a little thing, a new dress, but I know now these little incidents can never be forgotten entirely. They leave a sore which tends to fester later.

The dying coals shuddered together and fell into a glowing little

To page 53



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The boy knew quite well it was the right time to get married, but he needed a...

Wedding Loan

By PAUL ERNST

THE bank, for a small town, was impressive — full of bronze and glass and stainless steel, perhaps designed to awe the customers a bit as well as to convince them that this was a safe place for their money.

It awed the boy, at any rate, as he crossed the stone floor from the entrance. It awed him, browbeat him, but did not quite conquer him.

Actually, it was the first time he had ever come into the bank on his own business, that is. Of course, he'd come in sometimes to make the daily deposit for the store where he worked. But that was different, very different, from the matter he had to see to now. It had been a question of putting money into the bank. Nothing complicated about that.

He looked along the bronze-barred windows, and beyond the windows was a space with desks in it, and on one of the desks the bronze plate: "Mr. Hudson, Loans and New Business." He went diffidently to the desk, a husky kid with a cowlick and very clear, grey eyes, and with too much wrist in evidence.

Mr. Hudson was in his thirties, but looked older and more serious: the public seems not to appreciate a sense of humor in its banking gentlemen.

He looked up and the boy said, "I'm Bruce Logan. I guess you don't remember me, but I used to garden at your mother's house."

"Oh! Yes," said Mr. Hudson. "And good, honest work it was, too. Sit down, Bruce. Something we can do for you?"

The boy folded his tall frame into a chair. "I'd like a wedding loan," he blurted.

"A what?" said Mr. Hudson.

The boy sighed. The slope of his shoulders told that he knew as well as anyone what a forlorn hope this was. But the set of his young jaw told also that he meant to try.

"I expect it sounds kind of queer. But it's like this—there's this girl, a wonderful girl, Mr. Hudson, and she is eighteen and I'm twenty, and we have everything but money..."

He looked at Mr. Hudson's banker's face and then down at the desk. "We make enough to get married on, but we need some to start with. Like when you start a new business. And a bank is where

"Your fiancée," Mr. Hudson asked Bruce, "would she be that little yellow-haired girl I used to see you with?"

you borrow money, so I thought I'd ask you..."

It was to the credit of the bank and Mr. Hudson that he didn't smile. "I see. And just what is your financial situation?"

Bruce took out an envelope with figures pencilled on the back. "Here—this is what I'm paid at Lamont's store. And this is what my... Miss Cales earns. And this is what I'd saved when my father got sick and..." His voice trailed off and he wet his lips.

Mr. Hudson at least appeared to be studying the figures, and the boy watched his face anxiously for signs of annoyance or, worse, amusement.

Application for a wedding loan. Assets, nil. Income, brave with decimal point and following zeros to make the sum look bigger. Need, one thousand dollars.

"We've figured and figured, Mr. Hudson. With both of us working we can just get by if we have a little furniture for a one- or two-room flat, and some left over for emergencies. We could handle the interest all right, and pay back as we go along."

For a moment Mr. Hudson could not look directly at Bruce, he felt unable to meet the mute longing in his eyes. He looked down and rifled through some papers on his desk and then faced Bruce.

"It is not quite," said Mr. Hudson, "the kind of application we usually get here at the bank."

"I know," said Bruce. "My... Miss Cales said it was crazy, coming to a bank for a loan like this. But I said it wouldn't hurt to try. I said you knew me, enough so you'd know I wasn't out to gyp anybody. And you could find out I pay my bills, and my father always has, too. The Logans aren't too bad a family."

His fingers squeezed hard on each other. "I said to her, 'You go to a bank to borrow for a business you want to start; why not for a marriage? They lend you money for a new car, or new machinery, and a wife's more important than that.'"

Mr. Hudson cleared his throat. "This Miss Cales... Would she be the little, yellow-haired girl? Used to come by the house when you were finishing the lawn, and you'd take her home on your handlebars?"

"Yes. Only not so little any more. We were just kids then."

"You're not too ancient yet," observed Mr. Hudson. "Don't you think it would be wiser to wait till you've saved your own stake instead of starting out in debt?"

Bruce was polite, trying hard to make an old man understand.

He quickly went over in his mind all the words he had rehearsed with his sweetheart. They sounded pretty convincing then, she had said so admiringly, but would this bank man really catch on how important it was?

"You don't wait to start a store till you've saved all the cash you need, sir. If you did, maybe you would never start the store. You borrow when you think the time is right, and you pay back as you go along."

He colored painfully. There are things too difficult to be put into words — things a young man shouldn't be called on to put into words, but which sometimes he must attempt.

"I think there's a time for marrying, too, Mr. Hudson. I mean, you sort of feel it. You feel when you're right for it and it's right for you. Say you wait till you have the money saved. Two years. Three. Maybe you still get married,

but it's been such a long grind that the edge is off. It's not the same; it's like missing the express and catching the local.

"Or maybe you get fed up with it and marry someone else, and you find you're still nuts about each other and then it's too late. You've gone bust in marriage. Is that better than going bust in business?"

Mr. Hudson stared at him. Big, square-handed kid—you see him by the dozens in the super-market in worn, clean suit or jeans and leather jacket, wheeling a youngster in the grocery cart while he follows his wife from counter to counter. Ridiculously young to be a father. And ridiculously happy.

Bruce had said his little piece, and you could see he'd known it was no use, had known it from the start. But also, as he'd said, it didn't hurt to try. The strangest things can happen sometimes if you try.

Mr. Hudson shook his head. "A bank can't lend money without security for it, or at the very least a long-established character reference. Your character isn't proved to anybody yet, Bruce."

The slim hope died in Bruce's eyes.

"I'm truly sorry, Bruce."

"I know," Bruce got up, and he could still smile. "Thanks, anyway, Mr. Hudson. You've been very decent."

He went towards the door, cowlick half a head above the thinning crowns of the older men—these kids grow so tall—and Mr. Hudson sat there at his desk looking at the pencilled envelope which Bruce had forgotten to take with him.

Application for a wedding loan. "You go to a bank to borrow money to start a business; why not to start a marriage?" How naive can you get?

The phone rang, and mechanically he lifted it.

"Ben. This is Gail."

"Yes, Gail," said Mr. Hudson. He hadn't needed to be told; the voice was always with him.

"It's been so long since we have seen you. Can you run out for dinner tonight, Ben?"

Ben Hudson hesitated. The tousel, comfortable home instead of his mother's cool, neat one, Faithful friend of the family. To the two youngsters, "Uncle Ben." Old flame, always welcome to share the warmth of another's household. But it was long past time to break this tie and try to generate somewhere some new warmth of his own.

He couldn't go on spending the rest of his life thinking about what might have been. Surely somewhere there was someone who would fall in love with him, with whom he could be happy. This decision made his voice firm as he answered the question.

"No, Gail, dear. Thanks a million, but not tonight."

He put the phone back on the cradle. Gail Pierce, once Gail Nelson. Two thousand dollars was the figure he and Gail had settled on. Two thousand dollars. There'd been enough saved, at any rate, to buy a wonderful wedding present for her when finally she married Homer Pierce.

Mr. Hudson, Loans and New Business, put the envelope away. Bruce Logan, employed at Lamont's store. Nice youngster. Nice family—he knew them slightly.

I'll have to sell a bond, Ben Hudson thought. Bank employees aren't often paid enough to have a thousand dollars easily available for a personal loan.

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We'll Always Fight, Darling

A charming story of two sweethearts

BY FLORENCE JANE SOMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD



SHE awoke early in the morning, and the thought darted instantly into her mind like some ugly, swooping thing. Closing her eyes, she lay very still, remembering the fight with Bill the night before. Her sense of wretchedness weighed upon her like something physical; she could hardly move, hardly breathe beneath it. Is it over with us? she thought. Is it all over?

The thought was so terrible that her eyes jerked open, and she stared at the wallpaper next to her bed. No, it couldn't be over. Why, only three nights ago they had talked about the kind of ash trays they would keep on their tables after they were married—such a foolish thing to plan before anything else! But she had looked away from him, her face full of light, thinking, We're going to make a home together.

And now—she rolled over, burying her face in the pillow as if she could blot out the memory of the night before—the short, bitter silences, the hot words afterwards, and Bill's face at the end—almost the face of a stranger. "Don't you have any sense of values?" he had shouted. And she had shouted back, "Don't you?" with each of them breathing heavily, almost hating the other.

Now she thought, as she had thought so many times since then, If he really loved me—

Something lodged in her throat, sticking there painfully. Oh, if he really loved her, he would give up his old college dinner! What was so important about his being there? They would raise the funds for the new library without him; it wasn't as if he were one of the old boys oozing with wealth and position. And tomorrow night meant so much to her; surely he could see that.

For months now, she had been writing to Susan on the coast, telling her all about Bill, and now—for the one night—Susan was going to be in town with her fiancé. The two girls had been room-mates at college. Now each was eager to meet the man the other had chosen. In the letters that had flown back and forth like homing pigeons, all the arrangements had been made in advance for the all-important night—if and when it finally arrived. And now it had. They were planning to go dinner-dancing first and then back to Nancy's house to sit and talk for hours—for who knew when they would all be together again?

But when she had told Bill last night that the date

had finally become a reality, his face had clouded; he had looked at her regretfully. "Cripes, that's a shame," he had said. "I won't be able to make it, darling."

She had stared up at him, her mouth dry. "Not make it? What are you talking about?"

"I have a dinner coming up, remember?" he said. "They're trying to raise funds for a new library."

Her heart had clogged and stood still. "But you can't mean that you won't give up an old college dinner!"

He had turned to her quickly. "I'm slated to make a speech," he said. "My name's already down on the programme. I couldn't possibly let them down."

"How about letting me down?" she cried. "What's so important about a little speech? There'll be dozens of other men making speeches, won't there? And, anyway, all the speakers never show up at those affairs—the name on the programme usually doesn't mean a thing!"

"This name does," he said stiffly. A little muscle twitched in his cheek. "You wouldn't want me to welsh on my word, would you, just to take you dinner-dancing with some couple?"

"It isn't just 'some couple'!" Nancy cried out, the tears starting in her eyes. "This is my dearest friend coming for the one night! And I've never met her fiancé and she's never met you!"

"I'm sorry, I can't make it," Bill said. "It sounds like a lot of fun. But this other thing involves a personal promise—an obligation. Doesn't that strike you as being more important?"

But she hardly heard the words; she was staring at him in choked disbelief.

"If you really loved me—" she said.

It was then that he threw up his hands and shouted, "Don't you have any sense of values?" and she had shouted back, "Don't you?" with both of them breathing heavily, painfully, because the moment was so strange and ugly and they were both frightened by what had happened so quickly.

Now the alarm clock rang, and her hand reached out, fumbling, to turn it off. The thought of getting dressed, of facing her parents, of going into town to the office was suddenly intolerable; she didn't see how she was going to live through this day weighed down as she was with bleakness and despair. Unless—

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 9, 1955



Nancy stared down at Bill standing in the hall below, conscious of the fact that he looked very tired and thinner than usual.

Her head jerked up. Unless Bill telephoned. Maybe he would ring any second now and say he was sorry, say that he had been blind the night before. In her mind, she heard him saying all the words she wanted to hear: "Darling, it only came to me this morning that this girl was your best friend, that she had only the one night—"

The thought brought comfort; she could feel a faint eddy of hope flowing inside her. He might very well ring. And then everything would be all right in her world again.

She turned over and got out of bed—a tall, pretty girl with a soft mouth and a snub nose. As she washed and got dressed, she kept stealing glances at the clock. Bill knew when she left the house every morning. If he didn't call within thirty minutes . . . The thing that had lodged in her throat grew thicker still—a heavy lump that she could not swallow.

She went downstairs, very chic in a tailored black suit. In the dining-room she kissed her mother's cheek, her father's bald spot; she tried to put a lift in her voice as she said "Good morning," and sat down. But every nerve inside her was taut with waiting for the shrill ring of the telephone, and when Hattie brought in her fried eggs from the kitchen, she looked down at them with faint nausea, lifting her fork as if it were heavily weighted.

With her eyes lowered, she prayed, Let it ring—please, God, let it ring; I'll be so good; I'll go to church every Sunday and give to the poor; I'll see old Mrs. Ferguson on Saturday and cheer her up; only please, please let it ring.

"Do you think," her mother said suddenly, "that Bill would like to come for dinner on Friday? I'm planning a roast." She cleared her throat. "We could have it with little browned potatoes, the way he liked it last time."

Nancy looked up, arranging her features in a bright pattern. "I don't know," she said. With her fork she smeared some egg on her plate. "There's no hurry, anyway; we could wait and see."

Her mother frowned. "You all right?" she said. "You look a little feverish this morning."

"I'm fine," Nancy said. "Just fine."

Her father looked up from his paper at her. "Still no relief on taxes," he said.

"I'm glad you and Bill are planning to go easy at first, with just a small flat. There'll be time enough to branch into a house later on."

Suddenly she couldn't stand it. She put down her coffee cup and rose to her feet. "I've got to dash," she said. She managed a wavering smile. "Time and train wait for no man."

"But you didn't eat a thing!" her mother cried. She was looking at Nancy worriedly. "I don't know what modern girls live on!"

Nancy bent over to peck her cheek. "I'll have a good lunch," she said. In the foyer, she gazed at the telephone, black and stolid on its stand. A feeling of despair came over her. He wasn't going to ring. She closed her eyes. Oh, dear God! she thought; how am I going to live through this day if I don't hear from him?

At the suburban station, the morning sun was splashed like yellow wine over the open platform; groups of people were waiting, talking, reading their newspapers. To Nancy, the light was too white; it pained her eyes; the whole scene seemed remote and alien. In her mind, fevered thoughts mushroomed; she saw Bill's face, heard his voice and her own raised in the argument of the night before. When the train came, she boarded it with the others and found a seat next to a window, but she was not conscious of moving at all. New words, new arguments had come into her mind; she made little speeches to Bill, and the words she used affected her so painfully that tears came to her eyes and she had to wink them off hastily, turning her head farther towards the window.

If we ever make up, she thought bleakly, we must never

fight again; it's too terrible a thing to go through. Surely if two people in love were very careful, they could skirt all the danger spots—the sudden, yawning pits that lay slyly waiting to entrap them. It took only a little caution, a little judgment to stay on safe ground.

Now she told herself, don't think about it; turn your mind to something else. But of course it was no use. All sorts of memories crowded into her mind—little things they had done together, laughed over together.

Suddenly, very clearly, she remembered the night they had met, eight months ago, at Sallie Cumming's party. And as she sat there, staring unseeing at the scenery blurring by, it was almost as if she had just turned her head in Sallie's crowded, smoke-filled living-room, and seen him for the first time—

He was a very tall, thin-faced young man, standing near the fireplace with some people. There was something about the ease of his position, something about his dark, bent head, the strong planes of his face, that caught at her suddenly. She found herself staring at him.

And then he looked up, as if he had felt her gaze on him. Their eyes met and held for a fraction of time. Nancy looked away, the color rising in her face.

Who is he? she thought. I never saw him before. She felt warm and suddenly excited; everything seemed different in the room, as if a pulse beat faster, as if there were a quickening in the air.

After a few moments, she moved gradually away from the people she was with and walked to the window, standing there with her drink in her hand, thinking: Is he still standing there with them? Will he come over? But then, maybe if he did come over, he might be a disappointment: dull or conceited or—

"Hello."

She looked up, feeling her heart beating very fast. "Hello,"

To page 54

NEW REFRESHMENT FOR HOT SUMMER DAYS!

Lifebuoy...with Brand-New Perfume

THE OLD CARBOLIC SMELL HAS GONE

Smell it!

The carbolic smell has gone! In its place is an appealing fragrance the whole family loves. But fragrance is only half the story! Lifebuoy does things for you no other toilet soap possibly can!



Enjoy it!

Even though the temperature soars, a bath or shower with refreshing Lifebuoy gives you "wilt resistance".

Lifebuoy not only protects you from "B.O." — it keeps that spring in your step all day!

Be Popular!

Gentle, fresh-smelling Lifebuoy contains Puralin, a new deodorising discovery. You can't see, feel or smell Puralin, but it stays with your skin... gives you real "B.O." protection hours longer.



Contains **PURALIN**,
new purifying ingredient
to stop "B.O." hours longer

Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for
the best letter of the
week as well as 10/6
for every letter pub-
lished on this page.

THIS WEEK'S BEST LETTER

FROM time immemorial it has been the custom to dress identical twin girls in identical clothes. Why? Born looking exactly alike, the unfortunate twins have to suffer the process of having this likeness intensified. Their coiffures are the same; every item of one twin's clothing is an exact replica of the other's. This must tend to suppress each twin's individuality. Every girl likes to feel she looks a little different from everyone else, but each twin must feel she is merely a copy of her sister.

£1/1/- to F. M. Holmes, Ballarat North, Vic.

Telephone calls

HOW heartily I agree with "Cutitout" that all telephone calls be limited to five minutes (The Australian Women's Weekly, 16/2/55). Perhaps the necessity would not arise if private companies controlled the installation of telephones, as in America. In the modern and well-populated suburb in which I live, people have waited nine years for telephones, and we have been told another five years may elapse before we can get more. A walk of two miles to a phone is certainly no fun for a mother making an emergency call.

10/6 to "Hopeful" (name supplied), Caringbah, N.S.W.

I AGREE with "Cutitout" that people should not monopolise their neighbors' telephones for long conversations, but I do not agree with her suggestion that all calls be limited to five minutes. I see no reason why we should not be able to converse for as long as we like on our own telephones, provided we pay our telephone bills. In calls of importance, it may not be possible to say everything in five minutes.

10/6 to L.S. (name supplied), Annandale, Sydney.

Pensioners' tea

ALTHOUGH I agree with Mona Fitz-Gerald that the rising cost of tea is a blow to old age pensioners (The Australian Women's Weekly, 16/2/55) I believe to sell them tea at concession rates, as she suggests, would be humiliating to these old people. They are entitled to a pension that will enable them to live at least as well as the working man. So long as kindly folk like Mona Fitz-Gerald try to help them, the Government will do nothing.

10/6 to I. A. Read, East Ringwood, Melbourne.

Family Affairs

● Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week in future we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

MY two children, aged 10 and 12, were always clamoring to go to the cinema, where the films so often were unsuitable for them. It was a problem until we had the idea of making a puppet theatre at our home.

We bought an inexpensive book that gave simple directions on puppetry, and set to work. Soon my children's school friends were asking to join in the fun. At first I helped the children with the puppets but now they do everything themselves. Each Saturday one mother takes her turn to supply afternoon tea for the enthusiastic group, now busily making puppets, learning to manipulate them, and—most exciting of all—discussing fashion styles for them. It is fun, but, more important, it has turned the children's interest away from unsuitable films.

£1/1/- to "Puppet Lover" (name supplied), Dee Why, N.S.W.

A MARRIED friend surprised me recently by complaining not about her mother-in-law, but about her father-in-law. She said father-in-law was always interfering in her plans and telling her how she should run her home. I thought this unique and wondered whether any reader has a similar problem.

10/6 to A.I.M. (name supplied), Renmark, S.A.

WE read recently that some Dior gowns cost £850, and find buyers. I wonder how many times such a gown would be worn, how many would enjoy and admire it, and what happened to it eventually. I love a clever cut and a good line and am very happy when, as a mail order customer (as I have to be), I achieve such distinction and for a price within my modest means. I would like to know whether the possessor of a Dior creation gets as much satisfaction from her model.

10/6 to (Mrs.) M. Mansfield, Millaa Millaa, Qld.

FOR many years it has been the custom to decorate our church with gifts of fruit and vegetables on the annual harvest festival Sunday, then after the service to sell them all by a quiet auction. All the money raised (and some very high prices are paid) goes to the church funds. The auction takes only a few minutes. Some people object to the auction, and say it is against church laws to hold any sale in a church. Is this objection correct?

10/6 to "Hoodlum" (name supplied), Mendooran, N.S.W.

WHEN hospital visiting hours end in the evening, nurses have many duties to perform before being relieved by the night staff. Visitors could assist nurses greatly if they would vacate the wards immediately the bells ring, instead of hanging back in groups and delaying hospital work. The extra minutes gained would permit nurses to complete their duties on time.

10/6 to (Miss) D. Partridge, East Gordon, N.S.W.

ALL manufacturers of baby prams and strollers should incorporate in their models a large-sized parcel carrier. It would be a boon when shopping with children and would save mothers aching arms and frayed nerves.

10/6 to (Mrs.) M. Finch, Ballina, N.S.W.

Solitary wife

BUSINESSMEN who mix with the general public all day need that evening solitude of which "Solitary Confinement" complains (The Australian Women's Weekly, 23/2/55). I was also left to my own company, so I got myself a job in a local milk bar. Consequently everyone is happy. Another solution would be to join a women's club.

10/6 to (Mrs.) A. I. Lymath, Granyville, N.S.W.



NAMOI RIVER (above) as it flows through Gunnedah, a N.S.W. town 48 miles from Tamworth. About 19 miles from this scene is the Keepit Dam, at present under construction to control the waters of this river.

BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

PATERSON RIVER, West Gresford, N.S.W. (below). West Gresford is an attractive country village set among hills and farmlands 29 miles from Maitland. These pictures were taken by Raymond Davie, of Maitland.



There is only one.
Cesarine
Madam!



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IT'S EASY TO CUT

It's a boon to the home dressmaker. Because of its weave, Cesarine cuts without drag. Once made up it never loses its shape.



IT'S FAST TO LIGHT

Even our Australian sunlight will not fade Cesarine! That makes it so safe for your curtains and furnishings. It will be replaced in colour fades.



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Fifty and more colours and shades of Cesarine to choose from, all bright, fast and fadeless.



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Every time Cesarine is washed, its cotton-crispness and its freshness of colour come up like new. Boiling will not harm it.

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Cesarine is the best type of square-weave headcloth—it's sturdy, tough, hard-wearing and lasts for years and years.

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For sensible, hard-wearing everyday wear...

For children's coigans, tunics, ranger suits, shorts and shirts...

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For the whole range of school wear...

For bedspreads, curtains, tablecloths...

And every use where a sturdy, square-weave headcloth is called for.

Cesarine

"The Wonder Cloth of a Thousand uses"

A CAESAR FABRIC

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ManZan

With special nozzle applicator 3/6 a tube at Chemists everywhere.

ASTHMA COUGHERS GIVE THANKS FOR LUCKY DISCOVERY

Thousands who coughed, sneezed, and gasped with Asthma and Bronchitis give thanks for Mendaco, the famous new American scientific medicine. It starts immediately to circulate through the blood, quickly curtailing the attack. The first day the thick phlegm is dissolved, giving free, easy breathing and letting you sleep the night through in comfort. Get Mendaco from your chemist or store to-day under money-back guarantee to stop Asthma coughing and give you free, easy breathing the first day.

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN

by

Frankie Laine

Australian women are sensational. They are frank, friendly, and natural. Above all—and the Lord be praised for it—they're feminine.

With me this is just about top rating.

THE first thing I registered about Australian women was their happy expression. When they smile, it's with their eyes as well as their mouths.

The next thing was their slim, straight legs, and then their particularly lovely hair.

But the outstanding and lasting impression was that they're unspoiled.

Australian women don't take anything for granted. They don't expect a lot of courtesies and fuss and kiss-the-hand business.

I've been told it's just as well they don't because they wouldn't get it from Australian men.

The attitude of Australian men to their women is supposed to be: "This is the way I am. These are my tastes. Share them or not, just as you please. Take it or leave it."

Don't anyone get mad if this is not a fact. It's what I've been told.

But if this lack of pampering is a fact, it's a great thing because it has a fine result.

Many women prefer a take-it-or-leave-it attitude in their men.

After all, a man should be the head of his house. When he is, his wife always respects him for it.

Directly she gets to feel she can push him around, he's in bother. So is she, because the wife who wears the pants is usually a very uncomfortable and miserable girl.

I saw many lovely women in Australia, especially on the beaches in Sydney, where every square yard of sand seems to equal one beautiful girl. But better than their being beautiful, they didn't look conscious of it.

They looked as though they really swam. Their attitude seemed to be, "What's a freckle or two," and "What

the heck if the wind musses my hair."

This naturalness is one of the reasons I rate Australian women so high.

Crazy hats

THEIR make-up and hair-do's are nothing extraordinary — just Nature helped along a bit. I didn't see any fashion extremes like crazy hats and frightening dresses.

Not that I claim to know much about fashion. I even dislike shopping. The hubbub and the walking round and the indecision about what to buy and what not to buy worry me to death.

I'm like any husband, I guess. If I need new shoes, I



FORMER ACTRESS Nan Grey, now Mrs. Frankie Laine. He says, "She is my idea of a really beautiful woman... more beautiful today than when we were married."

AMERICAN singer Frankie Laine. Aged 42, huskily built, with blue eyes and black hair, he says, breaking into a characteristic big smile, "I'm not what you'd call extremely handsome."

go to a good shoe store and when I see a pair I like that fit me—Bam! I buy them.

There must be some women who feel exactly the same way. But the accepted thing is that they go round the stores trying to find the best buy and the best bargain in whatever they're looking for.

Going on a shopping hunt like that with my wife makes me more than a little nervous.

I don't influence her taste. On the contrary, she influences mine. I dress better now than when we got married—thanks to her better sense of proportion and line and color and cut.

I think, incidentally, that

my wife is a beautiful woman —truly beautiful. Not being what you'd call extremely handsome myself, I appreciate her loveliness just that much more.

To me she is more beautiful now than when we were married, because the more you know her, the more beautiful you think she is.

People change as you know them. You may see a picture of a woman, or meet her and think: How beautiful. Unless, as you get to know her, her qualities of personality and charm support the beauty, she'll end by being of no particular account.

On the other hand, you may have a not-more-than-attractive friend who takes on a glow from qualities like tolerance, generosity, humor, and good nature. She seems to you quite beautiful.

They glow

AUSTRALIAN women have this glow. That's obvious, even on slight acquaintance.

They don't look used-up. They haven't any conscious-beauty airs. They look as though they're fun to be with, and as though they wouldn't take it too badly if their husbands got into a late session with the boys.

Now, I was in Australia only a few weeks, and during that time I was working hard and being most hospitably entertained. I might be way off the beam, but to me Australian women seemed unusually soft and feminine and dependent.

They have a look of being happy taking care of their homes and husbands and children. Even the career-gals don't look so very independent. You have the feeling that

"Sensational!" is his verdict



FRANKIE LAINE walks past the crowd to the stage at the Stadium in Sydney for one of his shows. He literally stopped traffic both in Sydney and Melbourne and returned, tenfold, the crowd's liking for him. "Australians are wonderful, and this is a sensational country," he said before he left.

they could be persuaded to trade their own careers for their husbands'.

This seems especially so in Melbourne, where the people appeared to be more homebodies than the Sydney people.

(I wish I'd been able to spend more time in Australia and visit more cities than Sydney and Melbourne. What a sensational country it is! With so many opportunities for youngsters you can scarcely believe.)

Another thing that hit me in the difference between the two cities was that in Sydney the women are prettier in the daytime, while in Melbourne it's the other way round.

This must be part of the British heritage that's especially apparent in Melbourne. When I was in Britain, I noticed that many English women you wouldn't pay much attention to in the daytime simply take your breath away in those spread-out evening dresses at night.

Point of view

WHENEVER I hear anyone's opinions on any particular subject I like to know the sort of guy he is and how he thinks about things generally. It helps estimate his opinions.

So to get across my ideas I'd better explain what I think about women generally.

I'm a typical you-can't-live-with-them-and-you-can't-live-without-them guy.

I like women—I just like them. Along with most other men I've got corny ideas about them. I don't claim to understand them and gave up trying years ago.

They do crazy things and they think in a way that makes sense to them, but to me is quite irrational.

The only insight I have into why they act the way they do and think the way they do is a subconscious knowledge absorbed from my mother and two sisters when I was a kid.

We were a Sicilian family, and Sicilians are always strict with their girl children.

My mother always used to be at Rose and Gloria to behave in a seemly way. She was always drilling into them that extreme behaviour just wasn't right.

A lot of this stuck with me.

To this day I'm a middle-of-the-road guy. I don't like extremes. I don't like to see a woman wearing false eyelashes and heavy make-up in the street. If she's doing a scene in a movie or T.V., the

make-up is part of the equipment. But in the street—no.

I like to see women dressed well, but not sensationally. For that matter, I always feel a little embarrassed when I see a man overdressed, or behaving loudly.

This feeling of embarrassment is ten times worse when a woman is doing the overdressing and overbehaving.

I once read, somewhere, something to the effect that the depth of a woman's despair was in direct proportion to the depth of her décolletage. In other words, that the more desperate she is to get a man, the more revealing her dress.

Now, isn't there a lot in that?

And here's something that women won't always allow. This is that the behaviour a man might accept as right for "other" women, he doesn't always like to see in someone close to him.

Here's an example: When he sees a girl on the beach in an extremely low-cut bathing suit, he takes a good look and says, "Wow!" But if a woman related to him wears a suit like that he'll be embarrassed.

The reason is that he knows other men will take a look and say, "Wow!" And he knows from his own reac-

tion to "other" women exactly what men are thinking when they say, "Wow!" And he doesn't like it one bit.

Sold on them

MAYBE knowing how I feel will make it plain why I'm so sold on Australian women.

Even the teenagers behave in a way that my Mom would approve as "seemly."

The first Australian girls I met were a group of five who travelled all the way from London to Birmingham a few years back to see a show we were doing.

They were all working as secretaries over there, paying their own way, and they were all very sharp and intelligent and on the beam.

Those girls said, "Why don't you go to Australia? You'll love it. You've got a lot to look forward to there."

Well, I've been to Australia and those girls were right. And Australian women are a big part of just how wonderful their country is.

Frankie Laine

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A BOUQUET OF WEEDS TOUCHED HER HEART

*Helping to feed world's
hungry children brings
rewards beyond price*

By
SUSAN BARRIE,
staff reporter

AN American woman who once denied herself food to pay for her university course now tours the world to help feed hungry children in many countries.

She is Mrs. Grace Bok-Holmes, who is visiting Australia to aid the 1955 children.

"You will understand how much I love coming to Australia when I tell you that on a per capita basis she is the world's largest donor to the United Nations Children's Fund," Mrs. Bok-Holmes said.

The fund, known as UNICEF, was established in 1946 to care for needy children in war-devastated countries. Since then it has helped more than 80,000,000 children with food, drugs, and medical treatment.

One of the most touching experiences Mrs. Bok-Holmes recalls happened in Yugoslavia in 1949 when she visited a home for war orphans.

"It was rather a fancy orphanage because it was formerly a hunting lodge belonging to King Peter," she told me. "But the children were pathetically under-nourished. When I arrived a little boy called Milan came up and spoke to me in Yugoslav. He had a peg leg, and I thought he was about nine. I was horrified when they told me he was 13.

"Then my interpreter said that Milan was asking me to be his 'mother' for the day. He was so starved for parental affection that he asked any visitor to be his mother or father. You can imagine that I agreed very promptly.

"Milan just took me over and showed me round the place. He was with me all day until late in the afternoon. Then he disappeared, and after a little while the nurse said he wanted me to stay to supper.

"I was not willing to use up their precious food, but when she urged me to stay I finally shared the black bread and lard that was their evening meal.

"After the meal Milan got up and read in his own language two poems he had written to me—mostly about my big mouth and teeth!

"Then he handed me a brown paper package, saying through the interpreter that he wanted me to take these 'lilies' to the children who had sent powdered milk to save

the lives of Yugoslav children.

"The parcel contained only weeds, but in the child's imagination they were lilies—the loveliest thing he could offer."

Mrs. Bok-Holmes had another unusual experience when she visited the village of Beit Safafa on the border between Israel and Jordan.



Mrs. Grace Bok-Holmes.

"The villagers were very poor and hungry, but the women had never seen a mirror in their lives and when we showed them some they were completely fascinated," she said. "They were more interested in the mirrors than the food."

Mrs. Bok-Holmes, who has been liaison officer at UN headquarters in New York for eight years, has spent much of that time travelling in under-developed countries to see the UNICEF work in progress.

"You wouldn't be surprised that I feel so dedicated to the work if you saw the children I have seen," Mrs. Bok-Holmes told me. "They need help so badly that we can never do enough for them. I believe that giving them a chance to become healthy, normal adults is the best way of ensuring world peace.

"For instance, I saw in Korea what goodwill Australia has earned by sending powdered milk to the children through UNICEF. The women and children were touched and grateful for it."

Mrs. Bok-Holmes began her work for children when her

husband, the late Colonel Palmer W. Holmes, died as a result of war service in the Aleutians and the Alaska Highway.

"My husband was a steel man in Illinois and we planned to adopt two children from an orphanage near our home," said Mrs. Bok-Holmes.

"One was a little English boy and the other a German war orphan, but my husband died before he had signed the final adoption papers. That meant that I could not take the children because American adoption law does not allow them to go to one parent.

"After that I felt I must work among children and it turned out that I did—about 80 million of them."

Grace Bok-Holmes, a tall, handsome woman with a generous mouth and warm brown eyes, always wanted to do social welfare work.

She grew up during the depression period and worked her way through a sociology course at North-western University, Illinois.

"That was the only time I really experienced hunger, but I can remember it very clearly," she said. "One week I got through on a loaf of bread and a few tomatoes, so I know what it means to under-nourished children when they get food from UNICEF."

On her world tour Mrs. Bok-Holmes visited leprosy hospitals in Nigeria and the Philippines and was impressed with the progress made in treating the disease.

"There is no real cure for leprosy yet, but the new sulphone drugs are doing wonders," she said.

"There are nine big leprosy hospitals in the Philippines and babies are taken away from the parents as soon as they are born. I saw children from infants to teenagers in one place and not one showed leprosy symptoms."

When she returns to America Mrs. Bok-Holmes will marry Mr. Jean W. Barbey, the American president of a leading Swiss shoe manufacturing firm.

"Our home will be in New York, but I am going right on with the UNICEF work," said Mrs. Bok-Holmes. "Luckily my fiancé is as interested in it as I am and he knows the urge in my heart to continue. He even said that if UN couldn't afford to pay my salary he would pay it himself."

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SIR ROGUE

By Leslie Turner White

A romantic, adventurous story of Tudor times.

Sir Guy Spangler, favourite at the Court of Elizabeth the First, found that his gay attractions palled eventually, and he looked around for more exciting activities.

He got them, and rich rewards as well, in a daring and witty scheme to hoodwink and despoil the Russians, whose fabulous wealth and ostentation were an irresistible lure for the adventurous.

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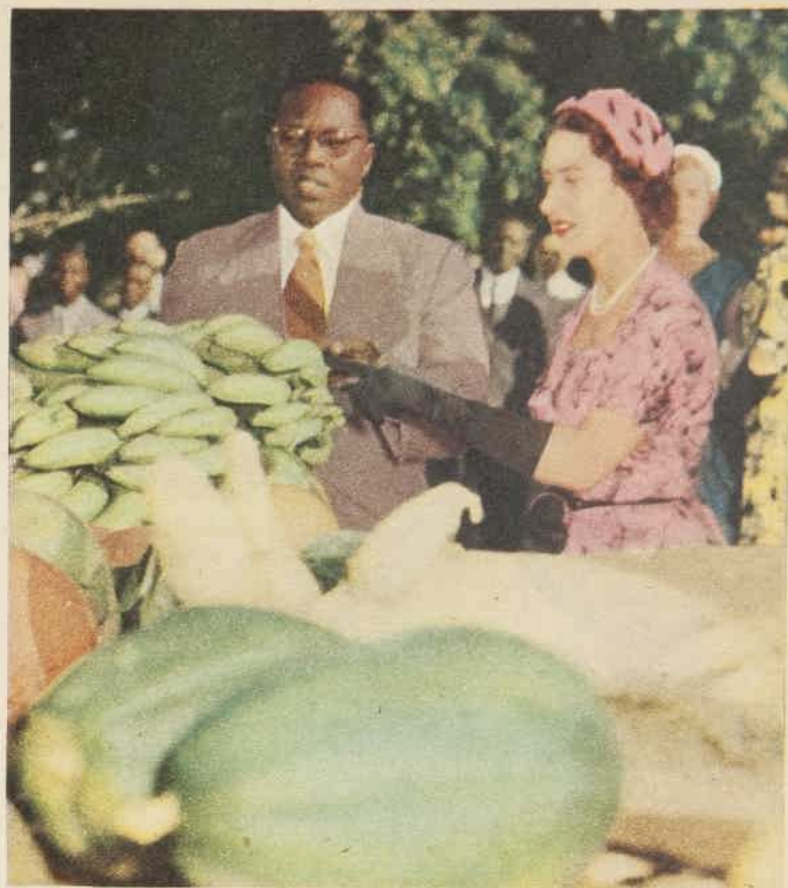


PRINCESS MARGARET alights from her car outside the Town Hall, Port of Spain, Trinidad, to attend a civic reception during her recent tour of the West Indies. The Princess' orchid-mauve silk frock, decorative straw hat, and unusual open-toed shoes were perfect for the tropic heat.

ROYAL OCCASIONS IN THE WEST INDIES



PRINCESS MARGARET shields herself from the tropic sun at a children's rally at Tobago during her recent tour of the West Indies. The Princess spent a whole day on the lovely island of Tobago before boarding the Royal yacht Britannia for Grenada.



TOBAGO. Princess Margaret inspects rich tropical fruits at a garden-party in the grounds of Government House, Tobago. The islanders had brought their produce to show her and she inspected it all as carefully as though she were judging at a country show.



DUSKY MOTHERS and babies met Princess Margaret when she visited the Health Centre at Speightstown, Barbados. However, the warm sun was too much for some of the tiny islanders and they fell asleep. In the tropic heat Margaret looked cool and fresh.



TRINIDAD. Princess Margaret, with the Governor of Trinidad, Sir Hubert Rance, leaves Government House to attend a garden-party. The Princess followed the Queen's lead on her Royal tour and wore cool open-toed shoes to most outdoor functions.



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FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"I remember this area well; in a mile or so we drift into a quiet little lagoon."

MOTHER



"Do you think this'll send Mum?"

It seems to me

HUNDREDS of Americans, a travel agent claims, are cancelling passages to the Olympic Games because they can't get accommodation. This brought an indignant rebuttal from the organising secretary of the Civic Olympic Games Committee in Melbourne, Mr. D. Chipp.

Mr. Chipp says there will be plenty of accommodation, and adds that some visitors will be accommodated in very nice private homes.

Time will tell who is right, but I doubt that board in private homes will be very attractive to many prospective visitors.

There are always a few earnest travellers, of course, who believe that the way to get to know a country is to stay in the homes of its inhabitants.

Others might prefer a good private home to a poor hotel, but the independence of staying in a hotel, however indifferent, is seldom obtainable in a private home, however pleasant.

★ ★ ★

MEANWHILE other critics are clamoring about the general poor standard of Australian hotels.

There are a few comfortable ones throughout the country, but the most patriotic Australian could hardly claim that the majority are good.

A man I know has an odd but justifiable complaint about hotel furnishings. He travels in a job which requires a lot of clerical work, and he judges the standard of his accommodation by the presence or not of a wastepaper basket.

After years of using a typewriter-case to hold cigarette packets and crumpled envelopes, I agree with him.

Incidentally he has become so obsessed on the subject that he nowadays has a wastepaper basket in every room in his house, from sitting-room to laundry.

★ ★ ★

TALKING of national shortcomings in the tourist department, I note that the New South Wales Minister for Transport, Mr. Wetherell, has sprung to the defence of the State's trains.

In reply to a question in the Legislative Assembly, he was reported as saying that New South Wales trains were not dirty, and that the suggestion was an insult.

Come now, Mr. Wetherell! There are a few air-conditioned trains, but the plain fact is that a steam train without air-conditioning may start off clean, but it reaches its destination dirty.

In fact, if the journey lasts 12 or 20 hours it reaches its destination very dirty indeed, and so do all its bedraggled occupants.

Pride in the achievements of one's own department and State is an admirable thing, but let it not obscure the fact that coal dust is coal dust.

By



Dorothy Drain

I DON'T know what the country is coming to! You can imagine it's something pretty stirring to work me up to that pitch.

This indignation is roused by the fact that a "crocodile" reported in Flinders Lane, Melbourne, was tracked down by police and discovered to be a goanna.

How metropolitan is our population becoming that citizens don't know a goanna when they see one!

The writing has been on the wall for a long time, of course. The cities are full of

people who think that the man from Snowy River wore a ten-gallon hat and carried pistols at the hip. Given the slightest encouragement they would call a sheep run a ranch.

One doesn't expect them to desert the comforts of the city for permanent life in the bush, but if the time is coming when they confuse a goanna with a crocodile, then a short expedition to the outback should be included in the education syllabus.

★ ★ ★

THERE'S a special cooking festival going on in Paris, where guests pay £3 a head and then are regimented within an inch of their lives.

They are not allowed to smoke or drink water. Something similar once occurred in Sydney, but not because of the chef's pride.

An American woman, tired of the struggle to get iced water, sat down to breakfast at her hotel and said, "Before I have ANYTHING else I MUST have a glass of water."

"Madam," said the alarmed waiter, "if you are ill, there is a rest-room through that door."

★ ★ ★

HEADED "Two rats die in breakfast test," an American news item tells how students at a New Jersey High School have decided to eat a good breakfast after watching an experiment with white rats. Two died after being fed for several days on coffee and ground doughnuts, while a third survived on a diet of wheat, dry milk, and orange juice.

I refuse to be impressed by a rat's breakfast. Whether it drinks tea or coffee or has an egg first.

I daresay if you fed it on Martinis, pickles, and capsicum

It would probably to some frightful mishap succumb.

(The last rhyme may be over-elaborate, but so are the conclusions

Drawn from rats regarding humans, which can lead to delusions.)

Personally the only diet that would please Me and a rat equally is cheese.

The creatures don't pound typewriters in order to buy food, shelter, cosmetics, and hats, And to anyone who quotes their dietary habits to me I simply say, "Rats!"



so silly... to be chilly!

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Style 1703. A practical yet lovely nightgown with full skirt and barwing sleeves. Attractively embroidered contra-coloured V-piece at button-up neck. Two delightful shades—Firelite and Bluebell. S.W., W., O.S. 49/11.

Style 1804 "Cupids of Venice" pyjamas with beautiful new neckline enhanced by delicate lace trim. Highlight is attractive Venetian scene at midriff. Firelite. S.W., W., O.S. 51/-.

Also in elegant nightgown (49/11).

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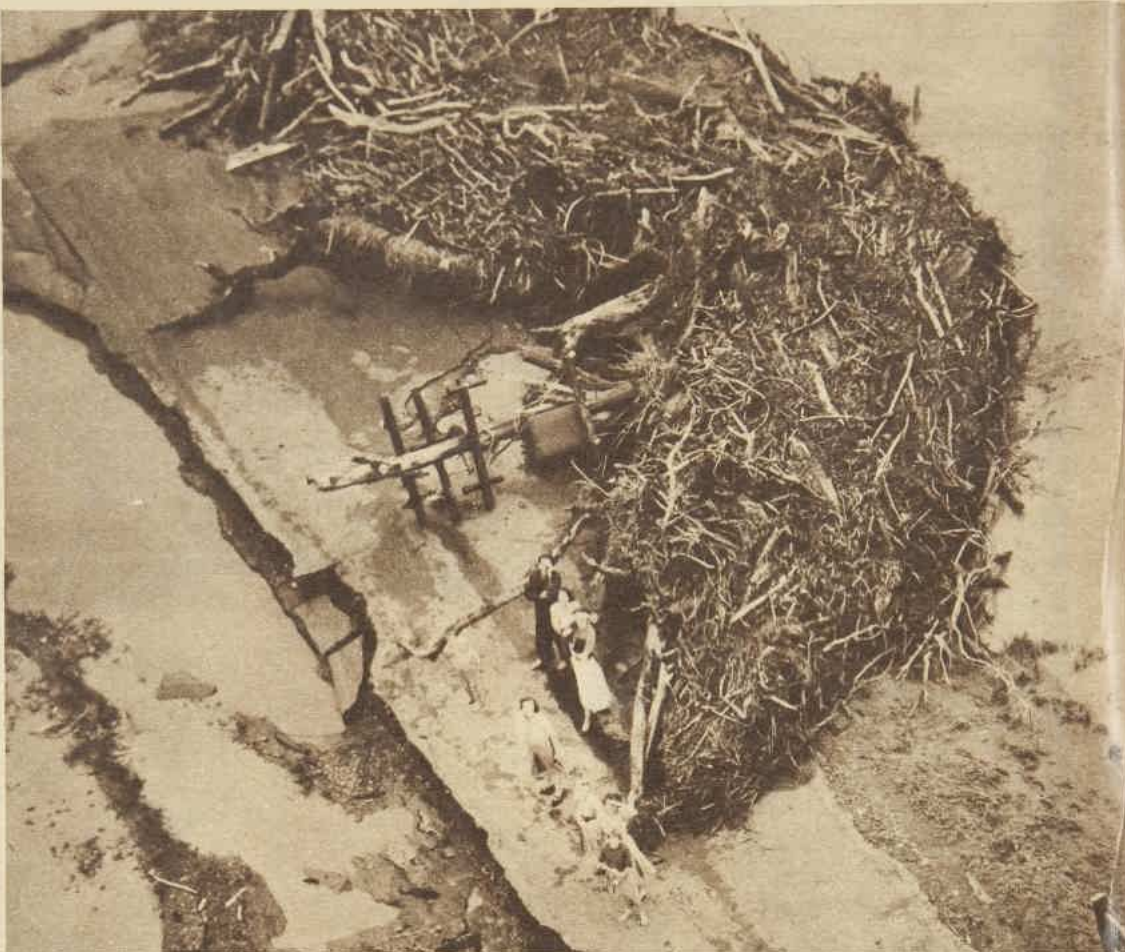


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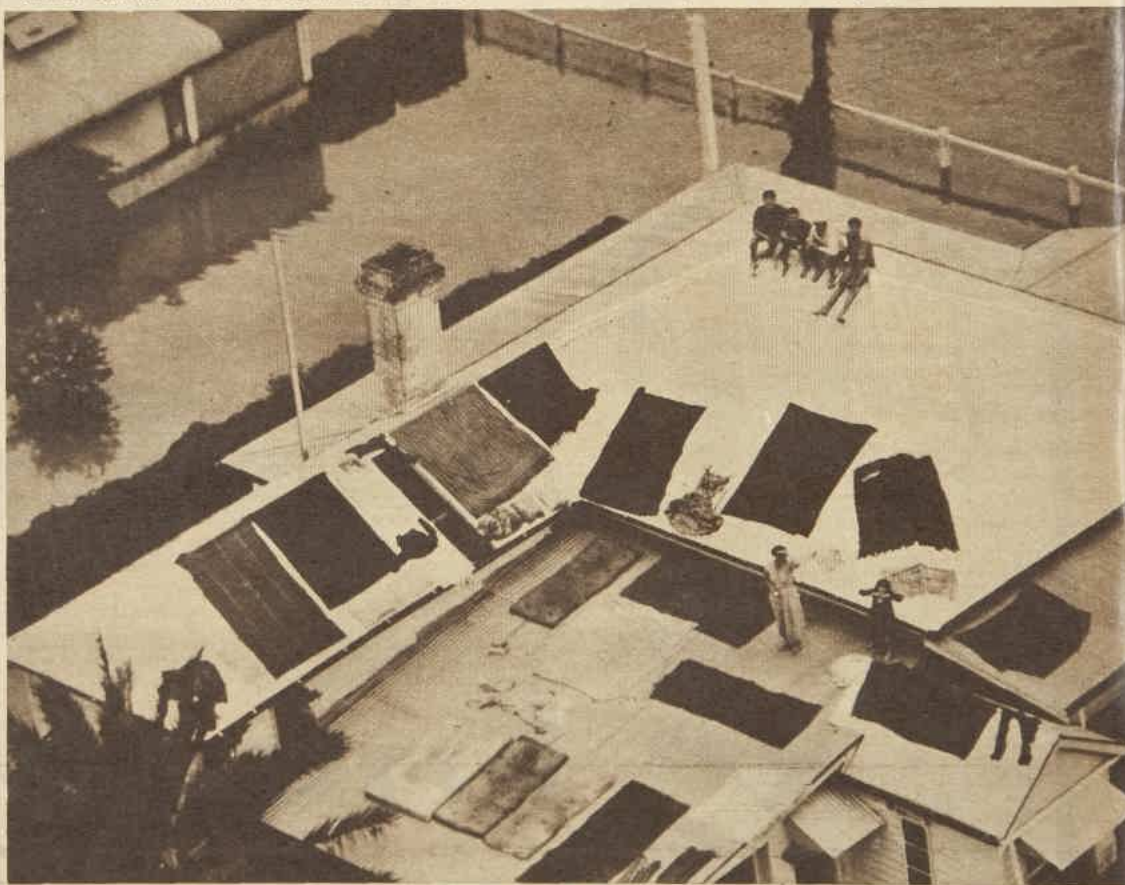
Sportscraft 1903 1955

SEE THE
SUPERB NEW RANGE
AT YOUR NEAREST STORE

State's worst floods leave trail of ruin



MASSED DEBRIS like this litters thousands of square miles in New South Wales. This picture was taken from the air near Muswellbrook, on the Hunter River. On page 11 are color photographs of river scenes which went to press before the onset of the floods. They make a poignant contrast with the devastation which raging waters have caused throughout the Central West and along the Hunter Valley. It will be weeks before thousands of people can return home.



ROOFTOPS were the refuge of hundreds of families. Here, at Singleton, a family takes advantage of a break in the weather to dry sodden bedding and clothes. Police, servicemen, and civilians co-operated in rescues by helicopter, Army ducks, and rowboats. The floods, worst in the recorded history of the State, caused a heavy deathroll and tremendous damage to property and farmlands. Communications, transport, and essential services were completely disrupted.

Speedy relief from BACKACHE

Does every move you make cause agonising backache? Do legs throb even after a short walk? Then lose no time in trying Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Lazy kidneys can cause leg-pains, aching joints, disturbed nights, rheumatic pain, headaches, etc., because they are neglecting their essential job of cleansing and purifying the blood. Doan's is a famous stimulant-diuretic, promoting healthy kidney action, which has brought relief to sufferers all over the world. No need to put up with discomfort—get Doan's today!

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Don't let ugly, disfiguring Pimples, Eczema, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads or Itching, Cracking, Peeling, Burning Skin Troubles make life miserable and spoil your fun. Don't be embarrassed and feel inferior because of bad skin. Now every chemist has a new American Hospital Discovery called Nixaderm that stops the itch in 7 minutes, kills germs and fungus, and in 24 hours begins to heal the skin, clear, soft, and smooth. No matter how long you have suffered, get Nixaderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee to heal your skin or money back.

MAROONED



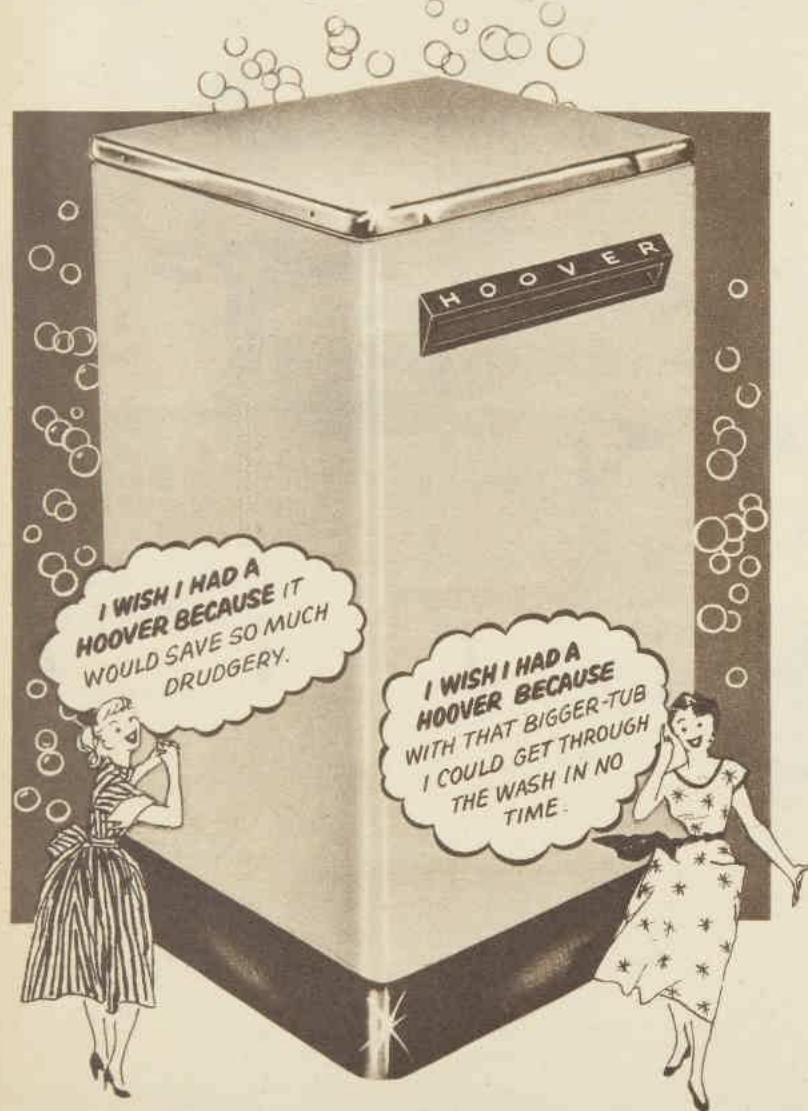
DESOLATION. Cows huddled together in the yard of a farmhouse at Hexham, near Newcastle. The dog sitting against the wall pricked his ears as the aircraft flew over. For story on the floods, see page 23.

Drop Your Wish into the HOOVER WISHING WELL—

Win **£1,000**

in the BIG

HOOVER WASHING MACHINE CONTEST



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4. Entries will be judged on sincerity, originality and aptness of thought.
5. Competition will be judged by Ann Maxwell, well-known home economist of "Woman," Dorothy Drain, popular feature writer of "The Australian Women's Weekly," and a Director of Hoover (Aust.) Pty. Limited.

SEND AS MANY ENTRIES AS YOU LIKE!

Listen for names of weekly prizewinners on the thrilling mystery programme, "Address Unknown," announced every week for eight weeks starting March 22nd, 1955.

GRAND PRIZEWINNER ANNOUNCED
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(Note: If you win one of these prizes and have, in the period of this contest, bought a Hoover, we will refund the full cash price.)

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**These facts about the
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2. **DOES BIG WASHES FASTER.** Does 6 lbs. of washing in four minutes!
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5. **ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY.** You can roll your Hoover Washer into a corner when you're finished.
6. **FITS THE FAMILY PURSE.** Nothing else at this price can bring you so much freedom from drudgery.





SUBMERGED almost to the eaves at the height of the flood, these Maitland homes were just ruined shells after the raging waters had subsided.

Shining heroism is the glory of the floods

By MERTON WOODS

Countless acts of shining heroism and selfless devotion to the afflicted by scores of men and women volunteers are the glory of the flood disaster.

AT Maitland men and women have worked side by side for days in water and slime, worked until they can barely stand, yet they haven't learned each other's names.

The heroes were the tough boys from the Newcastle surf clubs who left their jobs and for days on end rowed their boats in sodden clothes until their hands were red raw from oar blisters.

The heroines were the nurses and the staff of Maitland Hospital, some of whom watched with dry eyes and dry throats as their own homes were washed away—and then kept on helping to succor the flood victims.

The surf lifesavers in Maitland were real savers of lives.

They worked at their oars with hands bandaged in sticking plaster, so tired that at night nurses had to give them tablets so they could sleep.

Cut off

MAITLAND Hospital, situated on high ground but cut off from the town by a brown sea of water a mile wide and running at a speed of 25 knots, was the focal point of the whole flood rescue operations in the Maitland district.

As the lifesavers and the police and soldiers in Army ducks plucked drenched, exhausted flood victims from their homes, Mrs. Joy Williams, the wife of the secretary of Maitland Hospital, set up a receiving depot at the edge of the water near the hospital.

She set up her depot in Mount Pleasant Street—a street that now belies its name because it is a street of death and destruction—a street from which at least 15

lovely houses have been swept away.

As the boats brought in the victims a policeman, an ambulanceman, and four nurses working with Mrs. Williams wrapped the victims in blankets and gave them hot tea and biscuits.

For the first day that was all they could give them until an ambulance from Cessnock came squelching down through the slime carrying a cargo of 600 steaming hot pies and stacks of sandwiches.

The women of Maitland knew that they had the flood beaten, because they knew the women of the entire coalfields had got going the way they always do when there is a disaster, linked in a common bond to bring relief to the suffering.

On Saturday from daybreak until dark the lifesavers brought in 353 people from rooftops and out of trees to Mrs. Williams' station.

Miss Judith Gilmore, of Mt. Pleasant Street, helped at Mrs. Williams' receiving centre while her cousin, Jacqueline Gilmore, who is a typist on the hospital staff, went to work in the hospital as a volunteer nurse.

Both saw Jacqueline's home in Mt. Pleasant Street washed away.

Jacqueline saw it from the hospital. Though her heart was filled with anguish she calmly went on with the rescue work.

At the height of the crisis of tending flood victims, power and water services failed.

Immediately Matron Hope Croll, who wears the Royal Red Cross medal, ordered nurses and wardsmen to place every receptacle in the hospital, from kidney bowls to buckets, on the hospital lawns to catch rainwater.

The water crisis was so

grave that Matron Croll and her sisters and nurses prayed for rain in the middle of Australia's most disastrous flood.

Their prayers were answered by rain which fell in bucketfuls.

Mrs. Williams and Judith Gilmore at their receiving station went two days without a drink of water. Then a neighbor, Mrs. Kitty McDonald, brought them a bucket-

• The people of the flood-devastated areas need help desperately.

You can play your part in the urgent work of succoring them by contributing to the fund organised by the Daily Telegraph, radio station 2UW, and the Lord Mayor of Sydney.

Address your contributions to Flood Relief Fund, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, and make cheques or money orders payable to Flood Relief Fund.

ful which she had secured from a house with a tank.

"We poured out the first drink into the glass as if it were champagne," Judith Gilmore said.

"It looked clean and tempting, we drank it sip by sip."

All over the Maitland area the flood caused men and women to forget their normal duties and work day and night helping to get relief through.

Bakers in the coalfield towns worked round the clock turning out batches of bread.

Wives of dairy farmers from all round Maitland drove milk to Maitland abattoirs, the only place left in Maitland, apart from the hospital, with refrigeration.

Mr. Harris, a Joint Coal Board engineer from Cessnock, and men from Caledonia Col-

liery got electric cables from the colliery and tapped high-tension wires near Maitland Hospital to provide it with power.

As a result of their herculean efforts, the hospital, which is all electric and which without power is inert, was only out of action for about four hours.

For hundreds of Maitland women a week or longer will pass before they can get back into the slime-filled shambles that until last Friday were their homes.

They accept the disaster with a stoicism that only people who have suffered calamity can command.

In Maitland Hospital I talked with a frail, shaky woman, Mrs. Catherine Mary Brazier, 50, who was in a gum-tree and saw her friend, Mrs. Frank Dickson, swept to death.

"Lucky"

EARLIER the flood had washed away Mrs. Brazier's own home—and the home of a neighbor, Mr. Stevens, on the roof of which Mrs. Brazier and six others had sheltered.

"I have lost everything; simply everything I had in the world," Mrs. Brazier told me.

"Yet I am lucky to be alive; that's all I can think of now."

Perhaps one can understand the utter sincerity of this simple statement by the fact that while in the tree Mrs. Brazier felt so weak that she believed she could fight for life no longer. She asked her husband to let her go and to concentrate on saving himself.

He did not let her go, but their plight became so terrible that several times they said good-bye to each other.

Now she lives to start again a new home.

The fight to re-establish Maitland as a clean, thriving city is already under way.

Now it's a town of filth and despair. Most of the people evacuated from the town were able to take with them just a few pitiful bundles of personal belongings.

But, in their Gethsemane, helping hands are coming out from all over Australia.

Holiday in
SOUTH AFRICA
...Land of Contrast

See for yourself, in perfect safety and comfort, all the wonder and magnificence of nature untamed, untouched... unforgettable spectacles such as South Africa alone can offer! Experience South Africa's warm welcome of sunshine and hospitality—your language, your customs—and round-the-year fun in her modern cities and coastal resorts.

If you're planning a trip to the U.K., break your journey in South Africa... your travel agents will give you full information, or write

SOUTH AFRICAN TOURIST CORPORATION
PRIVATE BAG 164 PRETORIA



Reckitt & Coleman Ltd
By Appointment
Suppliers of Antiseptics
to the late King George VI

LEARN FROM THE SURGEONS

Be guided by the wisdom of the specialists: whenever infection threatens, use Dettol promptly.

DETTOL

THE ANTISEPTIC DOCTORS USE

Obtainable from all Chemists

4220a



Lighten your way to... HAIR LOVELINESS

*just a shade if you wish...
or make it fairest blonde*

Win new glamour... new loveliness this safe, easy way. Lighten your hair colour with gentle Napro Blonding Emulsion. Whether you lighten it "just a shade" or make it fairest blonde, you'll be thrilled by its new beauty, its radiant new sheen. For Napro lets you control the exact shade of blondness you desire... leaves your hair so wonderfully natural looking, shining and silken soft... the colour beautifully even throughout. It is so safe you can use Napro Blonding Emulsion to lighten dark hair on legs, arms and upper lip. Try it to-day - it's so very easy... so very safe.



NAPRO Blonding Emulsion



Napro Blonding Emulsion, Napro Hi-Liter Colour Shampoos and other Napro Beauty Preparations for the Hair are Available at Chemists, Stores, and Salons Everywhere

A WOMAN'S Crowning Glory

by

Edna Best

Your Napro
Beauty Adviser



You know, it's so silly the way some women shy away from the idea of dying their hair—especially when their hair colour is not nearly as attractive as it could be. The only thing to be careful about in using dyes is choosing the correct dye. My advice is for you to take advantage of Napro's wonderful selection of Hair Dyes. You'll be delighted with Napro's glorious true-to-life tints—they're as fresh and subtle as nature's own and completely defy detection. Thousands of women have already proved the marvellous efficiency of Napro Hair Dye—how easy it is to use—and how easily it keeps their secret. For Napro leaves your hair beautifully soft, glossy and easy to manage—with that enviable "natural look." Remember, too, Napro is permanent (the colour is developed inside the hair and never wears off), and it takes a perfect perm.

So, for a younger, more beautiful you, choose Napro Hair Dye—it's available in 18 fashion-right shades ranging from light blonde to deep black.

★ ★ ★

We Australians are lucky indeed, with our care-free outdoor life and love of sport, but one thing we girls must not forget is that sun, wind and salt water have no respect for lovely hair. In some cases, natural oils dry out, causing the hair to lose its lustre and to break or split. That's why your hair needs Napro Hair Vitalizer. Napro's rich exclusive oils charm away dry brittleness and splitting ends... banish flaky dandruff... condition your hair without surface greasiness. It's not expensive and the difference after one treatment will amaze you. You deserve to have beautiful hair, so use Napro to avoid the effects of wind and weather... and be well groomed with soft, lustrous, easy-to-manage hair at all times.

★ ★ ★

There's no time in the year when a girl can be careless about unattractive hair. Whether you're wearing your swimwear or your new season's evening gown, be sure of perfect smooth loveliness with Delilah, the completely odourless Hair Remover. The difference with Delilah is that it's so pleasant to use... and so completely effective. Unlike old-fashioned preparations, Delilah is odourless, it's safe, painless, removes unwanted hair without a shadow in minutes. Try Delilah now—it's the delightful, easy way to good grooming.

(P.S. Never, never put a razor to your tender skin! Gentle, safe Delilah leaves your skin smooth to look at, smooth to the touch.)

just one quick
shampoo will
give your hair



NEW LIFE NEW LUSTRE

NAPRO Hi-liter Colour Shampoos

Economical Napro Hi-Liter Colour Shampoos are magic—they transform drab, "lack-lustre" hair to vibrant new loveliness! They are not dyes or bleaches and are as easy to use as an ordinary shampoo!

BROWN For richer brown hair without red, Napro research chemists have developed this new Hi-Liter Shampoo. It will impart the most glorious shade of brown without even a trace of red.

TITIAN No matter what your shade of hair, Titian Hi-Liter Colour Shampoo will give it the deep warmth of burnished copper... exciting and glamorous.

GOLD Napro Gold Hi-Liter Colour Shampoo touches brown and fair tresses with the glow of sunlight... leaves your hair soft and silky.

SILVER GREY One home treatment of Napro Silver Grey Hi-Liter Colour Shampoo brings an exquisite silver sheen to grey hair... shows how really lovely grey hair can be, sparkling with glossy, even-toned loveliness.





CATS, HATS AND HIGH FASHION

A CAT can look at a hat is the view of a New York prize puss, Princess Mickey. For this autumn Princess Mickey predicts fussy femininity for both females and felines.



DOG EAR look, as worn by dogs and dingoes, is the autumn line favored by Patti Morgan, Australian model living in London, where it's chilly.

HEAD-HUGGING ear coverer (right) is also favored by another Australian living in London—Buddy the dingo who's in residence at the Zoo.



COPY CAT from Paris. If cats can wear hats like models then models can wear hats like cats. This piece of early nonsense comes from Parisian milliner Gilbert Orcel's new collection.



New! Inside and Out

INSIDE

The new Ansell "Silver Lined" Rubber Gloves. The Magic Silver Lining . . . so you can slip them on and off like lightning.



OUTSIDE

The new Ansell "Silver Lined" Rubber Gloves. The Sure-Grip Crepe Surface . . . gives you bare hand touch.

Ansell "Silver Lined"

RUBBER GLOVES

are your surest hand protection.

Ansell "Silver Lined" Rubber Gloves are the simplest, safest, surest way to protect feminine hands from cracked skin, ingrained dirt, chipped

nails. No other rubber gloves slip on and off so easily—or are better fitted to keep your hands as you like them... soft and lovely.

Look for the Silver Lining

2/11

A PAIR at stores, chemists, hardware, chain and rubber stores. (Slightly dearer in country areas.) Sizes 6½, 7, 7½, 8, 8½, 9.

ANSELL—THE HOUSEHOLD NAME IN RUBBER.



Stay ship-shape all day!

Here's a tie that keeps its smart good looks all day through—Klipper, the uncrushable wool tie. A Klipper knots without slipping, and sheds wrinkles overnight, ready for another day's wear.

Checks, stripes and plains in colours that stay fresh for years. 7/6 to 12/6.

Klipper

UNCRUSHABLE, WASHABLE Wool Ties

KL3

* Notes From The Cellar-Book of
LEO BURING, Doyen of The
Australian Wine Industry.



"Are you 'wine-shy'?"

—many hostesses are", says Leo Buring

"Some hostesses hesitate to serve wine as a dinner accompaniment because they are scared of making a faux pas about selecting the various wines for various courses," says Leo Buring. But one can select an all purpose wine that will serve the entire meal.

"My famous Rinegolde is just such a wine. Light both in type and alcoholic content, it agreeably accompanies all foods. You'll like its unique bouquet and delicate flavour. The decanter bottle enhances decorative table settings.

Producers of
RINEGOLDE
Australia's National
Table Wine



Leo Buring
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255A GEORGE ST., SYDNEY • 57 MARKET ST., MELBOURNE
BOX 144C, BRISBANE • BOX 1497L, ADELAIDE • BOX M967, PERTH

"They'll whisper about you—"

Perspiration
odours do
offend

Play safe—
use

MUM



And this was the tennis party which Susie had looked forward to so much! What a shame Susie didn't spend that extra 30 seconds making sure of her personal freshness.

Safeguard your personal freshness by always using a touch of Mum after your bath or shower, then you can be sure of social acceptance.

And MUM stays creamy to the bottom of the jar.

MUM keeps you nice to be near
A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS

MUM Cream Deodorant with the miracle ingredient M3

eliminates perspiration odour by eliminating odour-forming bacteria. Mum will not harm or stain your clothing—nor will it irritate your skin. Mum is smooth, creamy, easy to apply; the merest touch gives you instant bath-to-bath protection.



THE SOLDIER

By Karl Ludwig Opitz

A powerful, realistic German novel about Bonnet's forces in Africa, and then in France when, disappointed, bewildered and defeated, they made their last hopeless struggle in bitter retreat.

Price 13/6

From all Booksellers

INSIST ON

**CARNATION
CORN CAPS
FOR INSTANT RELIEF**

AT YOUR CHEMIST

FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By KAY MELAUN

Many people, including G. B. Shaw and T. E. Lawrence, have remarked how comparatively easy it is to obey orders. They point out that when you only have to do as you're told you're saved from the awful necessity of making up your own mind.

BEING able to do as you please and to make your own decisions sounds a wonderful privilege. But it means that you have to make up your mind and answer to yourself for it.

When you merely follow orders, someone else carries this responsibility.

Here's a girl who hasn't yet realised this. She writes:

"I AM 17 and have been going with a boy for about five months. Do you think I should stop going round with him because I like someone else but I'm not sure if he likes me? My present boy-friend knows of this and he tells me I'm the only one who can make up my mind. If this other boy does like me (which I think he does) do you think I ought to stop going with my present boy-friend and go round with the other boy?"
Uncertain, Vic.

Your present boy-friend has already answered you. You are the only one who can decide.

In general, though, here is the situation: Few girls drop one boy until they're reasonably sure of another one. Some call this calculation, others commonsense or the instinct for self-preservation. So if you act this way you'll be merely following a lot of other girls.

There is nothing to say that you should or you shouldn't drop your present boy-friend and go round with the other boy. You must, however, make your own decision. Neither the boy, nor I, nor anyone else can tell you what to do. You have to make up your own mind.

I sympathise, because making your own decisions is difficult. But it's part of growing up, so you'd better start.

EIGHTEEN-YEAR-

OLD Jenny Atkinson, pictured at right, has the unusual job of recorder at the Adelaide Stock Exchange.

Jenny joined the Stock Exchange as a junior clerk. She taught herself typing, and when the former recorder moved off the job she moved into it.

She sits at a desk with the president and secretary of the exchange and records two calls a day, entering them into respective books.

"Sometimes the calls go into several pages," Jenny explained. "Usually a call lasts for an hour, but during the oil boom they went on for a couple of hours."

"I took over the job at the tail end of this boom."

Jenny is the eldest of the four daughters of



Mr. and Mrs. Jack Atkinson, of Stirling, in the Adelaide hills.

She can cook and makes nearly all her own dresses. This fits into the scheme of her future, as she is engaged to Brian Moulds, who at present is share chicken-farming at Echunga, S.A.

"COULD you tell me where to write to obtain information about joining the women's services?"

Colleen, North Queensland.
Write to the Deputy-Director of Recruiting, Box XYZ, G.P.O., Sydney, for details about the conditions of entry and service in the women's forces.

Give information about your education, and state your age. You must be over 18 to be eligible for service.

"I WOULD be most grateful if you would find for me a young teacher of either sex interested in corresponding with a young teacher in New Zealand—aged 20, and especially interested in sport, music, and painting."

C. A. Anderson, 122 Port Hills Rd., Heathcote Valley, Christchurch, N.Z.

DISC DIGEST

AS though in answer to the oft-heard complaint that today's pops can't compare with the oldies, Eddie Fischer makes a happy choice for his latest double on EA4211 — "You'll Never Know" (from the movie "Hello, Frisco, Hello") and "I'm In The Mood For Love," which need no introduction. Both are standards and belong in every pop collector's library. Eddie's in top form, and you'll like Hugo Winterhalter's orchestral support.

THE microgroove CFR10-513 is Danny Kaye in a perfect setting: eight Gilbert and Sullivan numbers. This is the comic's first appearance in G. and S., and he tackles both straight and humorous songs like the veteran he is. If you're a G. and S. enthusiast, this will make a Kaye fan of you—and if you're a Kaye fan, you'll want to hear lots more of these operettas. Danny is completely captivating, and I forgive him for those dreary interludes in his films when he's not doing one of his imitable acts. I believe copy-right snags will keep this disc off the air, so you'll have to hear it at a music store.

MANY years ago, when Chaplin stubbornly refused to make a talking film, he used a delightful soundtrack theme for "Modern Times." Tune has lain dormant for years, but now appears on Y6624 as "Smile." It is done beautifully by Frank Chacksfield's orchestra, and introduces some melting piano work. Reverse is "Piper In The Heather," another luring tune which makes the disc of great appeal to the sentimental.

—BERNARD FLETCHER

DEBBIE'S RECIPE

THIS week Debbie makes a luscious lemon pudding topped with meringue. She serves it with ice-cream on Sunday nights.

LEMON PUDDING

One pint water, grated rind and juice of 2 lemons, 5 tablespoons sugar, 5 tablespoons corn-flour, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 eggs.

1. Wash and dry lemons.
2. Grate rinds and squeeze out juice.
3. Blend cornflour with a little of the water.
4. Place balance of water, sugar, and lemon rind on to boil.
5. Stir until sugar is dissolved. When boiling, stir in blended cornflour.
6. Cook gently 3 minutes, stir in butter, lemon juice, and beaten egg-yolks.
7. Pour into pie-dish or ovenware serving-dish. Allow to cool.
8. Beat egg-whites to meringue consistency with an extra-tablespoon sugar; heap roughly on top of lemon mixture.
9. Bake in slow oven until meringue is set.
10. Serve hot or cold.

KEEPS HAIR SILKEN-SOFT & SHINING



"To keep my hair looking its best," says well-known model Diana Langley, "I use only Colinated Coconut Oil Foam Shampoo." It is most important to avoid shampoos containing harsh detergents, which dry the scalp and make the hair brittle. Colinated Coconut Oil Foam Shampoo contains no detergents whatever. It brings out, in your own hair, the lustre, the natural wave and colour, the glow of health you envy so much in others. One or two teaspoonsful cleanses hair thoroughly of every particle of dust, dirt, excess oiliness or dandruff. It makes hair silken-soft and shining. Best of all, Colinated Coconut Oil Foam Shampoo leaves the hair easy to dress again.

Insist on

COLINATED

Coconut Oil

FOAM SHAMPOO



Since girlhood
grandma has
always insisted
on genuine

PHILIPS



**DESTROYS FACIAL
HAIRS**

VANIX Permanently

"VANIX" penetrates deep into hair tissues and permanently kills the roots of unsightly hair. It is applied by a simple, painless method which does not injure the skin.

"VANIX" is only 7/6 a bottle from all branches of Washington H. Soul Pattinson & Co. Ltd., Sydney and Newcastle; Swift's Pharmacy, 372 Little Collins St., Melbourne; Myer Emporium, Melbourne; Birks Chemists Ltd., 57 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide; and Boans Ltd., Perth. Mail Orders (8/6, including postage) from above or direct from THE VANIX Co., Box 38-A, G.P.O., Melbourne.

HAS YOUR CHILD
GOT WORMS?

Symptoms: Itchy nose, furred tongue, loss of appetite, disagreeable breath, grinding teeth, irritability, bowel disorders, disturbed sleep. Destroy worms by taking—

COMSTOCK'S WORM TABLETS



It's

Dead easy

with Mortein Pressure ★ Pak



Killing flies, mosquitoes and other insect pests with Mortein Pressure★Pak is "dead easy." It's the simplest way of destroying insect pests ever invented. It's the fastest and safest way as well; and 100% effective.

It is the high concentration of Mortein in Mortein Pressure★Pak, and the exceptional penetration of the mist that ensures the killing of all insect pests in any room after only 5-seconds' spraying.



MORTEIN PRESSURE ★ PAK—THE **JET-PROPELLED** INSECT SPRAY

"I'd never go back
to soaps
or powders"



"Honestly, Trix saves me hours of work a week. Take washing-up, for instance. Dishes come clean in a wink, grease seems to disappear like magic.

"But, best of all, with Trix there's no drying-up! Imagine that! I just stack the dishes—and they dry sparkling clean . . . no smears, no smudges. No wonder they say that Trix-washed dishes are free from germs . . . far, far cleaner than dishes washed in suds and dried-up with a towel!

"Trix is so economical, too . . . I use only one teaspoonful for a whole, big wash-up. No, I'd never go back to soaps or powders."

Why don't you try Trix . . . just one big money-saving bottle . . . and prove for yourself that "anything suds can do, Trix can do better!"

Trix the "miracle" detergent is better for practically every household cleaning job . . . WASHING CLOTHES . . . CLEANING WINDOWS . . . LINOLEUM . . . TILES . . . PAINTWORK . . . STOVES . . . UPHOLSTERY . . . EVEN THE CAR!

Trix is thick
it goes twice as far as ordinary detergents

So economical! Just one teaspoonful

of Trix for a whole sink-full of dishes.

TRIX is a product of Samuel Taylor Pty. Ltd. makers of famous MORTEIN



WEDDING GROUP. Tom Falkingham and his bride, formerly June Rowland Smith, leave St. Mark's, Darling Point, with their attendants (from left) Dr. Neville Morgan, Mrs. Bernard Szyman (formerly Judy Rowland Smith), Robert Brown, and Mrs. Harold Bishop (who was Janet Rowland Smith). The reception was held at the bride's home.



ABOVE. Judy McMillan, daughter of Mrs. Paula McMillan, of Darling Point, and the late Mr. B. W. McMillan, and Lieut. Christopher Green, of Melbourne, who are engaged.



RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. John Marrell at the reception which was held at the Pickwick Club after their wedding at St. Mark's, Darling Point. The bride was formerly Sylvia Smith.



ROTARY BALL. Mrs. Arthur Bosley (left), of Pymble, and Mr. and Mrs. George Sample, of Vaucluse, were among guests at the Rotary International Golden Anniversary Ball, which was held at the Trocadero. Mrs. Sample wore a gown of cinnamon taffeta.



"HATS AND PETS" PARADE. Mrs. Andrew Clayton (left) and her rabbit Rastus, Sara Hordern holding a rooster, and Diane Fuller with her poodle Ubu at the fashion parade held at the A.C.I. Ballroom in aid of the Smith Family.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

A FOUR MONTHS' trip overseas will be filled with activity for Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Freeman, of Rose Bay. Mrs. Freeman plans to leave for America by air at the end of this month, and her husband will follow in April.

One of their most important ports-of-call will be at Toronto, Canada, where their son Geoffrey is living. He married a Canadian, the former Mary Robertson, in January, and Mr. and Mrs. Freeman will be meeting their daughter-in-law for the first time.

In England, the Freemans will spend a lot of time in London, where their daughter Pamela (Mrs. Michael Slade) lives at Regent's Park. Pamela and Michael have a small daughter, Vida.

Mrs. Freeman tells me that she and her husband may visit the Continent before flying home via America.

THE reception following the wedding at St. John's, Young, of Wendy Dowling and Jim Forrest will be held in the couple's future home, "Toompang," Young, which is only five miles from the town. Wendy is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Dowling, of "Rothesay," Young, and "Rothesay" is eighteen miles out. Jim and Wendy will be married on March 19.

THEY'RE engaged . . . Noreen Heffernan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Heffernan, of "Glen-Oak," Milvale, to Eric Sykes, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Sykes, of "Australind," Goulburn.

I LIKE those hats—identical but for the color—worn by Mrs. Bruce Campbell and her daughter, Beth. The hats are brief and crescent-shaped with "bunches" of ruching at the back accented with rhinestone clips. Mrs. Campbell wears the hat made in crushed—strawberry—pink velvet, and Beth's is of turquoise velvet.

TEN months overseas began for Mr. and Mrs. Dick Cobden, of Double Bay, when they left Sydney—on different planes—last week. "We don't travel together because of the children," Mrs. Cobden told me. (Their daughter Victoria and son Richard are staying with Mrs. Cobden's mother, Mrs. Victor Musgrove). In England they'll have a reunion with Mr. and Mrs. John Keeling (she was formerly Robin Stanton, of Bellevue Hill). Mr. and Mrs. Cobden were best man and matron of honor when the Keelings were married in Sydney last October.

SIX-YEAR-OLD Susan Maple Brown and her brother, Richard, who is four, will soon be welcoming home to "Springfield," Goulburn, a new baby sister, Diana Mary, who was born at St. Luke's Hospital. Susan, Richard, and Diana are the children of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Maple Brown.



SHIPBOARD PARTY. Lieut. Hank Sproatt (left) and Lieut. Peter Reader with Fay Hemming at the cocktail party given on board H.M.C.S. Ontario.

MUCH-LOOKED-FOR-WARD - TO trip overseas began for Mr. and Mrs. Percy Ferguson, of Lindfield, late last month, when they left for England on board Strathaird. The Fergusons will be away for ten months, and are planning to travel home—to be here in time for Christmas—via America and Canada.

MRS. G. B. SUTHER-LAND, of Pymble and "Macquarie Park," Wellington, left for New Zealand early this week in the Monowai with her daughter Joan (Mrs. Noel Cashmore) and Mr. Cashmore, who were married last December. Noel and Joan will live in Auckland, New Zealand, but they stayed in Sydney for the wedding of Joan's sister, Helen, with another New Zealander, Harvey Alison, last month.

Harvey and Helen are leaving for New Zealand by air late this week, and Harvey's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Alison, of Auckland, will give a party for them before they travel on to Hastings, their future home.

Anna

SHINING GIRL



... catches all eyes
with her
MARIGNY Cold Wave!
This wonderful process
actually reconditions
as it curls your hair.

PINING GIRL



... her hair is the worry of her life!
It's dry, unmanageable. She's in real need of professional advice.

The MARIGNY Cold Wave revitalises as it curls

This cool, comfortable treatment is 100% successful on all types of hair—and is only given by thoroughly trained Marigny operators who diagnose the exact condition of the hair's porosity and elasticity, then process the wave accordingly.

It is a gentle process which actually restores vitality and lustre to the hair as it coaxes in natural, long-lasting waves and curls.

Marigny is the SAFE way to keep your precious hair lovely in all climatic conditions.

A good perm is your most important beauty secret

No matter how you wear your hair, a good perm is the secret of the well-groomed look. Your perm should be soft, natural-looking, easy to manage. You'll find the Marigny Cold Wave gives you a perfect, long-lasting result. No matter what kind of hair you have—coarse or fine, easy to wave or difficult, season-weary, limp or stubborn—you'll find the Marigny Cold Wave the most wonderful permanent wave you've ever had.

PUT YOUR HAIR IN THE HANDS OF A TRAINED MARIGNY OPERATOR

Make sure you have a **MARIGNY**

The GENTLE Cold Wave recommended by hairdressers.

MARIGNY LABORATORIES PTY. LTD.
makers of Smart Set (setting lotion) and other Hair Cosmetics.

SECTION 10, GROUP 2

Ansett Knitting Mills Pty. Ltd., Victoria, won first place for this 5-button cardigan in cocoa wool fancy weave.



SECTION 9, GROUP 3

Slade Brothers Knitting Mills, Melbourne, entered this winning Cardigan in orchid pink fine-knit wool. It features the popular "cardigan" neck-line with button trimming.



SECTION 9, GROUP 1

Slade Brothers Knitting Mills, Melbourne, took top honours in this section for a twinset in baby-fine white wool. The jacket buttons to neck, the jumper is short sleeved . . . both feature a pretty contrast-knit yoke.



SECTION 10, GROUP 1

Ansett Knitting Mills Pty. Ltd., Victoria, took away the honours for this fine-knit sleeveless pullover in soft yellow lambswool.



Australian Wool Fashion Awards 1955

From the many entries in the Knitwear Section of the Australian Wool Fashion Award 1955,—Judging Panel of experts chose these styles as winners for fashion, quality, workmanship and value for money. The results of this annual, nation-wide contest for manufacturers in every field of fashion design prove that WOOL MAKES THE FASHION. Wool gives you longer wear—keeps colours glowing. Wool is the keynote of fine Australian fashion.

SECTION 9, GROUP 2

First place in this Group, and also the Supreme Fashion Award went to Gross Knitting Mills Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, for this "Fisherman" Sweater sensationally styled in thick white wool with a double polo neckline.



SECTION 10, GROUP 3

Fine yellow wool in close heavy knit made this Sailor Sweater Group winner for Tasman Textiles, Hobart



SECTION 9, GROUP 4

Cresknot Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, were awarded first place in this section for their white wool, heavy-knit jacket. It zips to neck, features Chinese collar, square-set raglan sleeves.



LOOK FOR THESE WINNING Tags

If you see a garment bearing this swing-tag you'll know that it is a first-prize winner in the Australian Wool Fashion Award. Watch for it when shopping for the top fashions of the season . . . it's your assurance of fine styling, finish and value!

See next week's *Womens' Weekly* for further winning fashions in the Australian Wool Fashion Award 1955, an annual competition sponsored by the Australian Wool Bureau.

INSERTED BY THE AUSTRALIAN WOOL BUREAU

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 9, 1955

On Royal tour, Princess Margaret heard . . .

More calypsos than anthems

Probably the happiest night Princess Margaret had on her recent Caribbean tour was the evening before she left Jamaica, when she held a beach party at Frenchman's Cove after her raft trip down the swirling rapids of the broad Rio Grande.

"OH what a night, what a night," were the words she sang from a West Indian folk song played by a calypso band on the floodlit beach.

Bush drummers welcomed Princess Margaret to her party with a long fanfare of bongo bongo drums before beating out a haunting rhythm.

The chief technician of Hollywood's M.G.M. studios, Charles Rosher, who was holidaying at San San, where the Princess stayed overnight in a private home, stage-managed all lighting effects.

The beach was lit by coconut flares burning from the top of bamboo poles thrust into the sand and by huge bonfires in the hills that sweep down to the palm-lined sea.

Only 14 guests were invited, including Noel Coward and Adlai Stevenson, the Democratic candidate at the last U.S. Presidential elections.

Princess Margaret, who wore a yellow cotton strapless cocktail dress, was in a light-hearted mood.

"You'll get your shoes wet," warned Denis Smith Bingham, at whose home dinner was served before the beach party, when Princess Margaret waded into the rolling surf.

"I'd like to. It's fun," she replied.

The eight-year-old daughter of the owner of "Sancombe," the private home where Princess Margaret was to stay overnight, crept out of bed and hid behind a palm tree to watch the Princess.

"Come to the party," said Margaret when she saw the child, Belinda de Pass, and then played noughts and crosses with her on the sand.

Until late in the evening, the Princess and her guests sang and did the "jump up," a jig done to calypso rhythm, on the silvery sands.

Then she called out, "Where's Frankie and Johnnie?" the names she had given to Captain Frank Pringle and Superintendent John Holley, the policeman with whom she had danced to calypso records at Mandeville the day before.

Two escorts

THESE two handsome bachelors escorted her on an hour-long stroll through a coconut grove.

"Oh, how sweet that girl sing," said Louis Williams, the Jamaican housekeeper at "Sancombe" the next morning.

"She got up early, singing 'Oh What a Night, What a Night.' She sing and she whistle like a bird. All morning Princess sing and whistle real sweet," she said.

Princess Margaret's light soprano voice singing her favorite West Indian folk songs also rang through the corri-

dors at King's House, where she stayed at Kingston, capital of Jamaica.

Throughout her tour of the British West Indies, Princess Margaret never forgot that each Governor, as the Queen's representative, took precedence over her and that by strict protocol she was always second in importance to him.

At each island she always sat slightly behind the Governor on the official dais and walked a pace behind him at receptions and garden parties.

Princess Margaret probably heard more steel bands than anthems, more calypso singing than "Rule Britannia," in the Caribbean islands, but she never forgot the official aspect of her visit.

At a time when a West Indian Federation uniting the separate island governments was under discussion, her visit linked all the islands together and brought sharply into focus each one's respective problems.

One of the main reasons for the success of the Princess' tour was her obvious interest in everything she saw and her quick response to the intensely expressive and colorful mood of the people.

"It was terrible to keep the little thing standing in the hot sun while the anthem was played," said one very genteel old English lady at an outdoor ceremony in Barbados.

"But I was fascinated," said the Princess with a smile when the remark was repeated to her later.

There were always pleas for privacy when it was known the Princess was to go swimming, but more than one fashionable beach club found every table booked out. Bin-

GRENADA. Brigadier Sir Norman Gwatkin, equerry, came to Princess Margaret's rescue with an umbrella when she was caught in a tropical downpour on the island of Grenada during her recent successful tour of the West Indies.

oculars were smuggled in under towels and cameras were disguised with everything from a fancy hat to a snorkel.

However, the beaches were long, ensuring a certain privacy, and police and water patrols did the rest.

Princess Margaret enjoyed her occasional swims, confessing to a friend living in Jamaica that she "felt the heat terribly" in the tropics.

"I suppose I'll have to wear sensible shoes," she said.

But she didn't.

Princess Margaret surprised the Jamaicans on the day she arrived.

She wore the same frock all day—on arrival, to a race meeting, and later to an evening reception.

The dress was of white moire taffeta with a narrow satin stripe and black coin spot.

No one was surprised when Princess Margaret didn't follow the racing as closely as the Queen would have done.

However, she settled down to enjoy the afternoon, and watched the smart frocking more closely than the races.

Margaret, who didn't bother to place a bet, said afterwards that it was just as well as all her fancies failed.

Princess Margaret went to church twice on the Sunday morning she spent in Jamaica.

At 8 a.m. the Lord Bishop called at her request at King's House, where she stayed, and drove her to the austere Garrison church.

Later, after breakfast, she drove 12 miles to the oldest church in the British West

Indies—the Spanish Town Cathedral.

In the Cathedral, the Princess bowed her head in ungloved hands and prayed. She sang the hymns in a clear, light voice.

By the time she arrived in the Bahamas, the last island port of call on her tour, Princess Margaret had an even golden suntan acquired while sunbathing on the verandah deck of the Royal yacht Britannia.

Harbor welcome

AT Nassau, capital of the Bahamas, she stayed at Government House, where she must have been constantly reminded of her Uncle David, the Duke of Windsor, who governed the Bahamas during World War II.

She slept in what was once the Duke of Windsor's bedroom, which looks out on to lush tropic gardens carefully planned by the Duke and the Duchess.

Before her arrival in Nassau, everyone was nervous about what "Cocoa," the green parrot belonging to Lady Ranturly, wife of the Governor, would say to Princess Margaret.

"Cocoa" has a very small repertoire, and an uncivil tongue. He sits in a cage in the wide entrance hall to the drawing-room saying: "What are you doing here?" or, "Well, good-bye now."

Princess Margaret was given a "miniature Sydney Harbor" welcome when the Royal yacht steamed into the harbor at Nassau.

The Princess was due to leave the Royal yacht in Nassau and return home by air for the great welcome London had planned for her.





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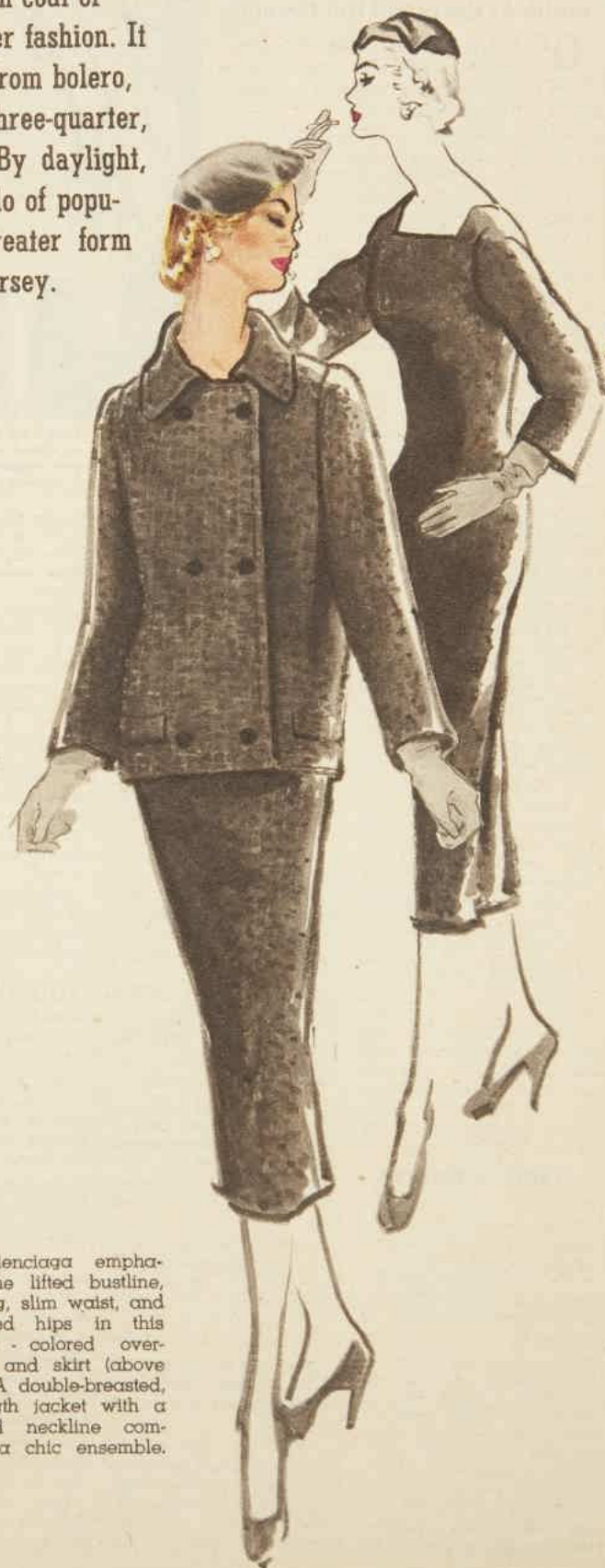
Harry Hordern's

● The dress or suit with its own coat or jacket is a perfected winter fashion. It comes in every possible length from bolero, through waist-length to three-quarter, seven-eighths, and full-length. By daylight, tweed has risen to a crescendo of popularity—it even appears in sweater form moulded as subtly as jersey.



● Nina Ricci's straight princess frock (top, above) is made in flecked tweed. The scarf with its fringed ends is a continuation of the collar and is worn twisted and buttoned on to the bosom-length jacket.

● Basta model (above) is mass-produced in France for a Parisian store. The frock has long waist emphasis, hip fullness, and concealed front fastening. The loose, hip-length jacket is trimmed with fur.



● Balenciaga emphasises the lifted bustline, the long, slim waist, and narrowed hips in this tobacco-colored overblouse and skirt (above right). A double-breasted, hip-length jacket with a squared neckline completes a chic ensemble.

Paris Notes.



● Madeleine de Rauch favors the long, slim silhouette for her straight-skirted suit (right) with front buttoning. The suit fabric lines the seven-eighths-length overcoat.

● Madeleine de Rauch designs a full-length coat (right) of extreme simplicity with minimum fullness. The coat is lined with contrasting yellow and is worn over a black skirt and front-buttoned sweater in the coat material.

Balenciaga shows people moulding in tweed his one-piece, straight-skirted frock (above) with a long torso effect. The frock is worn with a loose, matching jacket and one of the popular hair-concealing jersey turbans.

Dorothea Johnston



... News for Knitters!
... Star Patterns for '55!



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- ★ STARLITE CREPE
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DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

The American - style coat-dress is new again in autumn fashions and is a flattering silhouette to all age groups. I chose the design illustrated at right for a reader in her forties.

HERE is her letter and my reply, and also some other problems chosen from this week's fashion mail:

"I AM a middle-aged woman, and although I like to dress in fashion my figure is such that I am not able to wear the new longer body silhouette. Is there any style I could wear that does not set me apart from the well-dressed? I take a 40in. bust fitting, and would be very grateful for a design for which I could obtain a paper pattern in my size."

Yes, you can wear a coat-dress. It is not only in fashion but is flattering to all figure types. New York buyers comment that this is one fashion universally liked, and is flattering to all age groups. I agree.

Young girls like it because it's high fashion; older women buy it because it's covered, smart, and kind to the not-so-slim figure.

The design I have chosen for you at right is made in lightweight wool and has a velvet-tabs trim.

You can obtain a paper pattern for the coat-dress in sizes 38in. to 44in. bust. Lines under the sketch give further details and how to order.

"I HAVE sufficient material for a shortie coat, and now can't decide on the design. Would you be good enough to help with this problem?"

This season short coats have narrowed down the slim lines of full length and three-quarter length coats. Nineteen-inch to 30-inch lengths are the two most popular. The barrel shape with a belt slung low at the back looks very new, so does a slim blazer type.



D.S.130. Matron's one-piece coat-dress in sizes 38in. to 44in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Box 4080, G.P.O., Sydney.

"I HAVE a black velvet evening gown from last season, and wondered if I could trim it with white fur. The frock has a plain untrimmed oval neck and small sleeves. The skirt comes out wide at the hem."

A fur-collared lei in white

fur—the pelt can be fluffy or smooth—would be an attractive trim for a black velvet evening dress.

"COULD you assist me in solving a fashion problem? I have enough navy wool and matching taffeta to make an afternoon frock, but can't decide on the design. I am very fashion-conscious, and do not want to spoil the materials, so please tell me if the idea is not correct. I take an S.S.W. fitting."

This season two different textured fabrics in a dress or ensemble are often smarter than one. I suggest you choose fashion's new torso line for the design—wool for the torso and taffeta for the skirt. Have the torso curved into the waist, the neckline high and scooped out in a boat shape. The skirt will start from the hipline level; have it quite full.

"WOULD you please plan me out a trouser outfit with two different tops?"

Have the trousers made in dark chocolate-brown worsted—very narrow in cut. Have one top in water-blue wool, made midly style, collarless, and finished with a deep-cut neckline. For the second design I suggest a man-tailored shirt the same color as the slacks worn tucked into the trousers, and around the waist a tucked cummerbund in bright apricot.

"WHAT type of blouse would you recommend me to wear with a black cloth tailored costume?"

A white satin over-blouse. The over-blouse is much newer than a tucked-in blouse and it often contributes to the long-torso look in autumn and winter fashions.

"PLEASE tell me, will any full skirts be shown in the coming season?"

Yes. The long-torso dress with fullness coming from a taut hipline is a fashion to be seen often.



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Beauty in "Musts" for skin and hair

By CAROLYN EARLE

● When the skin and hair suddenly begin acting strangely for no apparent reason, it's time to take stock and discover the reason for it.

OFTEN the cause can be found in a recent change in grooming habits or, conversely, in following old beauty routines for too long.

● It is a good idea to list the following suggestions under the heading "Things I should do every day for the skin":

- Free the surface of old make-up at least once daily, and always before putting on a fresh face.
- Wash well with mild soap and water, using clean hands instead of a washcloth.
- Where there are surface blemishes, try steaming for a few minutes with a

fresh towel wrung out in hot water or by bending over a wash-bowl of very hot water.

● As a finishing touch, spruce the surface with a paste of fine oatmeal mixed in the palm of the hand with cool water and rinsed off with cold.

Brushing the hair and massaging the scalp are two things to be done every day. To really get down to this job, rest both elbows on a table, thrust the hands into the hair, and literally loosen the scalp.

Discourage dryness with a sulphur-type lotion, or an oily condition with an astringent.

must he always interrupt our conversations?"

Usually, Peter had some music handy for contingencies of this sort, but this morning he had forgotten it. He played a few chords almost without thinking, and then out of nowhere it came—a lovely, haunting little tune. Could he use it in his Toccata? Yes, of course.

He was so excited that he forgot Mr. Notchar and Melissa. Without a pause, he played the tune right through, then, whipping out a pencil, he began writing it down on the blank sheet of paper in front of him.

"Boy, this is really something!" he muttered. "I swear it's absolutely original . . . much too naive as it stands, of course, but I can alter that!"

"I think it's pretty," conceded Melissa.

Mr. Notchar gave a dry cough. "Weston, another customer has just come into the department. You'll go and attend to her."

"Yes, sir," said Peter, rising with a sigh.

"But I want to buy something!" protested Melissa.

"I shall have the pleasure of attending to you, miss," answered Mr. Notchar with a chilly smile.

"Oh no, you won't!" she retorted. "I wanted to be served by Mr. Weston, and if that isn't possible I'll go somewhere else." She left the department without another word.

The customer whom Peter now approached was a severe-looking, elderly woman dressed in black serge.

"Good morning, madam, what can I do for you?" he asked her.

"I'm the President of the Distressed Organists' Widows' Association," she told him.

"Oh, yes?" he said with a show of interest.

"I've decided to present our Home at Canterbury with a new piano and I've come to choose one."

Peter rubbed his hands together in a professional way.

"Well, as you can see, we have a very comprehensive selection of models. Have you

in mind an upright or a grand?"

"An upright."

"I see. Any particular make?"

"No, I don't think so. I'd like to look round."

"Certainly, madam." He followed her through the department and she soon proved to be a most difficult customer to please. She sat down at four different pianos and played "Abide With Me" on each in turn. But she found some fault with all of them; either the tone did not satisfy her or the instrument was ugly to look at, or the price was wrong.

"None of these are quite right," she said vaguely, gazing round the department.

"Then let's try some more," he suggested cheerfully.

"What about that one?" she asked, pointing to the piano in which Daisy was parked.

"That's an automatic piano fitted with an electric drive," he answered.

"Oh!" She looked interested.

"It might be rather suitable. Some of the widows can't play the piano, but they love listening to it."

"I don't think it would suit them at all," said Peter hastily. "The tone's rather low, the mechanism's unreliable, and I may add that it's expensive."

He at once realised his mistake in running it down; from the look she gave him he knew she suspected him of wanting to keep her away from a "bargain" reserved for some favored regular customer. Of course, he should have told her it was already sold.

"I'll try it," she said sharply. "Very well, madam," he answered with apparent unconcern.

As they walked over to the automatic piano, he wondered how Daisy would react to "Abide With Me," or whatever this tiresome customer decided to play next. Would she go mad with fear when the hammers began to dance beneath her and the crashing notes assailed her sensitive ears? Was there any possibility of her tail

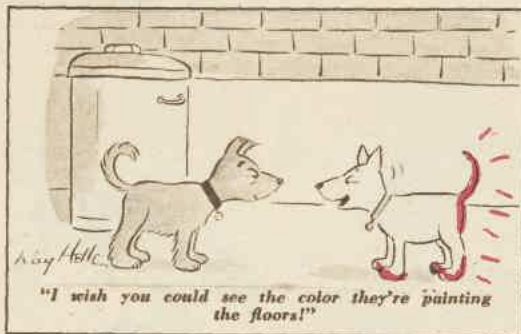
being caught up in the mechanism of the automatic drive? He had put her down very close to it.

Strangely enough, he felt more anxious about her position than his own. He resolved that if he heard one single squeak or hiss of distress he would forcibly restrain the customer from playing any more, regardless of the consequences.

He pulled up a piano-stool for the woman and she sat down at the keyboard. Raising the keyboard cover, she poised her hands over the keys and gazed at him thoughtfully.

"I always think 'All Things Bright and Beautiful' is a rather lovely hymn," she said.

"Very nice," he agreed nervously.



But at this moment, the automatic piano suddenly burst into a fast fortissimo rendering of "I'm Nobody's Sweetheart."

The woman gave a little gasp and hastily got up.

"How very extraordinary! I didn't touch anything!"

Peter coughed and stared round the department with an agonised expression. He was thankful for one thing and that was there was no sign of Mr. Notchar, who was probably in his office. Evidently Daisy had shifted her position when she heard the keyboard cover raised and had touched off the mechanism.

"It's apt to do that sort of thing," he said. "I did mention it was unreliable, madam."

from page 3

"May I look inside the lid?"

"Oh, no, I'd rather you didn't!" he exclaimed. "There's nothing which can be done to correct the fault; there's a radical defect in the mechanism—the slightest vibration sets it in motion."

"I won't do any harm," she said, and lifted the lid.

Daisy's head came up like a jack-in-a-box. The woman gave one long scream and fell back against Peter in a dead faint.

He lowered her to the floor, then, hardly knowing what he was doing, snatched Daisy out of the piano and put her down on the floor, too. The alligator

"I couldn't tell you."

"Well, do something about it, man! Phone First Aid and Difficulties Adjustment. She's your customer and your responsibility."

"Yes, sir."

It said much for the general efficiency of the stores that within three minutes a staff doctor, two nursing-sisters and a sleek tail-coated Adjustment Manager arrived. The customer was going to be given no grounds for saying that she did not receive every attention. The doctor applied smelling-salts, the nurses slapped her wrists and the Adjustment Manager waved his white silk handkerchief in her face like a boxing second. These restorative measures quickly brought her back to consciousness.

"Where is it now?" she gasped weakly.

"Where's what, madam?" the Adjustment Manager inquired politely.

"The crocodile!"

The doctor exchanged a significant glance with one of the nurses.

"Traumatic amnesia!" he whispered.

"Can you remember where you saw this reptile, madam?" asked the Adjustment Manager.

"Of course I can. It was in the piano." The woman's voice was growing stronger.

"When I opened the lid it sprang up and tried to bite me."

Mr. Notchar coughed. "Mr. Weston here was attending to the lady."

The Adjustment Manager turned to Peter.

"Do you know anything about this matter?"

Peter swallowed hard. "I know the customer fainted when she looked inside the lid."

"But I take it there was no crocodile there?"

"Well . . . well, of course there may have been. But if so, it must have been a very small one—I mean it couldn't have been a fully grown crocodile."

Mr. Notchar snapped, "This is no joking matter, Weston!"

"There most certainly was a crocodile there," said the woman, sitting up, "and I'm going straight to see my lawyers. This shop is going to have the biggest action for damages in its history!" She paused, then added dramatically, "I have a heart."

"Madam," said the Adjustment Manager coldly, "it's quite inconceivable that a crocodile should have found its way into this department, let alone into a piano. I advise you to be very careful what you say, otherwise you may force us to sue you for libel and defamation of—"

He broke off as a series of piercing screams came from the next department, Lingerie.

"Good heavens, what's that?" exclaimed the doctor.

"I'll go and see," said Peter.

Followed by the Adjustment Manager, he ran into the adjoining salon, where complete chaos reigned; sales girls were running in all directions, several customers were standing on chairs with their skirts bunched round their midriffs, and one hefty lady was climbing on to a show-case, the top of which gave way beneath her with a shattering crash of glass.

The department head, Miss Bartine, whose sophistication and unruffled calm had won her the stores' Silver Medallion for Service, was running her fingers through her blue-tinted hair and yelling shrilly into a phone: "Connect me with Stores Police, Difficulties Adjustment, Pets Department and Overall Control—there's a crocodile in Lingerie attacking a customer from the Russian Embassy!"

The Adjustment Manager gave a hollow moan. "This may mean war!"

"Where is it now?" Peter asked the overwrought Miss Bartine.

"In there!" she answered, pointing a trembling finger towards a cubicle.

He ran across the salon and pushed open the door of the cubicle. Inside, a massive black-haired woman wearing a woolen petticoat was standing on a chair, emitting short sharp

To page 37

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Meet the women who speak for millions!



ABOVE: Married at 15! Wouldn't change places with anyone. At 23, Mrs. Stan Highfield (Glen Iris, Victoria) has six children—four boys, two girls. Housekeeping schedule is worked out to last minute. She gives two mornings a week to washing. Says, "Rinso's the best work-saver I know."

Step into the back garden of nearly every Australian home any Monday morning and you'll see a line full of white washing and gay coloureds dancing in the sunshine. And the happy, capable housewives who hung them out speak with one voice. No matter how they do the wash . . . whether they boil or use a washing machine, they all say: "We couldn't manage without Rinso."

Like seven out of every 10 modern home-makers, these women have proved that Rinso's thicker, richer suds are best for everything—whites, coloureds, dishes. And here are five good Australian mothers who, in recent Rinso advertisements, agreed to share the benefit of their own experience with other women.



ABOVE RIGHT: Seven to care for! Washday comes not just once a week but every day for Mrs. Newlands (Campsie, N.S.W.). Thanks to Rinso, she's all through in no time, still has enough energy to accompany husband and five under-twelve-year-old youngsters for a day at the beach.



ABOVE LEFT: 11 to Wash for—Every Day! Family of Mr. and Mrs. S. Murray (Alexandria, N.S.W.) goes from rollicking two-year-old to smart young son of 22, includes pretty teenagers, energetic schoolboys. Youthful looking Mrs. Murray relies on Rinso to get through washing with ease. Never uses anything else for mountain of washing-up three times a day.



ABOVE: Biggest White Wash in the District, claims Mrs. F. Hooper (Carlton, N.S.W.). Backs her claim by itemising gym outfits for her five sprightly daughters, tennis clothes for herself, uniforms for pastrycook husband, as well as normal household linen. "I really need the help of Rinso's wonderful work-saving suds," she says.



Eight Children and a Barber Husband— and always a merry smile from Mrs. Miller (Glen Iris, Victoria). Adds 15 dozen barber towels to her weekly wash without turning a hair. "Rinso does the real work on washday," she says. "Gets everything dazzling white, coloureds brighter than brand-new."

7 OUT OF EVERY 10 FAMILIES PROVE IT EVERY WEEK
Rinso's Thicker, Richer Suds make washdays easier!

shrieks. When she saw Peter, she broke off for a moment to shout something at him in Russian.

"Daisy, where the devil have you got to?" he called.

From underneath a pile of girdles on the floor, Daisy ambled out with a bra draped about her. There was a wicked twinkle in her eyes and she looked up at Peter as though she expected some word of praise. He bent down to seize her, but just as his fingers were about to close round her neck she shot away into the salon. Another outburst of screaming greeted her reappearance.

All the noise in Lingerie seemed to frighten Daisy, for she raced straight across the salon towards Perfumery, which was more or less cleared for action; practically all the customers had fled from this department, but the majority of the salesgirls, under the resolute leadership of Miss Trice, who coveted the stores' Bronze Medal for Meritorious Conduct, remained stoically behind their counters, on which were ranged bottles of toilet water and bath essence to be used as missiles in the event of an extreme emergency.

Miss Trice, a neat little blonde with a determined chin, had already strengthened the morale of her subordinates with the following exhortation:

"If by any possible chance the crocodile should come in here, don't panic, girls! My uncle was an explorer, and I happen to know that crocodiles are the most timid reptiles and won't bite humans unless provoked. Lingerie has clearly shown a yellow streak, and we may be given the chance to set an example of calmness and fortitude worthy of the highest traditions of our great store. But if any girl should lose her head, I can promise you she'll be transferred at once to Soiled Remnants in the Bargain Basement. Remember now, keep calm and you've absolutely nothing to fear."

Miss Trice and her deputy, Miss Shorncliffe, had then armed themselves with fire extinguishers, and had taken up

strategic positions covering the archway into Lingerie.

Thus when Daisy entered the department she was met with a murderous crossfire of white foam, but she moved so fast that the markswomen were unable to keep their aim on her and most of the foam went over salesgirls. Peter also got splashed as he came through the archway in frantic pursuit.

Then, despite Miss Trice's threat of banishment to the Bargain Basement, two of her subordinates gave way to panic when Daisy took refuge behind their counter; one girl jumped on top of the counter screaming, and the other hurled bottles at the poor little alligator, who at once beat a hasty retreat. Morale broke. One remaining customer collapsed, another attempted to climb on a show case, and within a matter of seconds bottles were flying in all directions.

Daisy, now covered with "Blossoms of Spring," dashed into a corner where Peter managed to seize her. He then carried her straight through Lingerie to the piano department. Watched at a distance by the Adjustment Manager, Mr. Notchar, and others, he put her in the bag and closed the zip.

A whole crowd of people now arrived on the scene—executives, adjustment personnel, stores' detectives, doctors, nurses, firemen, Mr. Otto and three kennel-boys. They were all so excited and frightened at the thought of Daisy that Peter found himself adopting rather the same sort of attitude as Alice did towards the Queen and jury in "Alice in Wonderland."

They shouted so many questions at him that he could not hear a thing. Eventually, he bellowed at the top of his voice, "Shut up, or I'll let her loose again!"

This had the desired effect and one could have heard a pin drop in the ensuing silence.

"The little creature who seems to have frightened everybody so much is mine," he told them quietly. "She's not a

crocodile at all. She's an alligator, and her name is Daisy. She was resting happily in a piano when a customer disturbed her. But she's under complete control now, so there's nothing to worry about."

Directly he had finished speaking, they all began shouting again, then two burly stores' detectives came forward and grasped his arms.

"You're under arrest!" one of them informed him rather unnecessarily.

He was escorted up to the fifth floor and locked in an empty office for a couple of



hours. Once or twice he looked inside the bag to see whether Daisy was trying to enlarge the tear, but she was fast asleep. Shortly after twelve the detectives returned and took him to the office of the managing director, General Sir Eustace Spearman.

When Peter was ushered in by a secretary, Sir Eustace, who was seated behind a massive desk, looked like the president of a court-martial about to impose sentence of death on a saboteur. He did not tell him to sit down.

"Well, have you anything to

say for yourself, Weston?" were his opening words.

"I can only say I'm very sorry," mumbled Peter. "Do you know who the Russian lady was?"

"No, sir?" "She's head of that Moscow Goodwill Delegation which arrived in London yesterday evening."

"How very unfortunate!"

"That is something of an understatement, Weston. However, you can thank your lucky stars that Difficulties Adjust-

your trial would mean Press publicity."

He paused, realising that what he was going to say next would be something of an anticlimax. "The most I can do is to sack you here and now. Get out!"

A few minutes later Peter left the stores for the last time. On the whole he was not altogether sorry. But with him in her canvas bag went Daisy.

That evening, Peter got home shortly before his father. Daisy was still with him, and in addition he carried a parcel containing a baby's bath complete with stand. He had hoped to slip into his room unobserved, but when he came in Eve was on the phone in the hall. After ringing off she followed him into his room and shook with laughter when she saw the contents of the parcel.

"Why didn't you buy a cot as well?" she asked.

"Stop making that din and close the door!" he growled.

"Wouldn't the stores buy her?"

"No, neither would the four pet shops I tried. I can't even get anyone to take her as a present. And that's not all—she's lost me my job."

"She'll lose you your home if you keep her here."

"There's no reason why anyone except you and I should know she's here—at least not for a day or two. It's a secret and you're not to breathe a word to a soul."

"I shan't," promised Eve. "I'll even do your room out for you, but you must remember to keep the door locked."

"Thanks—that's good of you."

"Where did you get the money to buy the bath? It's quite a fancy one!"

"I had to pawn my gold cigarette case."

"Oh, Peter!"

"What else could I do? This reptile has really got me into a mess."

The bath, which was constructed to accommodate twins, was of the collapsible

type, made of some kind of plastic material. The outside was colored a shiny egg-shell blue and decorated with pictures of teddy-bears and baby rabbits. At the corners were pink plastic ribbons tied in large bows.

"They tried to make me buy other things as well," muttered Peter, as he set up the stand in a corner of the room. "Never, never again will I go into a baby shop! Whew!" He took out his handkerchief and mopped his brow.

"Not content with trying to sell me a cot, blankets, and embroidered pillow-cases, they even tried to make me buy 'little garments' and heaven knows what else. And the questions they shot at me! 'How old is Baby?' 'Is Baby a little boy or a little girl?' 'Would Baby like a lovely colored duckie to play with in the bath?' 'Is Baby on the bottle?' I said 'No, but I shall be soon. All I want is a bath—a good large bath, and it must be strong because if it isn't Baby will bite right through it; her front teeth are two inches long already.' That shut 'em up!"

"I can imagine!" said Eve. Peter filled the bath a quarter full of water, then took Daisy out of the bag and dumped her into it. She did not move, but her eyes now held an expression of malicious fun. Eve looked at her curiously.

"You know there's a lot of character about her," she remarked. "She's just winked at me."

"Sometimes she stays with one eye shut for quite a long time," said Peter.

He went into the hall and dialled the number which Moira had given him. A moment later he was talking to her.

"How's Daisy," she asked almost at once.

"Unfortunately, she's still alive and kicking," he answered. "Look here, Moira, you've got to help me."

"What d'you mean?" she asked innocently.

At this moment Mr. Weston

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A glass of Andrews in the morning makes you feel *Fine!*

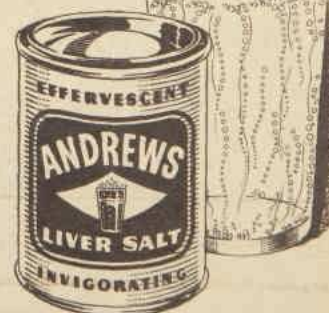
Here's why: Sparkling Andrews refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue.

Effervescent Andrews is antacid; soothes your stomach; corrects digestive upsets; tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

Pleasant-tasting Andrews is the mildest of laxatives; gently clears your system of harmful impurities, thus promoting inner cleanliness.

For Inner Cleanliness!

1/4 lb. tin 2/9 . Family Size 4/3



Continuing . . . An Alligator Named Daisy

from page 37

came in at the front door and Peter had to change the conversation.

"When can we meet?" he asked her.

"I get Saturday afternoon off."

"Okay, that'll be fine. How about a picnic lunch in Epping Forest?"

"I'd love that!"

"What time do you get off?"

"Not till rather late. Would a quarter to one be all right?"

"Yes, I'll pick you up at the hostel then."

"Peter, you sound awfully worried!"

"So would you be!"

"Is it Daisy?"

"Yes, but I can't talk about it over the phone."

"You'll bring her on Saturday, won't you?"

"Well . . . all right, but you know what I'm going to ask you. Good-bye for now, Moira."

As he rang off his father said, "Come and have a drink, Peter."

"Thanks, Dad," he answered.

They had a whisky-and-soda

together and he began to feel a lot better. He still had the new melody running through his head and in his wallet were fifty pounds which ought to be enough to tide him over until he had completed his Toccata. His intention was to send the score to Michel Vanhall, the famous violinist and impresario, to whom he had recently been introduced at a party.

He knew he would not be paid much for the actual composition. But if Vanhall liked it he would be certain to tip off one of the big agents and that might mean a series of concerts as a solo pianist playing his own compositions.

His father broke in on his thoughts. "How did things go today, Peter?"

"Oh . . . not too well, Dad."

"I hope you've got rid of that disgusting creature?"

"She's been taken care of,"

Peter answered. "Dad, I've given up my job."

Mr. Weston was not unduly disturbed by this news, for he had never approved of his son working in a shop. It was still his hope that one day Peter would do something "worth while."

"Something else cropped up?" he asked.

"Well—I . . . I wouldn't exactly say that," answered Peter.

"But I feel the time has come for me to put all my eggs in one basket . . . to take a chance . . . a leap in the dark."

Mr. Weston frowned.

"I don't like the sound of that."

"I've got a piece of music buzzing in my head. I think this time it really is great music, Dad."

Mr. Weston made no comment for a moment. He refilled their glasses and lit himself a cigarette. Then he looked at Peter with a steady, severe expression.

"I think it's about time you grew up, my boy." His tone was almost cruel. "For a year now you've been trying to compose music and so far I've only heard one of your compositions played. I'm no musician and so I'll refrain from commenting on that particular piece; but the fact remains there's only one person who thinks you've got the spark of musical genius in you—and that's yourself."

"Nice of you to say so, Dad. Look here, if you want to bawl me out—"

"I'm not bawling you out, Peter. I'm trying to make you realise you can't just drift through life with a bee in your bonnet . . . or a buzz in your head—to use your own expression."

"Someone once said much the same thing to Haydn."

"I'm not talking to Haydn; I'm talking to my son. And I'll tell you something else, Peter. I don't think you really know what you want yourself. You don't want to be a composer; you want to be a celebrity—that's what I believe."

Peter had had enough. "I think the best thing will be if I leave home," he said, turning to the door. "And this time it'll be for good."

"By all means do so if you want to," answered his father with a slight shrug. "I don't know how you'll find the money to pay for a room, but perhaps the experience may teach you to stand on your own two feet for a change."

Peter went out of the room, slamming the door behind him. He locked himself in his bedroom, sat down at his mini-piano and crashed out "The Black Key Study." His mind was seething with anger.

All he asked of life at the moment was to be left in peace for a few days while he composed his Toccata, and now in a few brief moments his father had aimed another shattering blow at his self-confidence, for deep down in his heart he knew very well that he was not the type who could compose a masterpiece in the traditional garret; he had banked on spending a quiet undisturbed fortnight in the comfort of his home, where the food was excellent and all his needs would be attended to.

In actual fact he did not leave home. Mrs. Weston, who hated rows above all else, told her husband that he was a bad-tempered neurotic old man and that it was high time he learned "to understand" his son.

"Peter'll find his feet one day," she declared hopefully. "I know he's restless and difficult at present, but if you're only patient with him you'll probably find he'll do

something quite brilliant in a few years' time."

"I think he's a half-wit," said her husband. "I mean to say, fancy bringing an alligator back from his holiday!"

Mrs. Weston gave a little shudder.

"Yes, that was horrible! . . . Horrible! I think we shouldn't mention it outside the family. Some people might think it . . . well, 'odd' of him."

She was silent for a moment, then she said gently, "David, before we go to the theatre this evening, I want you to make peace with him. Please do!"

"Oh, very well!" grumbled Mr. Weston. "I suppose we must remember he was wounded—we know he was very different when he came out of hospital."

"Of course we must make allowances for him!" declared Mrs. Weston happily. "Now go and call him, dear."

There followed an embarrassing reconciliation between father and son. It was interrupted by the unheralded arrival of Auntie Eunice.

Eunice Rowlandson was a very distant relation of Mr. Weston's; she had bestowed the title of "auntie" on herself. In appearance she was small and angular with dyed red hair which she wore in a fringe. Her face was witch-like; her eyes were small, darting points of green fire, her nose was hooked and her mouth had a malicious twist. For twenty years she had lived in a Cromwell Road hotel, and for the same period she had clung to the Westons with the tenacity of a blood-sucker. She had that unhappy knack of thwarted spinster-vampires of successfully creating trouble within a family.

The Westons seldom said rude things about her behind her back, despite the fact that they all hated her because each knew there was no more powerful ally than her in one of the sharp arguments which so often seemed to break out when she was present in the flat.

Eve, wearing an evening dress, opened the door to her.

"Oh, hallo, Auntie Eunice!" she exclaimed with forced cheerfulness, and gave the old woman's parched, white cheek a dutiful peck.

"Hallo, my dear, what a little fairy princess you look this evening!" Auntie Eunice squeezed her bare arm with a bony hand. "And what's the name of your Prince Charming this time?"

"I'm going to the theatre with Daddy and Mummy and then Mummy's taking me on to Julie Highcliff's dance at the Savoy."

"And what about that bold bad brother of yours? Is he back from the wilds of Ireland?"

"Yes, he is. I think he's staying at home this evening."

"Capital! Perhaps he'll find time to have a little chat with his old auntie. Though my real reason for coming round is to ask if I may 'look-in' at your television this evening. You see, there's to be a talk on cruelty to animals."

"Yes, of course, Auntie!" said Eve.

With her head bent forward, Auntie Eunice shuffled through to the lounge and told the other members of the family why she had come. They took it very much as a matter of course. She professed a great love of animals—especially of small dogs and cats—and she was a leading light of the Kensington Furry Friends Protection Society. For a number of years she had been one of the Society's two official killers; it was a privilege of membership that any member could have an aged or ailing pet painlessly destroyed without the expense of going to the vet, and it was

on these sad occasions that either Auntie Eunice or her fellow-slaughterer, Mr. Proudlove, was sent for.

Auntie Eunice specialised in the extinction of the smaller breeds of dogs, also cats, kittens and rabbits. She carried out the job with the aid of a small black box into which poisoned gas was released from a container. It was all quite legal and above board, but the Westons had noticed that she was apt to be very bad-tempered at times when there had been few victims for her death-box.

Peter did not welcome the news that she was going to spend the evening in the flat, for he was anxious to lose no time in getting down to work. He was somewhat taciturn while drinking coffee with her after the others had gone to the theatre.

"Of course I know you're quite furious I'm here this evening," she said waggishly, her

little green eyes boring into him like gimlets, "but why, Peter, why? Am I stopping you doing anything?"

"Oh, no," he answered airily, "though if you don't mind, Auntie, when your programme starts, I'll go along to my room and do some strumming."

"That's it? I see!" She nodded her head with mock solemnity. "The Muse has descended on you. I wondered whether you were expecting a visit from one of your lovely ladies."

"If I had been I'd have said so," he answered sharply.

Auntie Eunice suddenly gave a little wriggle of excitement.

"Ooh, I must tell you something! When I was at the MacAllister-Scotts yesterday—Lady Jane asked me to come along and put her Toby's kittens to sleep—I heard such a thrilling piece of gossip about you."

"Really," said Peter without interest.

"They said you and that exquisite child, Melissa Colebrook, were very thick."

She

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"Soaping" dulls hair—HALO glorifies it!



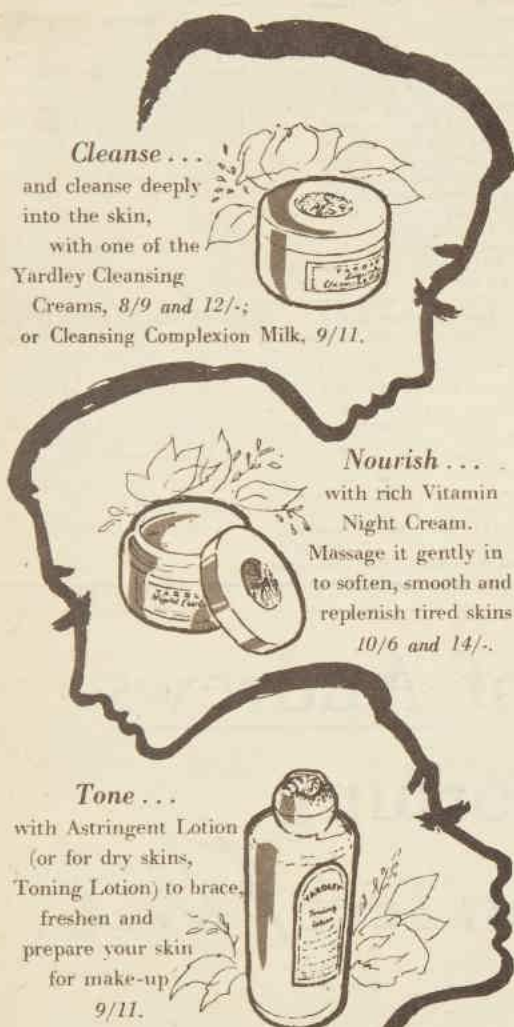
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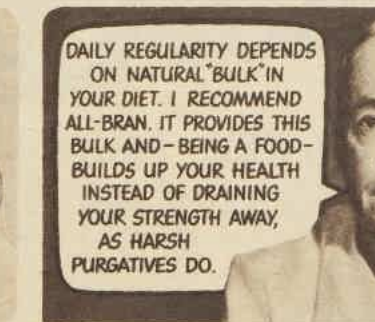
ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

 ARIES The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20	<p>★ Lucky number this week 4. Best days March 9 and 19. Design is more important than color, but the larger and more striking, the more successful its influence.</p> <p>★ Others may expect a lot from you just when you are feeling below par. This can be irritating, but should not be permitted to upset relationships with those on the job.</p>	<p>★ Intuition, creative ability can turn unpleasant tasks into interesting occupations, so invent shortcuts, make do, and avoid letting minor worries get on your nerves.</p> <p>★ Keep following conservative lines in regard to home expenditure. Some member of the household may try to persuade you into elaborate schemes.</p>	<p>★ Banish wishful thinking and set out actively to make your dreams come true. While old friendships are on a solid basis, a new one may alter everything.</p> <p>★ If young, you may have doubts as to whether the boy or girl friend really measures up to your ideal. Remember you are not exactly perfect yourself, be tolerant.</p>	<p>★ People will be quite receptive to suggestions, when they are for the benefit of your social group, and your advice is likely to be sought on a matter of importance.</p> <p>★ Caution and foresight are two of your best assets. You may refuse to plunge blindly into a plan and by offering a substitute, gain applause.</p>
 TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20	<p>★ Lucky number this week 5. Best days are March 10 and 12. Kelly green, Hunter's green, emerald green will attract the attention of friends, associates, admirers.</p> <p>★ Your investments, earnings, possessions may be under fire from your own extravagance, speculation, or the demands of members of the family, romance, or carelessness.</p>	<p>★ If you have a bone to pick with a member of the family, bring it out in the open. Otherwise you will be building up further prejudices and resentments.</p> <p>★ Pleasure can be found through putting around the house, digging up old souvenirs and knick-knacks long forgotten. You may find new uses for some of them.</p>	<p>★ There may be scant time for love making, for both of you may be centre stage in your social world, intensely occupied with some project which concerns you both.</p> <p>★ Should the one you love be cultivating a new hobby, either join in yourself or take an intelligent interest in it, to avoid spending many hours alone.</p>	<p>★ An unexpected circumstance should help to bring your hopes nearer to fulfillment. Be wise enough to give others the chance to air their opinions.</p> <p>★ Many of you will take this week off for a rest and to review your accomplishments up to date. Ideas for future social outlets will be varied and attractive.</p>
 GEMINI The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21	<p>★ Lucky number this week 6. Best days are March 13 and 14. This is the moment to step out in that black-and-white outfit, which is bound to go over big.</p> <p>★ Worry, gossip, endless interruptions may keep you on the jump, and lead you to concentrate on the task in hand. Don't carry this into your leisure hours.</p>	<p>★ Home activities can be fun, and less costly than those carried on elsewhere. There are books to be read, or games to be played, or simple entertainment.</p> <p>★ The younger set may feature largely in family plans. Concessions to their likes and dislikes produce a smooth-working household; older folk should be reasonable.</p>	<p>★ A cloud passing over your happiness could be due to a phase in either family or to disappointment over something. The sun will soon shine again.</p> <p>★ An offer of marriage may be looming up. If made in awkward fashion, or in a casual way, it can be just as sincere as a romantic proposal.</p>	<p>★ Make it a point to get out for rarely social enjoyment, you need the society of those you like, to prevent a cloud of gloom descending on your spirits, or self-pity.</p> <p>★ An attitude of give and take, pleasures shared, may lead to a number of interesting activities, which turn your attention in a new direction.</p>
 CANCER The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22	<p>★ Lucky number this week 8. Best days are March 8 and 11. Red and white will have a fortunate effect upon situations and people, wherever you go.</p> <p>★ Make sure there are no slip-ups far, unless you make an effort to see them through in practical ways. Don't promise what you cannot fulfil.</p>	<p>★ An unexpected event could act as a damper on your spirits, with duty, rather than pleasure, tipping the scale. Get through it as quickly as possible and forget it.</p> <p>★ Those hunting a bargain in home furnishings are likely to find exactly what they want, at a lower price than anticipated. This will brighten the outlook of the family.</p>	<p>★ If called upon to help the one you love for a business or social purpose, put your shoulder to the wheel with whole-hearted enthusiasm. This draws you closer.</p> <p>★ Whether young or no longer quite so young, the opposite sex is vying for you in some fashion. A present, or mutual gain in a sporting matter, appears likely.</p>	<p>★ Some people think you are high-hatting them because you have tended recently towards reserve and reticence. You can dispel this belief, if you make an effort.</p> <p>★ Be patient with those who cannot keep up with your rapid planning and swift execution. There is the chance that business may be combined with social life.</p>
 LEO The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 22	<p>★ Lucky number this week 7. Best days are March 12 and 14. Polished cottons, shining fabrics which reflect light rays, in any color, will attract social success.</p> <p>★ Accelerate in career matters. Impatience with things as they are is the first step towards constructive change. Meetings may show opportunities.</p>	<p>★ Should you have house guests, either your own friends or those of younger members of the family, your days may be hectic, but there is joy in the pleasure you give.</p> <p>★ The short journey, escape from the ordinary round, the family outing could be a bright spot and lead to a little adventure, or surprising developments, later.</p>	<p>★ Hearing gossip about someone you care for, avoid jumping to conclusions. Consider the source and probable motives of jealous, or unkind, mutual friends.</p> <p>★ An expedition, taken with the beloved to new scenes, may have surprising results, introduce you to congenial people, and give you both a great deal to talk about.</p>	<p>★ Your sympathies may be easily reached, and before long, you may be called upon to prove yourself a loyal friend in an emergency. This will be remembered.</p> <p>★ In spite of mistakes and muddling through, a joint enterprise should come to a successful conclusion, and you will have learned much about human nature.</p>
 VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 23	<p>★ Lucky number this week 3. Best days are March 9 and 12. White, in conjunction with pastel tints, will put you at ease, if asking a favor or making a request.</p> <p>★ Keep a reserve in your pocket-book for sudden possibilities. Fritter money can add up to a respectable total, and you may find better uses for your cash.</p>	<p>★ Should you have house guests, either your own friends or those of younger members of the family, your days may be hectic, but there is joy in the pleasure you give.</p> <p>★ The short journey, escape from the ordinary round, the family outing could be a bright spot and lead to a little adventure, or surprising developments, later.</p>	<p>★ If you like him, or her, set to work, not too obviously, to please your choice. An invitation to join your crowd does not commit you to anything.</p> <p>★ Accept your beloved as he, or she, really is, and try not to build up a romantic conception difficult for the one and only to live up to; this can wreck a romance.</p>	<p>★ Your sympathies may be easily reached, and before long, you may be called upon to prove yourself a loyal friend in an emergency. This will be remembered.</p> <p>★ Use good judgment, and have a reasonable regard for your own interests, before involving yourself in matters that do not concern you, and people you don't know.</p>
 LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23	<p>★ Lucky number this week 3. Best days are March 9 and 12. White, in conjunction with pastel tints, will put you at ease, if asking a favor or making a request.</p> <p>★ Keep a reserve in your pocket-book for sudden possibilities. Fritter money can add up to a respectable total, and you may find better uses for your cash.</p>	<p>★ Should you have house guests, either your own friends or those of younger members of the family, your days may be hectic, but there is joy in the pleasure you give.</p> <p>★ The short journey, escape from the ordinary round, the family outing could be a bright spot and lead to a little adventure, or surprising developments, later.</p>	<p>★ If you like him, or her, set to work, not too obviously, to please your choice. An invitation to join your crowd does not commit you to anything.</p> <p>★ Accept your beloved as he, or she, really is, and try not to build up a romantic conception difficult for the one and only to live up to; this can wreck a romance.</p>	<p>★ Your sympathies may be easily reached, and before long, you may be called upon to prove yourself a loyal friend in an emergency. This will be remembered.</p> <p>★ Use good judgment, and have a reasonable regard for your own interests, before involving yourself in matters that do not concern you, and people you don't know.</p>
 SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22	<p>★ Lucky number this week 8. Best days are March 8 and 11. Red and white will have a fortunate effect upon situations and people, wherever you go.</p> <p>★ Make sure there are no slip-ups far, unless you make an effort to see them through in practical ways. Don't promise what you cannot fulfil.</p>	<p>★ Should you have house guests, either your own friends or those of younger members of the family, your days may be hectic, but there is joy in the pleasure you give.</p> <p>★ The short journey, escape from the ordinary round, the family outing could be a bright spot and lead to a little adventure, or surprising developments, later.</p>	<p>★ If you like him, or her, set to work, not too obviously, to please your choice. An invitation to join your crowd does not commit you to anything.</p> <p>★ Accept your beloved as he, or she, really is, and try not to build up a romantic conception difficult for the one and only to live up to; this can wreck a romance.</p>	<p>★ Your sympathies may be easily reached, and before long, you may be called upon to prove yourself a loyal friend in an emergency. This will be remembered.</p> <p>★ Use good judgment, and have a reasonable regard for your own interests, before involving yourself in matters that do not concern you, and people you don't know.</p>
 SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 20	<p>★ Lucky number this week 3. Best days are March 11 and 12. Lilac tints, a sprig of lilac, or blue-mauve combinations will take you straight to your objective.</p> <p>★ Good intentions won't carry you far, unless you make an effort to see them through in practical ways. Don't promise what you cannot fulfil.</p>	<p>★ Should you have house guests, either your own friends or those of younger members of the family, your days may be hectic, but there is joy in the pleasure you give.</p> <p>★ The short journey, escape from the ordinary round, the family outing could be a bright spot and lead to a little adventure, or surprising developments, later.</p>	<p>★ If you like him, or her, set to work, not too obviously, to please your choice. An invitation to join your crowd does not commit you to anything.</p> <p>★ Accept your beloved as he, or she, really is, and try not to build up a romantic conception difficult for the one and only to live up to; this can wreck a romance.</p>	<p>★ Your sympathies may be easily reached, and before long, you may be called upon to prove yourself a loyal friend in an emergency. This will be remembered.</p> <p>★ Use good judgment, and have a reasonable regard for your own interests, before involving yourself in matters that do not concern you, and people you don't know.</p>
 CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21—JANUARY 19	<p>★ Lucky number this week 6. Best days are March 6 and 13. All the lighter shades of blue, or prints of blue, white, and black, will carry you into a new setting.</p> <p>★ A bright hunch can be turned to unexpected profit and a quick business deal is under kindly stars, if you will investigate all the facts. Sign contracts now.</p>	<p>★ Should you have house guests, either your own friends or those of younger members of the family, your days may be hectic, but there is joy in the pleasure you give.</p> <p>★ The short journey, escape from the ordinary round, the family outing could be a bright spot and lead to a little adventure, or surprising developments, later.</p>	<p>★ If you like him, or her, set to work, not too obviously, to please your choice. An invitation to join your crowd does not commit you to anything.</p> <p>★ Accept your beloved as he, or she, really is, and try not to build up a romantic conception difficult for the one and only to live up to; this can wreck a romance.</p>	<p>★ Your sympathies may be easily reached, and before long, you may be called upon to prove yourself a loyal friend in an emergency. This will be remembered.</p> <p>★ Use good judgment, and have a reasonable regard for your own interests, before involving yourself in matters that do not concern you, and people you don't know.</p>
 AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19	<p>★ Lucky number this week 5. Best days are March 10 and 13. Wear silvery grey that shimmers with rosy tints, and you'll find a sympathetic hearing.</p> <p>★ Work for business advancement, promotion, prestige and the favor of superiors, with an eye to the main chance, but avoid making business with pleasure.</p>	<p>★ Should you have house guests, either your own friends or those of younger members of the family, your days may be hectic, but there is joy in the pleasure you give.</p> <p>★ The short journey, escape from the ordinary round, the family outing could be a bright spot and lead to a little adventure, or surprising developments, later.</p>	<p>★ If you like him, or her, set to work, not too obviously, to please your choice. An invitation to join your crowd does not commit you to anything.</p> <p>★ Accept your beloved as he, or she, really is, and try not to build up a romantic conception difficult for the one and only to live up to; this can wreck a romance.</p>	<p>★ Your sympathies may be easily reached, and before long, you may be called upon to prove yourself a loyal friend in an emergency. This will be remembered.</p> <p>★ Use good judgment, and have a reasonable regard for your own interests, before involving yourself in matters that do not concern you, and people you don't know.</p>
 PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20	<p>★ Lucky number this week 3. Best days are March 11 and 14. Pin a bunch of violets to any light summer frock, and attract people as if you were a magnet.</p> <p>★ Check up on shopping lists, supplies, need for repairs etc. before sailing forth. Requests for increased income, or expense money, are likely to be well received.</p>	<p>★ Should you have house guests, either your own friends or those of younger members of the family, your days may be hectic, but there is joy in the pleasure you give.</p> <p>★ The short journey, escape from the ordinary round, the family outing could be a bright spot and lead to a little adventure, or surprising developments, later.</p>	<p>★ If you like him, or her, set to work, not too obviously, to please your choice. An invitation to join your crowd does not commit you to anything.</p> <p>★ Accept your beloved as he, or she, really is, and try not to build up a romantic conception difficult for the one and only to live up to; this can wreck a romance.</p>	<p>★ Your sympathies may be easily reached, and before long, you may be called upon to prove yourself a loyal friend in an emergency. This will be remembered.</p> <p>★ Use good judgment, and have a reasonable regard for your own interests, before involving yourself in matters that do not concern you, and people you don't know.</p>

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TAKING THOSE MEDICINES AGAIN! MARY, DO SEE DR. SAUNDERS IN THE MORNING.

I KNOW YOU'RE KEEN, MARY, BUT YOU HAVEN'T BEEN PULLING YOUR WEIGHT LATELY.

MARY THREW THAT SET AWAY.

I DON'T WANT TO DROP HER, BUT -

MISS HARDING, HARSH LAXATIVES HAVE BEEN ROBBING YOU OF ENERGY WITHOUT REACHING THE CAUSE OF YOUR TROUBLE.

DAILY REGULARITY DEPENDS ON NATURAL BULK IN YOUR DIET. I RECOMMEND ALL-BRAN. IT PROVIDES THIS BULK AND—BEING A FOOD—BUILDS UP YOUR HEALTH INSTEAD OF DRAINING YOUR STRENGTH AWAY, AS HARSH PURGATIVES DO.

WE COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT YOU MARY!

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"Peter, tell your old auntie—I promise you I won't breathe a word to a soul—can we—can we expect some really shattering news shortly?"

"No, you can't, Auntie," said Peter, getting up. "I'll switch on the TV now—it's nearly time for your programme. Then if you'll excuse me . . ."

"Of course, dear boy!" she said, looking daggers at him. "You must get down to that piano; we can't cold-shoulder the Muse, can we?"

The first thing Peter did when he reached the privacy of his room was to take a look at Daisy. She was lying flat on the bottom of the baby's bath, her head right under the water. He thought hopefully that she might have a heart attack and drown, but when he gave her a tentative prod behind the neck with his forefinger, she at once reared her head up and opened her eyes wide.

It was then he remembered about scrubbing her back. He fetched his nail brush from the wash-basin and spent ten minutes brushing her scales. Apparently this was her idea of heaven, for she stuck her snout in the air, half closed her eyes and arched her back. When the massage ended, she once again totally submerged herself and went to sleep.

Peter had found that scrubbing an alligator's back is a curiously relaxing occupation, and when he sat down at the piano the opening of his Toccata at once began to take shape. So engrossed did he become that he did not even notice the coming of dusk. Then without any warning the door opened a few inches and a bar of yellow light from the hall was flung across the sheets in front of him.

"May I come in?" asked Auntie Eunice coyly.

Peter leapt up from his stool and was across to the door in a flash, but Auntie Eunice was already half-way into the room. He planted himself directly in front of her and gently pushed her back into the hall. In the dim light he could not see what was her reaction. Had she

Continuing . . . An Alligator Named Daisy

from page 38

spotted Daisy's bath? It was impossible to tell.

"Oh, Peter!" she exclaimed. "Don't you want me in your room? I'm so sorry!"

"Not this evening, Auntie," he told her firmly. "It's probably very eccentric of me, but I can only compose in complete solitude."

"Oh, but I wasn't going to stay!" she said, as he closed the door behind them. "It's just that the television has gone wrong. At first the effect was quite comical, but now it's becoming a little tedious."

"I'll put it right at once," he said. This time when he returned to his room he was careful to lock the door behind him, but he might just as well have stayed watching the television, for all the inspiration had deserted him.

Mr. and Mrs. Weston were puzzled by the fact that Peter kept his bedroom door firmly locked and allowed no one in except Eve, but they put it down to artistic temperament and were not unduly inquisitive. There was certainly enough evidence that he was hard at work, for throughout the greater part of the day his efforts at composition could be clearly heard.

His family did not think much of the halting, ugly sounds which issued from his room, although now and again they were cheered by a snatch of rather more tuneful music. However, they reminded themselves that they frequently heard equally unintelligible noises on the radio, and therefore it was just possible that Peter was composing a work of genius. Certainly they had never known him work with such absorption.

The composer himself made no comment on his progress, but inwardly he was fairly satisfied with his work. He had to admit that his inspiration was not flowing with the ease which he had hoped for—it came in fits and starts—but he was convinced there were

some very original and striking passages going into his Toccata. One thing he could not help noticing was that inevitably after he had given Daisy her daily scrubbing ideas came thick and fast, and it was always then that he did his best work.

Daisy was now becoming very tame and sometimes he took her out of the bath and let her scuttle about the floor. His dislike of her had abated somewhat, but his determination to get rid of her at all costs had not lessened in any degree.

On Saturday, when he was to pick up Moira, he put Daisy in her canvas bag and left the flat without encountering his parents. On the way down to the East End in his car, light rain began to fall and that depressed him, for he had looked forward to a picnic in the sunshine.

When he drew up outside the hostel, Moira called to him from a third-floor window: "Hallo, Peter, I'll be with you in half a minute!"

"Hallo," he called back with a wave of his hand.

He had just lit a cigarette when she came out of the house looking fresh and sparkling in a green raincoat and a beret on the back of her head.

"Nice to see you again!" she said. "Isn't the rain lovely?"

"Personally, I hate it. What do you want to do?"

She looked surprised. "I thought we were going for a picnic in Epping Forest?"

"It's not much of a day for picnicking. Still, I don't mind if that's what you want."

"Oh, yes, let's!" she exclaimed, getting into the car. "This rain's so gentle and warm—like Irish rain. Daisy'll love it. Where is she?"

"In her bag," he answered shortly. As he drove off she asked him, "Now tell me, how're you getting on with her?"

He gave her a full account of the past few days. When he came to the bit about buying the baby's bath, she said,

"I could have got you the right sort of tank if you'd let me know."

"Anyway, I shan't be needing it much longer," he said. "Moira, I've got to find a home for her within the next few days."

"You mean you're not becoming fond of her?"

"Certainly not!"

"Is she becoming fonder of you?"

"That's beside the point—"

"But is she?"

"Yes," he admitted.

"Then you must keep her!"

Moira spoke in a tone of complete conviction.

"You won't give me any help in trying to get rid of her?"

"Sure, I won't! It would be very wrong of me if I did. Now, if you had any affection for her but wanted to get rid of her that might be different. It's the very fact that you hate her which makes her so important to you."

"I can't see that argument at all."

"Perhaps one day you will."

They lapsed into silence. Peter felt extremely irritated and half wished that he had never met Moira. He told himself that she was a crazy Irish girl whose physical beauty had made him feel that every other girl he knew, Melissa included, couldn't hold a candle to her. One thing's certain, he thought, she's landed me in an awful mess by persuading me to hang on to that wretched alligator, and if I give any more serious consideration to what she says she'll drive me round the bend, too.

So absorbed was he by these reflections that driving through Epping Forest he nearly ran into the back of a bus. It was only Moira's prompt action of wrenching the wheel over that saved them.

"Thanks!" he said shortly.

She remained silent but gave him one of those slow, lovely

smiles which had turned his heart upside down when they had met for the first time. Wet or fine, he made up his mind that when they found a good place to stop he was going to carry on where he had left off down by the stream, and this time no false alarms about Daisy escaping would be allowed to check his advances.

Presently he turned off down a winding lane and pulled up in a clearing in the forest.

"This suit you?" he asked, switching off the engine.

"Fine!" she answered.

"What about taking off your mac?"

"Oh, I may as well keep it on—I'm going to need it if we go for a walk?"

He put his arm round her shoulder and tried to draw her against him, but she pushed him firmly away.

"What's the matter with you today?" he asked, angry and disappointed.

"Nothing's the matter," she answered. "I just don't feel like being hugged—that's all."

He swore. "You don't know what you do to me!"

She laughed gently. "I'm sorry, Peter! But when I get a letter from Albert—and I had one this morning—I always feel nunn-like for at least three days."

"Who's Albert?"

"Why, now, haven't I mentioned him? He's my fiancé."

Peter felt quite stunned by this information, but he successfully managed to conceal his feelings.

"How very interesting!" he said casually. "Does he live in Ireland?"

"Ah, no, he's not Irish. I met him over here; he's a nephew of the woman who keeps the hostel."

Peter looked down at her hands.

"You're not wearing an engagement ring."

"No, you see, Albert said we'd better wait a bit before we announce our engagement. I was all for getting married before he went to South

America, but he didn't want to—he's so cautious."

"What's he doing in South America?"

"He's a missionary; he's working amongst the Head Hunters. But he's coming back next year to take me out there."

Peter stared at her in horror. "You mean you're going to live with the Head Hunters?"

She looked at him with wide, innocent eyes.

"Yes, what's wrong in that?"

"Well . . . well, everything! You might lose your head which would be a great pity because it happens to be a very pretty one—though I must admit I'm beginning to wonder if there's anything inside it."

She smiled dreamily.

"I'll be quite safe with Albert around. He's so calm and sweet and dependable. Would you like to see his photo?"

Peter nodded dumbly.

She opened her bag and took out a snapshot of a young man in a bathing-suit. Peter was amazed, for Albert was the last person whom he would have visualised as Moira's fiancé.

He was narrow-shouldered and skinny, he had no chin, and his teeth protruded.

"He has such a gentle, understanding nature," she said. "He never gets angry, although I've been much ruder to him than I have to you; he just looks kind of dreadfully hurt and hangs his head on one side, and then one feels a complete worm—that's what he'll do if the Head Hunters are rude to him."

Peter handed the photo back to her.

"Let's have some lunch," he said weakly.

"Good idea! I'm awfully hungry."

He pulled a picnic basket out of the back of the car. His mother had provided a satisfying meal; there were chicken sandwiches, fruit, cake, and a vacuum flask of coffee.

"Nothing for Daisy," commented Moira.

"Yes, there is," he replied

To page 44



take
'ASPRO'
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take it easy!

A DAILY
THOUGHT:
'ASPRO' WITH A
CUP OF TEA

NEW FACTS

LEARNED ABOUT 'ASPRO' AND TODAY'S STRAIN

'ASPRO' is more than you think it is—much more—and it has taken the stress and strain of today's living conditions to bring out the fact.

Since publication, recently, of an article on the subject of obtaining relief from today's tension troubles, many have written in to say how valuable they are finding 'ASPRO' as a daily standby when a little soothing is called for.

'ASPRO', of course, is primarily a quick pain and headache reliever and 'flu treatment, for which it has the biggest demand in the world. But people who had used 'ASPRO' only occasionally—for more serious pains or 'flu—have now become aware of its soothing properties for these 'modern' troubles, not

purely headaches but the many contributing causes of them.

There is abundant evidence to support the findings of these people.

'ASPRO' gives a 'sympathetic' type of relief—a relief that works with Nature, not against her. It acts in a soothing, calming kind of way, assisting one back to serenity and a sense of well-being without 'after-effects'.

'ASPRO' is not habit-forming and does not create a craving. It can therefore be taken frequently without any tendency to addiction which many apparently harmless preparations can cause.

The system does not become accustomed to 'ASPRO' with frequent use—its action is thus always at maximum effectiveness.

A9/54

'ASPRO' — SO KIND TO THE NERVES

STARS OF GAY ROMANTIC COMEDY

Film Fan-Fare CONDUCTED BY
M. J.
McMAHON



★ Young stage and screen star Audrey Hepburn, who blazed to popularity as a princess in "Roman Holiday," plays a Cinderella who is transformed into a fashionable charmer with two Prince Charmings in "Sabrina," Paramount's new romantic comedy. Her suitors are wealthy and eligible brothers. William Holden (photographed above with Audrey Hepburn) revels in the role of the playboy-admirer. Humphrey Bogart steps into a sophisticated part as the other brother. "Sabrina" will be released shortly.



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rind. No crumbling . . . and Kraft "Old English" never dries out because it's foil-wrapped for freshness. Available in the red 8 oz. packet everywhere.

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Talking of Films

★ The Affairs of Messalina

THERE is an air of unreality about the much publicised Italian film "The Affairs of Messalina," which is due in part to the superimposing of an American soundtrack.

Present-day colloquialisms are hardly in keeping with first century Roman history.

Messalina, played by Latin-American actress Maria Felix, is beautiful, brazenly seductive, and cruel. Her career as a notorious courtesan did not cease when she became the fourth wife of the Emperor Claudius.

On the contrary, her exalted social position enhanced her opportunities for killing off her numerous lovers when she had finished with them.

A femme fatale in the grand manner, Messalina's reign as Empress became a blood bath. It goes without saying that there is plenty of gore in this film.

A highlight is the superb characterisation by Italian actor Nemo Benassi of the Emperor Claudius, a character at once puerile and grand.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★★ Average
★ No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

Full marks go to the presentation of the grandeur of the Roman court.

In its large-scale effects the film suggests Hollywood. Scenes of milling masses of onlookers and cheerers-on at the Roman games sponsored by the Emperor and Empress could easily be described as colossal or stupendous.

But the scenes in the arena when hapless victims are thrown to the lions or given as bait to the gladiators are a bit overpowering.

Much research must have gone into the creation of early Roman sets and the elaborate costuming is claimed to be correct. The alluring Messalina wears some lovely revealing clothes, but she never quite looks an empress.

In color this film would have been a magnificent spectacle. F.Y.

In Sydney—Lyric.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★ "Destry," period Western in technicolor, starring Audie Murphy, Mari Blanchard, Lyle Bettger. Plus ★ "Play Girl," drama, starring Barry Sullivan, Shelley Winters.

CENTURY.—★★ "Susan Slept Here," technicolor romantic comedy, starring Debbie Reynolds, Dick Powell. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★★ "The (Little) Kidnappers," period drama, starring Adrienne Corri, Jon Whiteley, Vincent Winters. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★ "Beachhead," technicolor war drama, starring Tony Curtis, Mary Murphy, Frank Lovejoy. Plus ★★ "Lutako," African documentary in technicolor.

LIBERTY.—★★★ "Gone With The Wind," technicolor Civil War drama, starring Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh, Leslie Howard, Olivia de Havilland. (Re-release.)

LYCEUM.—★ "The Golden Blade," technicolor period adventure, starring Rock Hudson, Piper Laurie. Plus ★ "The Stand at Apache River," technicolor Western, starring Stephen McNally, Julia Adams.

LYRIC.—★ "The Affairs of Messalina," historical drama, starring Maria Felix. (See review this page.) Plus "Last of the Pony Riders," period Western, starring Gene Autry.

MAYFAIR.—★★ "Woman's World," technicolor CinemaScope comedy, starring Clifton Webb, June Allyson, Lauren Bacall. Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—★★★ "Wonder Man," musical comedy, in technicolor, starring Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen. (Re-release.) Plus featurettes.

PARIS.—★★★ "The Living Desert," Disney feature-length, true-life adventure in technicolor. Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★ "Living It Up," technicolor comedy, starring Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Janet Leigh, Sheree North. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★ "The Egyptian," romantic religious spectacle in technicolor CinemaScope, starring Edmund Purdom, Jean Simmons, Victor Mature. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★ "Rogue Cop," crime thriller, starring Robert Taylor, Janet Leigh, Anne Francis. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★ "Mr. Hulot's Holiday," French-language comedy, starring Jacques Tati, Nathalie Pescaud. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★★★ "The Caine Mutiny," technicolor World War II sea drama, starring Humphrey Bogart, Jose Ferrer, Van Johnson. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—★ "Turn the Key Softly," drama, starring Yvonne Mitchell, Terence Morgan. Plus ★ "The Square Ring," boxing drama, starring Robert Beatty, Kay Kendall, Jack Warner.

Films not yet reviewed

PLAZA.—"Johnny Guitar," Western drama in color, starring Joan Crawford, Stirling Hayden, Scott Brady. Plus featurettes.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 9, 1955

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promptly. "I bought a couple of trout on the way down."

"Put her on the grass and give them to her there."

"That's a good idea! She'll run away and we'll lose her."

"No, she won't. Not if she has something to eat."

He heaved Daisy out of her bag and put her down on the grass verge. Rain was still falling and evidently she liked it very much; she put up her head and sniffed appreciatively, then waddled into a puddle at the side of the road. He gave her the trout and got back into the car.

"How's the music?" Moira asked him, helping herself to a sandwich.

"I think my new piece is going to be all right."

"Tell me about it."

He hesitated. "I don't really like discussing my music."

"Oh, very well!"

He paused. "The thing about it which may interest you is that I now seem quite incapable of writing an original or outstanding passage unless I first scrub Daisy's back—isn't that extraordinary?"

She thought for a moment, then answered, "No, it isn't. It simply means that somewhere—deep in your heart—you know perfectly well what she stands for. I expect you dream about her?"

"Yes, I have done," he admitted.

"Will you tell me what you dream?"

"Oh, I can't honestly remember now," he said in a bored tone. "I believe I had one horrible dream about her chasing me up Shaftesbury Avenue into a big theatre."

"And I suppose she was arrested by the police?"

He looked at her in astonishment. "How did you guess that?"

"Why sure, I merely guessed! Now tell me something more about the new piece of music."

With a show of reluctance, he said, "You can hear a tune I've put into it if you like."

"When?"

"Now—I'll whistle it."

"Yes, do!"

"One moment—my mouth's full of chicken." After a pause

Continuing . . . An Alligator Named Daisy

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he whistled the tune that had come to him in a flash on the morning of his dismissal from the stores.

She stopped eating and looked at him with real admiration.

"That's lovely!" she exclaimed. "Sure I haven't heard such a pretty tune for ages."

He was very pleased but pretended not to be.

"Of course, it won't sound much like that when you hear it played," he said. "I mean it's far too unsophisticated and youthful as it stands."

"I like it the way it is."

"Let's talk about you now. What've you been doing?"

She answered casually, "Oh, I've been measuring the intelligence of rats."

"You know you do come out with the most astonishing things," he said. "Can you truthfully say you're really happy in your work?"

"I always find rats rather tiresome," she admitted.

"They're mean."

"I've always thought so myself."

"One thinks one's found a lovable one only to discover after a day or so that he'd bite you just for the mark of it."

"But still I should think they're better than vampire bats."

"I wouldn't know—the Professor gave the bats to someone else to study." Her tone became more enthusiastic.

"Next week the Professor's switching me to some dear little chameleons. They have tremendously interesting habits. I very much hope I'll be able to write a useful report on them, as the Foundation's going through a bad time at present."

"Sorry to hear that!"

"The Government's being stupid and horrible about money."

"Aren't you self-supporting?"

She shook her head. "It's very unfortunate. Of course, a lot of our work is 'pure research,' but we're always sending reports with useful, practical ideas to Government de-

partments. They're not in the least grateful; they're talking about cutting our grant."

"What a shame!"

"I don't know how we'll carry on if they do. The Professor's dreadfully worried."

"Where will your report on the habits of the chameleon go?"

"The Professor said he'll send it to the headquarters of the Liberal Party." She glanced out of the window. "Look, Peter, it's not raining nearly so hard now. When we've finished eating we can take Daisy for a walk."

"That idea's quite mad!" he exclaimed. "How on earth can one take an alligator for a walk?"

"I've brought a little collar and lead with me," she said, putting her hand in the pocket of her raincoat. "Alligators enjoy walks just as much as dogs."

He made no reply, but a few minutes later when they got out of the car he protested again: "We'll look ridiculous parading along with Daisy in tow!"

"What does it matter? There's no one about."

"Oh, I expect we'll run into someone," he grumbled.

"You know, Peter, you're much too self-conscious," she said. "I hope in time Daisy may cure you of that. I'm sure a composer who wants to make a hit shouldn't be self-conscious."

"I'm not self-conscious when I'm composing," he answered crossly. "But I admit at other times I like to follow certain normal conventions—and taking alligators for walks doesn't happen to be one of them."

She bent over Daisy and put a tiny collar round her neck.

"The sooner you break away from conventions the better," she said. "I think it's a terrible pity you live with your parents. You see, you're trying to be two people at the same time—a composer and the sort of conventional young man they'd

like you to be . . . Oh, do keep still, Daisy dear! I can't buckle this collar if you wriggle . . . Part of you wants to cut the ties and really live, but the rest of you is scared stiff of putting one step outside the family circle."

The quick smile she gave him did not rob her words of their sting. He was furious with her again.

"You're infernally rude!" he said.

She laughed and slipped her arm through his, handing him the end of the lead.

"All right, I'm sorry for saying that. But don't let's quarrel! I really did think that tune you whistled was lovely, but I can't help feeling it's a pity you're going to mess it about."

This remark did not improve matters and Peter lapsed into one of his grim silences as they set off down a woodland path. Daisy positively strained at the leash; her short little legs could carry her along at an astonishing speed, and her long tail seemed to act as a kind of rudder even on dry land. She carried her head thrust bright forward close to the ground.

After they had been walking for some distance, the rain stopped and pale shafts of sunlight streamed through the oak branches above them, dappling the path and occasionally catching the drops of water on Daisy's scales which flashed with unexpected colors. Moira pulled off her raincoat; beneath it she was wearing a very full brown cotton skirt with a deer-skin belt and a tight yellow sweater.

"How fast can you run?" she suddenly asked Peter.

"Very fast indeed," he answered distantly.

"I feel like running—let's have a race."

"Don't be silly, we're not children!"

"I bet you can't run as fast

as Albert—he goes like the wind."

"I should think that's just as well if he's larking about with Head Hunters."

"Oh, do stop being sarcastic and horrible!" she exclaimed, slipping her arm around his waist. Then her damp hair brushed against his cheek and she looked up at him with an expression of such eager radiance that he could not help smiling.

"Very well, I'll give you twenty yards start," he said.

"Daisy's the one who'll need a start." She bent down and took the lead off the alligator's collar. With a sharp hiss Daisy shot ahead of them; she looked rather like a miniature Italian armored car.

"Now you go!" said Peter, giving Moira a push.

"How far?"

"A hundred yards or to the next clearing."

He waited until she disappeared round a bend in the path before starting to run.

About seventy yards farther on the path broadened into a long glade, at the far end of which a small group of bedraggled nature-ramblers were sitting on their coats listening to their leader, who was a lanky, bespectacled young man in khaki shorts and shirt.

"Epping Forest contains some unusual fauna," he was saying in a high-pitched voice. "Those of you who were here last year may remember that thanks to the sharp eyes of Miss Proudlove we were able to identify a good specimen of the Talpa Europaea, and Mr. Dodd actually succeeded in photographing the little mammal. This year it would be an even bigger feather in our caps if we could spot the arboreal Sciurus Vulgaris, so I want you all to—"

He broke off as Moira and Peter burst into view, closely followed by Daisy. The color drained from his face.

"A crocodile!" he gasped. Then remembering his responsibility as leader, he called out,

"Scatter, ramblers! Don't take any chances!"

The young ladies of the party took refuge behind trees, shrieking and giggling; the men grinned sheepishly and backed away as Daisy paddled down the centre of the glade, snorting and lashing her tail in a frenzy of excitement.

Peter and Moira, convulsed with laughter, came to a halt by a big oak and Daisy jumped up at them, snapping her jaws playfully. Moira clipped the lead back on to her collar and stroked her snout.

"That was a fine race you ran!" she said. "Sure, I'd like to see you chase a burglar!"

Reassured but intensely curious, the ramblers gathered together in a tight, whispering bunch on the opposite side of the glade.

"Would you like to come and pat her?" Moira called to them.

Their leader cleared his throat. He was a young man without any sense of humor and felt that he and his fellow-ramblers had been made to look rather foolish.

"It's extraordinarily dangerous letting that thing run loose," he said. "I've a jolly good mind to complain to the authorities."

"You've nothing to complain about!" retorted Moira. "There's no notice saying pets must be kept on their leads in the forest. Daisy's quite tame. Why don't you come and make friends with her?"

For a moment he looked uncertain, then evidently deciding that the most dignified thing would be to ignore this invitation, he turned to his party and said, "Come on, ramblers! We haven't time to stay gawping at a creature which we can see any day in the zoo. Let's start looking for some bona-fide fauna." He strode off into the forest.

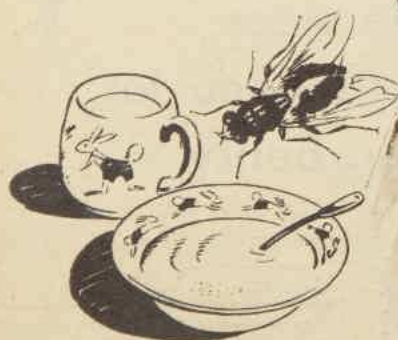
The ramblers were obviously reluctant to depart, but after some hesitation they followed him, glancing back over their shoulders as they disappeared through the trees.

Peter and Moira looked at

To page 46

"... but what caused it, Doctor?"

"In all probability, flies: disease carrying flies. You evidently neglected to spray as soon as the flies appeared."



You'd be startled if you knew how much sickness and disease is carried by flies. Flies are filthy with germs. You never know where a fly has been before it enters your home and soils a cooking utensil or one of your baby's toys. You never know what bacteria it deposits, until—almost unaccountably—someone in your home falls ill.

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1 LISTENING to Adam Trask (Raymond Massey), second from left, talk excitedly about a new method of refrigerating vegetables are his favorite son, Aron, (Richard Davalos), centre, and Cal (James Dean), the rejected son (right). Abra, Aron's sweetheart, and Will Hamilton (Albert Dekker) look on.

EAST OF EDEN



3 TALK with sheriff Sam Cooper (Burl Ives) confirms Cal's suspicion that Kate is his mother. Sam tells Cal how the family parting changed Adam.

FILMED in Cinema-Scope and color, Warners' "East of Eden" is adapted from the John Steinbeck novel. The drama is set in 1917 in a farm area and depicts the clashes of personality between Adam Trask, a devout man, and his twin sons, Caleb and Aron.

The story shows how both lads fall in love with Abra, who is a class-mate at Junior College, and their individual reaction when they discover the shady occupation of the mother whom they believed had died in their infancy. Veteran Raymond Massey and Broadway actress Julie Harris head the cast.



2 CALLING on Kate (Jo Van Fleet), fabulous owner of a gambling casino, bewildered Cal is beaten and thrown out before he can explain the reason for his visit.



4 CELEBRATION after departure of his refrigerated cars is short-lived. The experiment fails. To help Adam, Cal borrows money from Kate to start a new crop.



5 NEWS of war with Germany excites Cal but worries Aron, who is a sincere pacifist and engaged to marry Abra. Cal works hard raising a vegetable crop which already shows signs of paying off handsomely.



6 ANGRY attack by mob upon the town's German-born shoemaker starts a free-for-all in which Cal joins to rescue his brother. Sheriff Cooper puts an end to the fight. When Aron later accuses him of starting the battle, Cal beats him up.



7 EMBITTERED by his father's unexpected rejection of his hard-won money, Cal decides to reveal the secret of their mother to Aron and break with Adam. As he is leaving the house, Abra admits that she really loves Cal, not Aron.



8 STRICKEN by the sight of a drunken, completely changed Aron as he leaves the depot to join the Army, Adam, at Abra's suggestion, sends for Cal. For the first time father and son find themselves in sympathetic agreement.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 9, 1955

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- Have you ever creamed your Nescafé, Ricory, tea or coffee with Nestlé's Milk? Try it tonight—it's simply delicious!

—it's the essential household milk!

Continuing

An Alligator Named Daisy

[from page 44]

each other and burst out laughing again.

"I need a rest after that," he said. "Let's sit down."

"I mistrust your rests, but still . . ."

She spread her raincoat on the grass and they sat on it. Daisy put her head between her paws and closed one eye.

"Aren't you going to have a cigarette?" asked Moira, as Peter's arm encircled her waist.

"I don't want one. Do you?"

"No, and I also don't want finger-marks all over my sweater. Behave yourself, or I shan't ever come out with you again!"

"What does Albert do when he takes you out?"

"He talks beautifully about nature. Unlike you."

Suddenly impatient, he drew her close against him. Her hands pushed at his chest and she said: "If only you'd seen Albert look hurt, you'd let me go at once."

"I've no doubt Albert'll have plenty of chances for arousing penitient feelings among the Head Hunters; I'm afraid I've got none to spare for him."

He pulled her down on to the coat and kissed her. For a moment she was tense in his arms, then her lips lost their unyielding hardness, seeming to melt into his with a sharp sweetness that electrified him.

"Oh, this is awful!" she breathed rapturously.

At this moment, a short piercing bark from Daisy cut across their ecstasy like a whip-lash.

They got up hurriedly and looked round. One of the rambles was walking towards them through the trees; she was a stout, tweed-clad woman with a haversack strapped to her shoulders.

"Hallo there!" she called out in a loud, hearty voice, brandishing a walking stick. "I've managed to slip away from Mr. Dunking. I felt I just must have a natter to you about that crocodile!"

Peter spoke to Moira in a low voice: "I can't stand it! For heaven's sake let's bolt!"

"Where to?" she whispered.

"Back to the car, of course!"

"All right." She put on a charming smile and waved back to the approaching rambler. "I'm dreadfully sorry," she called out, "but my friend has just remembered he's got to give a lecture on alligators to the Mothers' Union."

Carrying Daisy between them, they ran most of the way back to the car.

When Peter had regained his breath he asked: "Where do we go from here?"

"Back to the East End," she answered. "I want to introduce you to a friend of mine."

The oldest inhabitant of Sam Dyson's pet shop was Gwen, a raddled old parrot, who sat on her perch by the door, pecking at her bedraggled red feathers and occasionally uttering a cryptic command. Gwen had once taken part in a film. Together with various other birds, she had "dressed" a set representing a glade on a South Sea island, and had caused a considerable amount of confusion in the studio when she began copying the various technicians on the set.

Thus, in the middle of a "take" of the hero clutching the sarong-clad heroine to his chest, Gwen had repeatedly ruined the shot by calling out in a high nasal screech, "Here we go!" "Q-Quiet please!" "Speed." "Action!" and so forth. A critic, who had been on the set during the making

of the film, afterwards wrote that it seemed a pity her interpolations had been deleted in the cutting-room.

Anyway, Gwen had never forgotten this experience, and, although her film had for many years lain stored in a Wardour Street vault, she still ordered Sam's customers to "roll their cameras" and "save their lights." She was not, of course, for sale. She was a perennial attraction for the local children who came in to buy white mice, tortoisés, and pet fish.

Sam did not go in for the kind of fancy pets you see in the big West End stores—no pedigree Siamese or monkeys were to be found in his shop—but if you wanted a sturdy, well-bred rabbit, a brace of plump guinea-pigs or a tuneful canary, then you couldn't do better than to go to Sam for them.

What is more, if you lived in this tough, East End neighborhood, you got a free after-sales service. At six o'clock on most days of the week, you could see a little queue of adults and children winding its way into the shop, and, for an hour or so, Sam would be doctoring patriarchal mice suffering from rheumatism or arterio-sclerosis, and prescribing cures for guppies and swordtails which had contracted whitespot or fin-rot.

It was shortly after four o'clock when Peter and Moira entered the shop with Daisy in her bag. Sam, a short, red-faced Cockney with grizzled hair and twinkling blue eyes, was having a heated conversation with Mrs. Carper, who was trying to sell him some common house-mice which were cowering at the bottom of a Coronation biscuit tin.

Mrs. Carper was a well-known figure in the district; she eked out a precarious existence by telling fortunes and collecting and selling rubbish. At the moment, her fat, moon-like face wore an indignant expression.

"Ow! So I take it yer don't want me mice!" Her tone was bellicose in the extreme. "Let me tell you, Mr. Dyson, them squeakers 'ave got the bluest blood in their veins wot ever you saw! Reel pedigree that's wot they are! Fit for 'Er Majesty's own bedroom—Gord bless 'er!"

"All right, Mrs. Carper, you take 'em along to Buckingham Palace," answered Sam, winking at Moira. "Watcha, Moira! How's life?"

"Good afternoon, Sam," said Moira. "You carry on. We wouldn't be wanting to interrupt a big deal."

Mrs. Carper gave her a baleful stare, then renewed her attack on Sam.

"Look 'ere, Mr. Dyson, I'm puttin' 'er in the way of a reel bargain. 'Alf a crown, that's all I'm askin'. 'Alf a crown for six blue-blooded squeakers wot're so lovely they might 'ave done for Cinderella's couch. Gor blimey, yer don't expect me to give 'em away, do yer?"

"Listen, old dear, I don't care what you do with 'em," answered Sam. "Those mice came out of the trap in your store-cupboard."

Mrs. Carper's eyes opened wide and her voice rose an octave. "Well, if that isn't libel I don't know wot it is! I'll 'ave the law on you, Mr. Dyson!"

Moira stepped forward. "I'll give you a bob for them, Mrs. Carper. We need some for experiments in the laboratory."

But Mrs. Carper did not welcome this suggestion.

"Ow, no!" she answered, clasping the box defensively

to her ample bosom. "I'm not going to 'ave me blue-blooded squeakers used for vyvi-sexshen. That's one thing I do, draw the line at."

"They won't be used for vivisection," Moira assured her. "We want to find out how clever they are—that's all, I promise you. They'll be treated wonderfully well."

"'Alf a crown's me price,"

"I'm afraid a shilling's mine."

Mrs. Carper's tone suddenly became wheedling.

"Aw, come on, luv. Make it two bob. You're as lovely as that fairy-godmother in the Cinderella film—you 'ave these pretty squeakers and change 'em into couch-'orses. Betcha could! You give me two bob and I tell you wot—I'll tell the fortune of yer gentleman friend free." She turned to Peter. "I've got a reel gift for tellin' fortunes. And I can see you've got a lucky face. Wouldn't surprise me if something good was comin' your way."

"I'll make up the difference," he said with a grin. "In fact, I'll make this young lady a present of the mice."

Mrs. Carper beamed as he handed her half a crown.

"There's a gent wot knows the meanin' of chiv-allory!" She turned to Moira. "Cor blimey, you're a lucky young lady 'avin' a gentleman friend like 'im. You stick to 'im, luv. Now let's see 'is hand."

"I don't want my fortune told," said Peter. "I know it already."

But Mrs. Carper was determined to give value for money, and made a grab at his hand and took a quick look at it before letting it go.

"Yus, I thought so!" she said, nodding wisely. "There's a lovely lot of excitement there." She picked up her handbag. "Well, I must be gettin' back to me old man. Tat-tar all!"

"Q-Quiet on the set, please!" screeched Gwen.

"I know, old dear," said Mrs. Carper, passing her. "We've both seen better days, eh? Why don't you try television?"

Sam scratched his head as she went out. "Half a dollar for a bunch of house-mice! Cor! How she gets away with it I don't know. Born with a silver spoon in her mouth, I reckon."

"They may come in useful," said Moira. "Sam, I've brought Peter and Daisy to meet you."

"What's Daisy?" he asked, shaking hands with Peter.

"An alligator."

"Um-hum" He looked interested.

Peter said, "Moira tells me you're an expert on reptiles."

"I wouldn't say that." Sam took out his cigarette case and offered it to Peter and Moira. "But I had a fair amount to do with 'em at one time. I dare say Moira 'as told you I ran a circus act with a couple of boa constrictors."

"Yes, she has," Peter took a cigarette. "Thanks."

"They were lovely. Twenty feet long and as gentle as doves. There was never any need to ice 'em off before going into the ring—like you have to with most performing reptiles. I used to work 'em no matter how high the temperature was."

"I should think they must have been difficult to tame in the first place," remarked Peter.

Sam looked at him in astonishment.

"What, boa constrictors? Easiest creatures in the world to tame! Beautiful natures!"

Moira added, "Believe it or not, Peter, the South Ameri-

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Continuing . . . An Alligator Named Daisy

can Indians keep them as house-pets."

Sam offered a light to Peter, then lit his own cigarette.

"It was a terrible time when I had to get rid of 'em," he said.

"Moir's told me you had an accident," said Peter.

"Yeah, but it wasn't their fault. I was a fool. I introduced a reticulated python into the act. His name was Eustace—and a very conceited, stupid reptile he was, too. Reginald and Constance did their best to show 'im the ropes, but in the end Reginald lost his patience with him because he started to get fresh with Constance. There was a free-for-all and I tried to separate 'em. I got hugged and that was the end of my circus career."

He sighed and shook his head. "Don't you ever have anything to do with reticulated pythons, son. You never know where you are with them."

Moir said, "We had quite an attractive pair last year—"

"Ah, they weren't reticulated!" Sam interrupted. "Mind you, I wouldn't trust any python again, but it's the reticulated ones you've got to watch out for." He looked down at Daisy's bag which Peter had put on the counter. "Now let's have a look at this youngster."

Moir took Daisy out of the bag. Sam gazed at her thoughtfully, stroking his chin.

"She's a little dream," he exclaimed. "You certainly ought to take her to the Fancy's next meeting."

"What 'Fancy'?" asked Peter.

"The Alligator Fancy. They have a big rally in the sum-

mer; I'll try and find out when it is."

"What on earth happens?"

"Oh, it's all quite informal, and very friendly. People bring their pets and there's a strawberries-and-cream tea, then afterwards there's an alligators' beauty contest, judged by leading members of the Fancy."

"D'you mean to say that quite a lot of people in England keep pet alligators?" exclaimed Peter incredulously.

"A fair number do, Scotland's really the place to see some fine specimens. There're many more fanciers up there than in England. Of course their big joke is the Loch Ness Monster. They have a good chuckle every time the newspapers report it's been seen, 'cos all that's really happened is that some Scotsman has been giving his alligator a nice swim in the Loch."

"Would you say that Daisy was in good condition, Sam?" asked Moir.

He grasped her tail and felt all the way along it.

"Yes, I would on the whole. Her scales're on the soft side. Is she kept in water a lot?"

"She lives in a baby's bath," answered Peter. "She seems to stay under water most of the time."

"Ah, that's the trouble! Let her run about your home for a day or two. She'll love it! Normally, she should only need a good soaking every twenty-four hours, but in any case she'll let you know when she wants to go back in the tub."

"How?" asked Peter.

"Why, by banging her tail on the floor! Alligators always do that when they want water. You shouldn't ignore the sign either, otherwise she might get snarky."

[from page 46]

"To tell the truth, I want to get rid of her," said Peter. Sam looked astonished.

"What for?"

"The plain fact of the matter is I'm not fond of alligators."

"Then why did you get one?"

"Well, you see—" he began, but Moir interrupted him.

"They haven't yet had time to settle down together," she said to Sam. "Peter's still all mixed up about Daisy, but I've told him he'd be making a great mistake to get rid of her."

"Alligators do take a bit of getting used to," admitted Sam. "However, there's a lot of truth in the saying, 'Once an alligator owner, always an alligator owner.'"

"How long do they live for?"

"Oh, about a hundred to a hundred-and-fifty years. I saw one aged two hundred once."

"And how old is Daisy?"

"Six or seven. Funny to think she'll be alive long after we three have kicked the bucket."

"Very funny!" remarked Peter gloomily. "Still, I suppose, they're liable to get ill and die before their time."

"They're one of the hardest creatures in the world. They can even go without food for months on end by using the food stored up in their tails. There's only one illness they're prone to and that's enteritis, but it's not often they're troubled by it."

Sam stroked Daisy's back and gave her a tickle under the jaw. She reared up her head and made a curious mewling sound.

"Little beauty, aren't you!"

he chuckled. "One of the cutest Mississippis I've ever seen."

"I was told she was a sabretoothed jacare something-or-other from the Amazon."

Sam gave a snort of amusement. "Whoever told you that was talking through his hat! Jacare-Assus aren't alligators at all. They're caymans, which belong to the crocodile family. As a matter of fact, Daisy's markings are rather unusual for a Mississippi and I expect that's what confused whoever told you she was a jacare, but she's got all the hallmarks of an alligator: broad, short head, obtuse snout, fourth enlarged tooth of the under jaw received into the upper, and toes of the hind feet webbed half-way up to the tips."

Moir said, "Sure, if she'd been a cayman I'd have told Peter to get rid of her as quickly as possible."

"And quite rightly so!" said Sam. "Caymans and crocs are among the few creatures you can't tame—they even come out of their eggs snapping. Alligators are highly intelligent, affectionate to their masters, and wonderful with kiddies. Did you know that some of the big London banks keep alligators as guards in their vaults?"

"No, I didn't," answered Peter, "although now I come to think of it, I do seem to remember reading somewhere that the New York banks keep them."

"That's right, and just recently some British banks have cottoned on to the idea."

"I wonder if mine has," said Peter thoughtfully. "Perhaps I could persuade the manager

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Columbia Pictures have filmed this novel as one of their major projects for 1935.

It is a fast-moving, well-written story of the West in America just after the Civil War. John Parrish, an officer recuperating after war injuries, finds himself involved in another battle—between the great ranchman of the district and the small holders.

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BABS MacKINNON
Radio and Nightclub Singer



BETTINA WELCH
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Who's who?

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"Miss Australia 1951"



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100 GIFT BOXES OF PEARS SOAP

Here's what to do: Each of these lovely Australian girls is a famous actress, model or entertainer. Each one of them relies on gentle Pears care to keep her complexion smooth and clear. At the right are photographs of the same girls as babies. Can you recognize them? Can you tell which baby grew up to be which Pears beauty? Contestants are asked to pair the photographs and then complete, in not more than 25 words, the sentence beginning "I LIKE PEARS SOAP BECAUSE . . ." There are a dozen reasons for liking Pears! Perhaps your favourite reason is because Pears is so pure (so pure you can see deep into the heart of each amber tablet), or because Pears is so mild (mild because each cake is matured for a full 14 weeks).

FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES TO WIN

- Each of these lovely girls was once one of the Pears babies pictured at the right. Contestants must pair up each adult photograph with the photo of the same girl as a baby.
- When contestants have made their selection, they must put the number of the baby photograph against the name of the adult shown on right, and, on a separate sheet of paper, and in not more than 25 words, complete the sentence, "I like Pears Soap Because . . ."
- Contestants may send in as many entries as they wish. Each additional entry must be on a separate sheet of paper bearing their name and address. Every entry must be accompanied by 2 Pears wrappers.*
- Post entries to "Pears Beauty Baby Contest", Box 7055 G.P.O. Sydney, to arrive not later than Friday, 25th. March.
- Entries will be judged on accuracy, neatness and aptness of thought. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence can be entered into in connection with the competition.
- Main prizewinners will be announced on "Give It A Go", April 18th, and "You're on Clover", April 22nd. All prizewinners will be notified by mail.
- *Wrappers are not required from residents of any State where the enclosure of such wrappers would contravene the law of the State.



NAME

ADDRESS

- ☐ PAT GREGORY
☐ BETTINA WELCH
☐ MARGO LEE
☐ DAWN READ
☐ BABS MacKINNON
☐ PAT WOODLEY

On a separate sheet of paper and in not more than 25 words complete the sentence "I like Pears Soap because . . ."

Use of this coupon is optional

P. 69.VVW76g

INTIMATE PROBLEM

It amazes me that some women are still distressed by the problem of superfluous hair. There's no need to worry these days, now you can literally cream away the hair—and quickly, too. I know there's a great temptation to use a razor, but do remember that razors make hair grow faster and coarser. They scrape tender skin and you're left with noticeable stubble. But the amazing cream called Veet removes all hair in three minutes, leaving skin silken-smooth! Summer and winter, legs must be Veet-smooth. Bare, hairy legs look so ugly, and the glamorous effect of sheer stockings is ruined if hair shows through. So get Veet, at all chemists and stores.



Cream away ugly under-arm hair in summer.



Show girls cream away ugly hair.

Large Economy (double size), 4/11
Medium Size, 3/-

Slightly thicker in some countries districts.

CHAMPIONSHIP TENNIS

by MAUREEN CONNOLLY.

The young star of women's tennis has written a valuable instruction book, especially for newcomers to the game and for those who aim at improvement. Her action photographs are particularly interesting.

PRICE 9/6
From All Booksellers.

to take Daisy as security for my overdraft."

"I'll tell you a bit more about alligators if you like," said Sam. "There's only two kinds in the whole world—the Chinese alligator which is quite small, and the Mississippi alligator of the Southern States. The export of all Mississippi alligators has been stopped quite recently by the American Government, because too many of 'em were being trapped for the overseas pet markets; however, there's still plenty of 'em about, so you might have to wait a bit if you want to sell Daisy."

He added hastily, "Not that I'd advise you to part with her. She's a very fine specimen."

"I dare say," said Peter, "but she raises considerable difficulties."

"Oh, I grant you an alligator does! But you don't know the fun you're going to have with Daisy. You're a lucky young fellow." He picked up Daisy and put her down on the floor. "We'll let her run about a bit, eh? She won't come to any harm."

Daisy ambled off into a corner and closed her eyes.

"Can you stay for a cup o' tea?" Sam asked his visitors.

"We'd love to," answered Moira.

He took them through to his sitting-room and they stayed there for more than an hour, listening to his circus reminiscences. Every now and then he would return to the shop when Gwen's voice heralded the entrance of a customer, but business on Saturday afternoons was always slack, due to local sporting attractions.

At a quarter-past five, Moira said they must be going, for she knew that Sam liked a bit of time to get ready for his "clinic." When they went back into the shop they found

Continuing . . .

Daisy staring up at Gwen, her eyes bright with interest.

"Stand-in for Miss Peerless! Stand-in for Miss Peerless on set, please!" called out the parrot.

"Try picking up Daisy by her tail," Sam said to Peter. "It's much kinder than putting a strangehold on her neck."

"I don't think I know her well enough," said Peter nervously.

"Go on! It'll be all right. She won't bite you."

Peter glanced quickly at Moira and saw the scorn and amusement in her eyes.

"I'll take your word for it," he muttered. Then very gingerly he grasped Daisy's long tail. As he lifted her up, she squirmed, but made no attempt to bite him.

"There you are!" chuckled Sam. "What did I tell you? Now you can always handle her that way. But don't let anyone else try it on. She knows you're her master now so it's okay. But if I tried it, I might lose my hand."

"Thank you for a very interesting time," said Peter, putting Daisy back in the bag.

"Please to have met you. I'm glad Moira brought you along. Pop in any time you're down this way, and next month go along to the Fancy's meeting."

It was raining hard again when Peter and Moira came out of the shop.

"What would you like to do now?" he asked her.

"I've promised to take some of our animals to a local youth club and talk to the kids about them. I've got to be there at six." She looked at him hopefully. "I know they'd be thrilled by Daisy—won't you come along, too?"

"Well, I don't know—"

"Sure, you don't have to

come! I just wondered whether it would interest you."

He opened the car door for her. "Okay, I'll come."

She directed him to the Slaney Research Foundation which occupied two floors above a child-guidance clinic in a very modern building. It gave the impression of having been fitted out regardless of expense. There were several beautifully equipped laboratories, a library, offices and a miniature zoo.

Moira showed Peter all round the place and presented him with a free copy of the Foundation's latest report, "Some Observations on the Burrowing Habits of Moles," which had been sent to the Ministry of Town and Country Planning.

The zoo looked something like the pet department at the Stores, only much larger. The walls were lined with cages containing a variety of livestock and also tanks of snakes and fish. They collected a small monkey, a salamander, a cage of love-birds and a large Borneo wild-cat, named Butch, which Moira assured Peter was perfectly tame.

Peter was not altogether happy about driving his car with this zoological freak in the back, but, in fact, the creatures behaved themselves perfectly on the way to the youth club.

The youth club organiser, the Rev. William Gossit, was waiting in the entrance hall to welcome them. He was an ebullient young parson with a pink face and very round eyes which shone with the light of good works.

"Miss O'Shannon, how nice of you to come along!" He clasped her hand in an iron grip. "We've got quite a good audience for you this evening. Most of the Nature Study Group have turned up and

from page 47

Miss Clamm has brought her Brownies."

"Well now, isn't that nice!" Moira turned to Peter. "I want you to meet Mr. Weston. He has very kindly brought his alligator."

The parson shook Peter's hand with considerable less gusto.

"An alligator! How jolly!" he exclaimed without conviction.

The livestock were lifted out of the car and taken along to a hall where twenty or thirty children were sitting on forms, making a great deal of noise. At one end of the hall was a trestle table and some chairs. Mr. Gossit looked distinctly worried when Peter pulled back the zip on Daisy's bag.

"I say, d'you think it would be best to leave her in there till we're ready for her?" he asked in a low voice.

Peter stared at him blankly. "Why?"

The parson gave an embarrassed cough. "I must admit I'm not altogether 'at home' with alligators. It's very strange but they make me feel distinctly peculiar."

"I know how you feel," said Peter understandingly and closed the zip.

Miss Clamm, a short fair little woman with close-cropped hair and a shiny, beaming face, came up to the table and stroked Butch, who was washing his face.

"What a beautiful pussy you are!" she declared. "I wonder how you'd get on with my Bessie?"

"I'm afraid he'd kill her," said Moira.

Miss Clamm withdrew her hand quickly.

"Oh, dear, and I was just going to suggest that we should enrol him in the Brownies' Four-Legged Friends' League! The children said I must bring along a badge to give to the pet we liked best."

"Why don't you enrol Mr. Weston's alligator?" suggested Moira. "She's a much more lovable creature."

Miss Clamm looked round nervously.

"Where is she now?"

"In that bag at the moment," she said doubtfully. "We'll have to see, won't we? The Brownies haven't really got much in common with alligators."

But when during the course of the lecture Daisy was taken out of her bag and put down beside Butch, looking rather bewildered and unhappy, the children seemed charmed by her. This was something which Peter could not understand; why was it that most adults showed alarm and despondency when confronted by an alligator and yet children reacted in an entirely different way?

He remembered now how he himself had loved the alligators at the London Zoo when he had been taken there as a small child.

"What's her name?" piped up a small girl with black pig-tails and enormous glasses.

"Daisy," answered Moira.

Another child called out, "Let's enrol Daisy in the League!"

A chorus of approval greeted this suggestion. Miss Clamm smiled in rather a sickly fashion and said, "Well, if

To page 51

"This smart threesome won the triplet's contest* in Velvet-washed blouses"

says

Aunt Jenny



"WHAT A GIANT-SIZE WASH-UP!" gasps Aunt Jenny, when she sees the dishes on the Bishop's sink. "Next to washing this is the biggest job in our house," answers the trio's mother. "It's almost continuous. But Velvet comes to my rescue again. These extra-soapy suds make short work of even our wash-up—and it's so kind to my hands."

THREE BONNY AUSTRALIANS, Jeannette, Lynette and Annette Bishop, make a winsome picture in their first "Radley" tunics and Velvet-washed blouses. "Everyone notices triplets, so I make a special effort to keep my girls spick and span," says their proud mother, Mrs. E. E. Bishop, of Brussels St., Mascot. "My wash is tremendous—fifteen school blouses a week, for one thing." Mrs. Bishop smiles. "But then I do have help—Velvet Soap. Those extra soapy suds are wonderful, particularly for the specially grubby parts. And gentle Velvet makes the girls' clothes last so well!"



* Women's Weekly Triplet's Contest.

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Daffodils

When the time comes for buying daffodil bulbs many people are confused by the huge number of varieties on offer

DAFFODIL and jonquil are common names and are used for bulbs belonging to the narcissus family.

To add to the confusion, the bulbs commonly called jonquils in Australia are not jonquils at all, but are really Tazetta or bunch-flowered narcissus.

There are hundreds of kinds of daffodils and jonquils. They have been classified into 11 divisions by the Royal Horticultural Society of England. This classification has been accepted in Australia. The classification makes type identification simple. A brief study will enable the gardener to secure what he wants.

Below is a list of some of the varieties of bulbs of the narcissus family.

They are all top quality kinds and have the backing of a daffodil expert.

Classification of Narcissus: **Division I** contains the trumpet daffodils. They have one flower to the stem. The trumpet or crown is as long or longer than the "petals," which are known as "perianth segments."

There are three groups within this division:

Yellow trumpets.—Perianth colored. Crown colored, but not paler than the perianth.

Belonging to this group are King Alfred, Golden City, Mortlake, Wandin Glory, Wandin Gold, Moonstruck.

Bi-color trumpets.—Perianth white, crown colored.

In this group are Content and Ptolemy.

White trumpets.—Perianth white, crown white, or whitish, and not paler than the perianth.

Scapa and Beersheba are good examples.

Division II is composed of the large cupped daffodils, often called Incomparabilis.

They are distinguished by the fact that the crown measures from one-third to nearly the length of the perianth segments.

There are four groups within the division:

Yellow perianth with yellow, orange, or red cups.

Among the big selection are Carlton, Dunkeld, Hugh Poate, Ivo Fell, Malvern Gold, Sunkist, Pick Me.

White perianth with citron, yellow, apricot, buff, orange, or red cups.

Bodilly, Daisy Willis, Jean Hood, Monaco, Walter J. Smith are fine examples.

White perianth with pink cups.—This group is comparatively new and therefore more expensive.

In fact some varieties in this group are worth £20 a bulb, though several are available for a few shillings each.

Perhaps the best of an outstanding list are Best Wishes, Mabel Taylor, Pink Pearl, Tarago Pink.

White perianth and white cup.

Examples are Onyx, Slemish, Truth, and Snow Princess.

Division III comprises the small cupped daffodils called Barrii. The cup is not more than one-third the length of the perianth segments.

White perianths. Moe, Mystie, and St. Just are all good varieties.

Yellow perianths. Suggestions are Market Merry and Seraglio, all good varieties.

Division IV includes the double daffodils. Camellia, Mrs. N. Copeland, and Texas are recommended.

Division V consists of Tri-andrus hybrids which have been bred from Narcissus tri-andrus. They carry many small flowers per stem.

Division VI includes the cyclamineus hybrids bred from N. cyclamineus. This division is practically unknown in Australia.

Division VII are the true jonquils. The varieties have been bred from N. jonquilla and are rich yellow and sweetly scented.

Buttercup, Gertrude Nethercote, Golden Goblet, and Campanelle are highly recommended.

Division VIII are the so

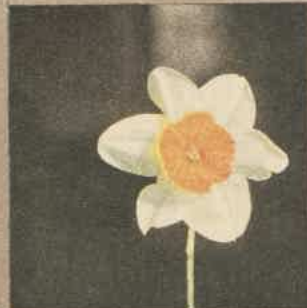
Continued on page 50



SPRING is a glorious time at the Mount Macedon, Victoria, home of Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Newton, when a riot of daffodils of many different varieties make a blaze of color beneath the weeping cherry trees.



POETAZ Geranium is a Poetaz hybrid. These are a bunch-flowered type now not widely grown here.



SUNLIGHT daffodil is another of the Poetaz variety. These flowers are also known as Pheasant's Eye.



BULBODIUM, known as the petticoat daffodil, is in the trumpet division. It is an unusual variety.



SCARLET QUEEN daffodils are in the division composed of cupped daffodils called Incomparabilis.



CAMPANELLE variety is sweetly scented and it is known in Australia as one of the true jonquil hybrids.



YELLOW trumpets make a pretty sight. Pictures taken at Mr. F. H. Holloway's nursery, Harbord, N.S.W.



**Here's how to make
curtains look this smart**

Make them Kirsch style... Hang them on Kirsch rods

If you've always hung your draw curtains with rings on dowel or conduit you don't know what a really good draw curtain is. Those even-folding curtains whose looks you admire in the American magazines, those curtains that glide open or close smoothly — those curtains you wish you owned, are made to work that way, when hung from a Kirsch rod. For forty years Kirsch in America have been developing and perfecting their curtain rods, keeping abreast of the latest developments. Identical Kirsch rods are available in Australia. Here are some of the advantages over other curtain fittings.

Stronger!



Kirsch is the only flat oval rod, which makes it light, but immensely strong. That is why curtains on Kirsch rods do not sag in the middle. With the addition of invisibly joined sections of rod and supporting brackets, Kirsch rod can cover windows of any width at all.

With, or without drawcords

Do you like to draw your curtains with just the pull of a cord, or do you prefer

to draw them by hand? With Kirsch you can have it either way. No matter what type of curtain treatment you want, hang your curtains on Kirsch.

The only rod with slides



The slides on which the curtains glide fit inside the rod. That's why, even though you draw your curtains daily you never scratch the perfect ivory finish of the rod. The slides do not stick or jam — curtains glide smoothly and freely.

No pelmets needed

Modern curtains for the most part dispense with the bulky, expensive pelmets needed to hide the workings of other curtain rods. Specially designed Kirsch



hooks hold the curtain headings upright to cover the rod when curtains are closed. When open all you see is the neat Kirsch rod. Because...

All working parts hidden

Cords and slides are hidden, brackets are

concealed. The ivory colour makes the narrow rod itself inconspicuous against any background. Provision is made for carrying the end of the curtain around the end of the rod. When curtains close they glide surely into place at the centre, overlapping to ensure privacy.



Curtains are easy to take down

To remove curtains for cleaning, simply unhook them from the slides — no need to remove the rod — it stays in position from the day it is put up. No other curtain rod or makeshift can give you all this. Ask for Kirsch and make sure you get it.

Make your curtains Kirsch style



The secret of evenly draped curtains is the pleated heading at the top of the curtain. Curtains with this Kirsch-style heading drape evenly both when open and closed. Kirsch make a special heading hook for this type of pleat. It is made to fit the rod and hold headings erect so that curtains cannot sag over at the tops. Only Kirsch hooks will fit Kirsch rods.

Daffodils Continued from page 49

called jonquils of Australian gardens. They are more correctly called *Tazetta narcissi*.

Division IX are the *Poeticus narcissi*. Included here is the old-fashioned *Poet's Eye narcissi* with the flat, open, white perianth and the small cup, stained crimson.

The number of flowers on each stem varies.

Newer varieties are *Cantabile*, *Henry Lawson*, and *Shanach*.

Division X includes species and wild forms.

Division XI takes *narcissi* still unclassified.

Description of varieties:
As the first three divisions are those which interest most gardeners, their varieties only will be described:

King Alfred.—Rich gold perianth and trumpet. An old variety, which has stood the test of time.

Golden City.—A rich uniform golden-yellow carried on a strong stem.

Wandin Glory.—A fine early variety. The whole flower is rich yellow with a broad perianth and a bold trumpet. Exceptionally tall stem.

Mortlake.—A uniform all-yellow flower of perfect form and balance.

Wandin Gold.—A tall early flower of good form and substance. The rich, yellow perianth is broad and overlapping. Trumpet slightly deeper.

Moonstruck. A comparatively new variety and therefore more expensive. It is particularly beautiful, having an immense flower of fine quality.

The large broad-pointed perianth has a clear lemon primrose, standing at right angles to the exquisite flanged, serrated trumpet of the same shade, tipped with bright lemon. The stem is strong and tall.

Content. Uniform greenish primrose shading to pale lemon white.

The trumpet brim is frilled and brighter colored.

Ptolemy. Early large flower with broad creamy-white perianth and a primrose trumpet.

Scapa. Large white trumpet, broad flat perianth of waxy texture.

Beersheba. Trumpet is long and funnel shaped. The large perianth is perfectly flat.

Carlton. Large flower with broad, overlapping, flat perianth and large expanded cup nicely frilled.

Clear soft yellow. Very vigorous.

Dunkeld. Circular clear yellow perianth; brilliant orange-scarlet, shallow expanded crown.

Hugh Poate. Beautiful flower with broad, bright yellow perianth; cup solid orange red. Mid-season. Free flowering and a rapid increaser.

Ivo Fell. Broad perianth, light yellow on opening, passes to milky white; cup orange red. Tall and vigorous.

Malvern Gold. Early, all-yellow flower.

Pick Me. Yellow perianth. Shapely orange red cup.

Sunkist. Clear yellow perianth, well proportioned, frilled reddish-tangerine cup.

Bodilly. Pure white perianth, clear bright lemon crown.

Daisy Willis. Large flower with white perianth, buff colored cup.

Jean Hood. White perianth, fine open red cup.

Monaco. White perianth, deep flowing apricot-orange cup. A real beauty.

Walter J. Smith. White perianth, large shallow expanded cream crown with a yellow frill.

Best Wishes. Broad pure white perianth of good substance. Large deep glowing pink cup. A new variety.

Mabel Taylor. White perianth; large heavily frilled cup, broadly banded in bright pink.

Pink Pearl. Glistening white perianth. Long white cup, banded with clear pink.

Tarago Pink. Among the best pinks so far. Fine white perianth; large deep pink cup. A new variety.

Snow Princess. Purest ice-white with a pink glow at trumpet base. A bold, trumpet-shaped crown.

Truth. A pure white of parchment-like firm substance. Faultless form and finish.

Market Merry. The richest red-and-yellow yet. Broad rich yellow perianth; shallow vivid red cup.

Seraglio. Large flower, creamy white broad petalled perianth.

Large bright yellow crown, edged with orange.

Moe. Ivory white perianth; ruby-red cup.

Mystic. White perianth, cup almost white shading to green in throat, edged with soft pinkish-orange.

St. Just.—Large broad overlapping perianth petals of pure white; expanded yellow crown edged in red.



"Telephone."



Kirsch

CURTAIN RODS and FITTINGS
ARE A PRODUCT OF WORMALD BROTHERS INDUSTRIES

Continuing An Alligator Named Daisy

that's what you really want, Brownies . . .

"Oh, we do!" shouted the children.

Miss Clamm got up and took out of her bag a coin-shaped bronze badge on the end of a green ribbon.

"Don't be frightened of her," said Moira. "She won't bite you."

"Oh, no, I'm sure she won't!" said Miss Clamm with forced jocularly.

She dangled the badge over Daisy's snout and announced in a very formal, sing-song voice: "Daisy, I do hereby enrol you as an honorary member of the Brownies' Four-legged Friends' League, the aims and ideals of which are set forth in the booklet I will give to your master. May you live with him for many years in loving companionship, observing the rules of our League and extending your affection, and, if necessary, protection to all other doggies—I mean alligators—and four-legged friends."

The children clapped, then gave a loud "Ooh!" as Daisy suddenly raised her snout, opened her jaws and swallowed the badge.

"It's quite all right!" Moira called out. "The stomachs of alligators are even stronger than ostriches'. She won't come to any harm, and now there's no possibility of her ever losing your beautiful badge!"

Perhaps Butch was jealous of Daisy; at any rate, he chose this moment to desist from face-washing and pounce upon her. Of course, she could have taken off one of his paws with a single snap, but instead she wriggled out between them and flopped on to the floor. With

a great yowl of excitement, the wild-cat leapt off the table and landed on her back.

The noise was shattering; a dozen frenzied demons could hardly have produced a greater volume of unearthly sound than the two animals, and in addition the children cried and shrieked. Even Moira was temporarily unnerved, and the pleading look she gave Peter made him realise that he was expected to cope with the situation.

He acted with considerable bravery. Catching hold of Butch's tail, he tugged it for all he was worth. The wild-cat promptly turned on him, but he managed to get a grip on its neck and held it down until Moira picked up Daisy. He did not come unscathed out of this encounter; Butch bit him in the left shoulder, tore his tie clean off, and scratched his chest.

However, there was an even worse experience in store for him. It so happened that in another part of the Club, the First-Aid Group, comprising eight teenaged girls, were preparing for an efficiency test which they were to take on the following Monday. Hearing the noise they rushed into the hall and were quick to seize the opportunity of practising their skill on a live body whose injuries were not make-believe. No sooner had Peter let go one wild-cat than he was set on by eight others.

As he was carried struggling out of the hall, he directed a forlorn cry for help at Mr. Gossit, but the parson merely beamed at him and called out, "Don't worry, Mr. Weston, the girls'll take good care of you!"

The First-Aid Group had a lot to learn in the way of

from page 48

gentleness. Having got Peter into their room, the walls of which were hung with gruesome diagrams of various internal parts of the human body, they forced him on to a couch and stripped him almost naked. Then a big blond girl, who seemed to be the ring-leader, stared at his injuries for a moment and exclaimed, "These wounds will have to be thoroughly cauterised, women!"

Eager hands passed her a prodder, cotton wool, and a dish of iodine. Peter suffered considerable pain before other members of the class were permitted to swathe his chest and shoulder in lint and bandages. When at last he was allowed to rise, he felt sick and giddy. He was putting on his torn shirt when Mr. Gossit came in.

"Good work, girls!" beamed the parson. "My word, what a lot of little Florence Nightingales this Club's turning out!"

The girls simpered with pleasure.

"I think I ought to be going," said Peter shakily.

"Oh, my dear chap, we're not going to allow you to go yet!" Mr. Gossit clapped him on the shoulder. "There's to be refreshments and then a sing-song."

At the mention of refreshments, Peter cheered up slightly. Perhaps Mr. Gossit had a bottle of whisky stowed away somewhere.

"Yes, we're all set for a jolly evening," continued the parson. "The Club's quite determined to show its appreciation of your brave act in no uncertain manner. Our little cookery class is now hard at work producing a feast and we've sent

out for a dozen bottles of lemonade."

It was nearly ten o'clock when Peter and Moira drove away from the Club, outside which were gathered the cheering members.

After they had returned the livestock to the Foundation, he drove her straight back to the hostel. He really was in a very bad temper and was firmly determined not to see her again.

"Here we are," he said, drawing up the car with a jerk outside the hostel.

The rain was extremely heavy and she did not get out at once.

"Peter, I haven't thanked you for the picnic. I enjoyed it so much and hearing about your music and everything." Her voice was soft and appealing; once again it had the power to stir him deeply.

"I enjoyed it, too," he muttered. Then, despite his resolution, he added, "We must do something else together soon."

"If you want to," she said quietly.

Their eyes met. Hers were dark and beautiful and mysterious in the dim light. He was about to take her in his arms when from the back of the car there suddenly came a loud thumping sound accompanied by two high-pitched barks.

"What the devil's going on now?" he exclaimed angrily.

"Daisy's thumping her tail and wants to be put in water," answered Moira calmly. "You'd better hurry home." Her lips brushed his cheek. "Good-night, Peter. See you again soon, I hope." She slipped out of the car and ran indoors.

To be continued

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THE EDGE OF THE SWORD

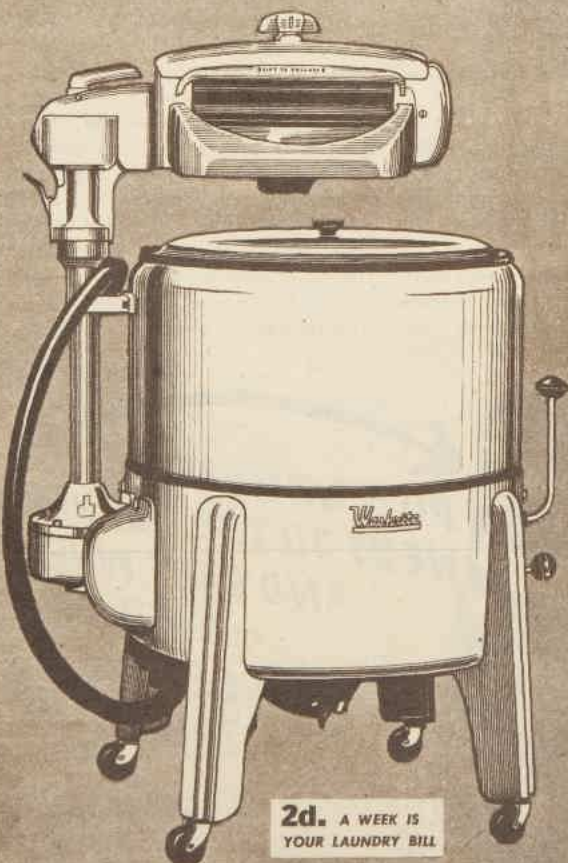
By CAPTAIN ANTHONY FARRAR-HOCKLEY

The famous Gloucestershire Regiment won undying fame in their splendid but ill-fated stand against Chinese Communists at the Imjin River in Korea.

This is the story of that battle and its aftermath.

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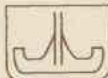


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MAKE "A" WASHRITE
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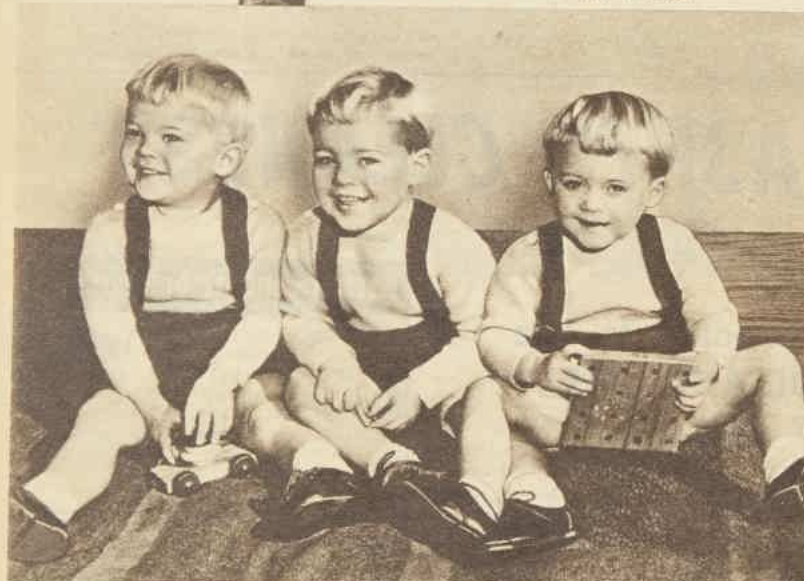
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heap. I opened my eyes and looked again at the cartoon. Yes, I can imagine lots of people laughing at it . . .

As time went by I realised that Maverley was capable in ways I'd never imagined. She could chop and cart wood with the men. She could do the house through and never even become tired.

Her lean figure filled out as the years advanced. Her large hands and feet gradually lost their awkwardness. She grew her hair and pulled it back to a bun at the nape of her neck, so that it showed off the unexpected purity of profile, the high forehead, and those deep, almost navy, blue eyes. Maverley was fast becoming attractive. People looked at her in the street.

David began to look at her. David, who had said, "I suppose if you think she's so wonderful I'll like her, too."

David and Maverley became engaged the year after my father died. We had the engagement party in this very room. Mother was happy. She adored Maverley. David was very happy and proud; but Maverley—I don't know what I thought of her. There was a stillness, a coldness that puzzled me. With all my heart I loved David, and being so close to him I felt something the others didn't sense.

When people admired Maverley's beautiful ring, her eyes took on the cold sparkle of the diamonds and there was beauty on her face.

David bought her gifts, lovely, tasteful gifts to use in their home-to-be. They went out, sometimes alone, and sometimes in a party with me and my beau of the moment.

It was in this room again that David and I sat together when he told me he didn't think Maverley would marry him.

"David, but why?" "She won't say. She has set three dates for the wedding and altered them before I've had time to tell you or Mother. She won't discuss any plans."

The telltale quiver in David's voice made me look away.

Continuing . . . Patting The Cat

from page 5

When we were little that quiver had been a sign for me to take him in my arms and hold him close, but we were grown now, a man and a woman, so I just looked away.

I went to Maverley and asked her, in what I hoped was a tactful manner, about the wedding plans.

She smiled at me, "I'm so glad you asked me, dear. I'm sure David thinks I'm stalling, but, believe me, I just thought we should have a little more before marrying."

"A little more what?" I asked. The attitude puzzled me.

"A little more security. You see, David won't allow me to work after we're married, and I am a little frightened. I don't think you'd quite understand."

I looked around her room. I saw the beautiful canteen of cutlery, the coffee table, the hope chest crammed to the brim with gifts from David. I looked at the valuable ring on her finger and thought of the money he had in the bank; much more than many men twice his age.

Then I saw again the misery in his eyes. My wonderful David! I was young then. I wanted to strike Maverley's neat, well-groomed head, and the eyes looking steadily at me through the mirror. Eyes that looked like a watching cat's eyes. Although I must confess the resemblance never struck me until tonight.

The clock chimed ten. I sat up and stretched my legs towards the glowing red coals. The warmth of the room was lulling me, sending me into that semi-conscious state where part of the mind sees things that were, with startling clarity, sometimes a little too startling.

My own engagement party was also held in this room . . . and I went from this house as a bride. Mother's face proud and happy; David's eyes steady and shadowed; Maverley correct and fully mistress of her emotions; myself in white,

nervous and a little unsteady, tripping over the front doorstep on the way out. Each scene in turn was set out on the surface of my mind before it gently slid away.

My husband and I went to another State to live and I knew the rest by letter. Maverley kept putting off the wedding date, kept treating David like a stage prop, until the inevitable happened. David met another woman, an eager, life-loving woman who wanted him and wanted his love. Knowing Marie, David's wife, I'm sure she didn't ask him about his possessions. I was happy for him.

Mother wrote that Maverley was taking it very well. "She is very quiet and reserved about the whole matter. I think she's a most wonderful girl to be so nice to David after the way he's left her for someone else. She even offered his ring back, but, of course, he couldn't take it when he broke the engagement. Anyway, David's loss is my gain, because Maverley seems very happy living here."

There was quite a lot more in the same vein. I read the letter slowly. I read it again. I saw Maverley's eyes looking directly at me, strange, self-possessed eyes. I wanted to scream loudly so that Mother would hear me where she lived.

"She didn't want him. Maverley didn't want David. She wanted things, things . . . not a heart, not a body, not a lifetime of sharing. She knew what she wanted . . ."

I wrote to Mother. I wrote the things Mother expected of me. I sent a short, loving note to David and went over to his wedding a few months later.

I had been married eighteen months when my only child was still-born, and there came that naked, secret grief that only a woman who has felt that magic stir of promise within her can know. And I was never to feel it again.

"What a disappointment," people said, and I can echo now from my pinnacle of years, "Yes, what a disappointment." Mother wanted me to go home for a while and I went to her; to one of the few who understood that the world would never be the same again.

It was lovely to be home, but as the days passed I began to notice the shades of difference. It was Maverley who brought me my breakfast in the morning while I was still convalescing; my mother consulted her in everything.

I should have been happy about it. I think I was until the day we went to buy some new curtains for the front bedroom. We went from shop to shop, talking little trivialities, and wasting time in the wholly delightful manner that women will. I saw the very thing Mother would love and pounced on it.

Funny how, when we are old, we can remember these things so vividly. The fabric was soft to the touch and would lend sunlight to any room. Mother fingered it lovingly and her eyes brightened. Then she turned to Maverley, who stood beside her, and Maverley shook her dark head slowly.

"But, Maverley, it would be perfect for Mother's room."

Maverley turned and looked at me, a steady, confident look, with so little hint of patronage it didn't show. "Your mother can please herself, my dear, but I don't care for it."

We didn't buy the lovely stuff and shopping was suddenly concluded for that day.

The front room has always been Mother's bedroom, but next time I went there, two years later, the front room was Maverley's, and was hung with richly brocaded velvet.

David was lucky. He had two children. I saw them occasionally and we all wrote regularly.

I went home every two years, but, in spite of all my persuasion, Mother would

never come to me for a holiday.

"No, my darling," she'd say. "I love my home, always have, and I'm getting too old to be flying around the countryside."

Once I approached Maverley and asked if she would bring Mother to see us.

I can see her now, seated by the window, reading. She was deeply absorbed, one hand holding the book, the other resting lightly on the arm of the chair. Her black hair was pure white at the temples, and the sun, glancing through an open window, caught on that whiteness and lingered. There was a look of peace about her I have never been able to fathom.

It struck me then, as I watched, that here was a woman in the fullness of her life, a woman for whom nothing was wanting. She sensed me there in the doorway and raised her head slowly.

Her deep eyes stared into mine and I forgot for a moment what I had to say. Then I remembered and asked her would she bring Mother to me for a holiday.

"You have asked your mother?" she said.

"Yes, I have asked her and she doesn't want to come, but I think it would be a nice change for both of you."

Maverley considered this and then said that she would mention it to Mother and see if she could persuade her . . . And that was the end of that.

Maverley was expert in that seldom used and powerful weapon "silence." Silence cannot be asked questions. It cannot be accused of things. As I sit here and think the thoughts which do not pain me any longer, I wonder where her silence ended and her subtlety began.

I'd only been home a week after my last visit when I received an urgent telegram from Maverley that my mother was dying. David and I linked up at the airport and flew down to our childhood home, David for the last time.

Mother lay like a small, helpless child. Maverley cared for her silently and faithfully during the two days waiting. She

and I were closer than we'd been since that day she'd stood with tears running down her face and thanked me for walking home with her.

Only once did Mother turn directly to us. Her eyes, when they could focus, were fastened on Maverley's tall figure moving about the room. The eyes followed Maverley to the door and watched it close after her, then with sudden life they turned towards David and me.

"I have . . . have . . ." We both leant over as though to breathe the words out of her poor tired mouth. The door opened and Mother's eyes left us, only to return with a tremendous effort of will.

"David . . . forgive." At least I think that's what she said, because the life behind her eyes just flickered and went out.

Next day we knew just what she had done and why she'd asked forgiveness. David never discussed the matter. I didn't know until tonight he'd given it much thought at all, and now, of course, the subject is closed for all time.

I know he realises, just as I, that no one can see the road ahead. Looking back, it's so easy to trace where one has travelled. My own personal road swept into a great financial crash, followed swiftly by my husband's death. I was left bewilderingly poor with no money, no assets, and no love.

A sudden shiver trembled over my body and I realised that I'd been sitting quite still with my thoughts for over an hour. My fingers holding the paper were stiff with cold and the fire was grey. I tore up the cartoon and saw it flutter sadly into the fireplace. Bedtime.

A small cough, studied in its smallness, came from the front bedroom.

I went over, switched out the light and left the room. Although Maverley never says anything I know she doesn't like the lights left on in her home after 10.30 at night.

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Continuing

We'll Always Fight, Darling

from page 9

she said. And she thought, He has the most beautiful smile I've ever seen.

"I don't think we've met," he said. "My name is Bill Fenner."

"I'm Nancy Davis." And she smiled, too.

"I came over," he said, "because I was intrigued with your nose."

She was astonished, "My nose?"

"It has such gaiety," he said. "It gives the whole profile a very cheerful effect."

Suddenly she laughed. "I must say," she said, "that I feel much encouraged. As a child, I hated my nose. I kept pulling it to try to achieve a more classic line."

He shifted his weight, smiling a little. "With me, it was freckles," he said. "When I was fifteen I used to try to hide them by slapping on my father's after-shaving powder." He stood still, the color rising in his face. "Now that's a funny thing—I've never told anyone about that before."

Meeting his eyes, Nancy felt a pressure in her chest. "Kids are funny," she said. "They're so—" She swallowed. "So vulnerable."

The sound of the party rose in waves around them; from somewhere came a burst of music, a shriek of laughter. They stood motionless, gazing at each other, hearing nothing. It was as if they had both been touched by the gravity of the moment, by the feeling that they were poised on the brink of something important and wonderful and exciting.

Remembering now, Nancy stared bleakly out the train window. They had been right to feel that way, she thought. There had been a warm, rounded perfection about the spring, the whole summer, and autumn. She had never known before that little things—a walk at night, a telephone call, a snatched lunch together in some crowded restaurant—could hold so much to be remembered afterward. And now, for all she knew, maybe it was over.

Maybe she would never again drive with Bill in his battered little car, never again feel his hand groping for hers at the pictures, never again dance with him, her eyes half-closed, feeling their bodies swaying lightly together.

When she reached her office and went into the ladies' room to comb her hair, she met Barbara Weston there. Barbara was Mr. Haynes' secretary in the Production Department, and she was a small, very earnest girl with a composed manner. As soon as she saw Nancy she said, "What's wrong

with you? Have a fight with your boy-friend?"

Nancy was so startled that she blurted out, "Y-yes—how did you know?" The color rose in her face, but she felt slightly eased. Turning to the mirror she saw her face—small and lost and somehow pitiful, as if a light had been snapped off behind it. When she spoke again her voice was low. "Late last night. It was awful."

"Who started it?" Barbara said.

Nancy wheeled around. "Wh-why," she stammered. She was taken aback. "I guess I did." She swallowed. A gnawing, uneasy feeling had begun to wind through her.

"That is, I wanted him to do something for me and he didn't see his way clear to doing it."

Barbara's earnest eyes became more earnest still. She was a very serious girl. "You may think you're right and still be wrong," she said.

Going back to her desk a few moments later, Nancy felt all mixed up; it was as if there were a ceaseless churning going on inside her. When she was seated, she couldn't keep her mind on her work; her eyes kept darting to the wall clock.

Oh, if only Bill would telephone—if she could only talk to him! Then everything would be all right; the whole issue of the fight would straighten itself out—she was sure of it. After that they would never fight again—no, never again.

She took papers, reports out of her desk. Her eyes went to the clock. Surely she would hear soon. He knew her office number; if he rang, the call would come through to Miss Fanshaw, the office manager, who was at this moment in plain view, sitting at her desk inside her glass-enclosed office.

Miss Fanshaw would rise and open her door and walk over, frowning slightly because she suspected the call was purely social, and say, "Miss Davis. A call for you. Take it on Five."

At the thought, Nancy's mouth went dry. Yes, that was the way it would be. And so, as she worked, as her eyes travelled unseeing over the latest Production Report, her gaze would lift every few moments to rest on Miss Fanshaw's broad back behind the glass partition; she would look to see if Miss Fanshaw's hand was reaching out to the telephone, if her mouth was moving silently in speech, if she was rising.

It was a wretched morning. When the lunch hour finally arrived and she went into the

ladies' room to wash, it was as if her whole body ached with the strain of waiting. She found Barbara there, and Anne Rearick and Miss Jackson from the File Department.

She was vaguely conscious of their talking with excited indignation about something and then she heard the words "Book Club meeting" and knew suddenly what it was. She turned to Anne. "How was it last night?" she said. "What was the visiting novelist like?"

Anne eyed her darkly. "That stinker," she said. "She never showed up."

"Everybody was simply furious," Miss Jackson broke in. "She had absolutely promised to come." Her mouth tightened. "And here I was, on the committee, left holding the bag."

Nancy looked sympathetic. "That was a rotten thing for her to do," she said. "If there's anything I can't stand, it's someone going back on his word. It seems to me that if a person—" A thought darted into her mind, and she stood motionless, hardly breathing.

"What's the matter?" Anne said.

Nancy swallowed and turned away. "Nothing," she mumbled. "I was just thinking of something, that's all."

Going down in the elevator, moving among the lunchtime strollers on the street, her thoughts were still dazed. Was it true that she had been wrong last night? Was it true that she had been so wrapped up in her own disappointment that she hadn't thought of Bill's side at all? But of course it was true. She just hadn't seen it until now.

Her sandwich in the cafe was dry and tasteless; she could hardly swallow it. She knew what she had to do, and it wasn't easy to do it. But when she paid her bill and scraped back her chair, there it was, facing her—an empty telephone box.

She stood motionless, swallowing, as she looked at it. And then she moved slowly to the box, slipped inside, and closed the door. The overhead light snapped on, and the air was suddenly stale and close. She stared blindly at the dial, feeling her heart beating in slow, heavy thumps. Her hand lifted to the receiver—

It stilled in midair. The final words she had said to Bill last night echoed in her mind: "Don't think I'm going to come crawling to you tomorrow!" Her mouth went dry. Maybe she should wait for him to make the first move.

For a few seconds she stared at nothing, her body motionless. And then she took a deep breath. She wouldn't want Bill to ring her first—not when he was in the right. What respect could she have for him if he did? Besides, to admit you were wrong about something wasn't crawling; it was a thing you did simply, generously.

She dialled Bill's number, arranging in her mind what she would say to him. There was a click, and then a feminine voice singsonging, "Barton and Dunston."

Nancy's voice, when it emerged, seemed high and strange to her. "Is Mr. Fenner in, please?"

"I'm sorry. Mr. Fenner is still out to lunch."

Nancy's face took on a pinched look. She cleared her throat. "Will you tell him, please, that Miss Davis rang?"

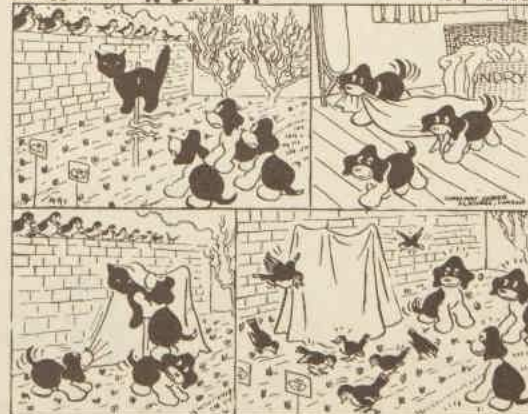
"Certainly," the voice said. "Miss Davis. I'll see that a note is put on his desk."

Back at her desk in the office, Nancy kept glancing at the clock. The cold nervousness inside her was worse than ever; it was as if something was

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



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Continuing . . . We'll Always Fight, Darling

gnawing, worrying at her inside, filling her with an unbearable anxiety. The clock hand kept moving forward slowly—two-fifteen, two-thirty, a quarter to three. How long did he take for lunch?

At half past three, she looked up for the hundredth time in Miss Fanshaw's direction.

Miss Fanshaw's mouth was moving silently before the telephone; she was putting the receiver down on her desk, rising to her feet—

Nancy sat without moving, without breathing. Somebody was getting a call—that was certain; Miss Fanshaw was coming out of her office; she was walking towards—Anne Rearick? Miss Jackson? No, it was towards her.

"Miss Davis," Miss Fanshaw said, frowning slightly. "A telephone call for you on Five."

Nancy rose so abruptly that the edge of her desk knocked sharply against her leg. She felt no pain. As she began to walk towards the corner of the room she thought, "It's going to be all right; we're going to make up now. Everything is going to be beautiful again."

She picked up the receiver from the table with trembling fingers. She cleared her throat and closed her eyes. "Hello?" she said.

"Hello, Nancy dear." Her mother's voice.

Nancy felt a sickening plunge inside her, as if she had come down hard from a great height. She licked her lips. "Hello, Mother."

"Darling," her mother said, "will you pick up my new dress at Brak's for me? They rang to say it was ready."

"Of course," Nancy said. But after she had spoken a few more words and hung up, it was almost as if she could not move again. Her eyes went to the clock, and a heavy, cold feeling settled inside her. He had come back from lunch a long time ago. He just wasn't going to.

All the way home in the train, with her mother's pack-

age on her lap, she stared ahead without seeing anything. She was frightened now—terribly frightened. It was no longer simply a lovers' quarrel now, but a sudden turn in the road that both had taken, leading to a dead end. She had rung Bill and he had not rung back; his silence was like a stamp of finality on the whole affair. He simply did not want to speak to her or see her again.

Her head fell back on the seat and bobbed a little with the train's movement; she closed her eyes, and her lashes were dark against the whiteness of her skin. She thought, "If I can't see him again, I don't want to live."

When she got home, she heard her parents talking upstairs. She walked instantly into the kitchen. "Anyone call, Hattie?" she said to the maid. And when Hattie said "No, Miss Nancy," she nodded brightly and walked out again with a peculiarly heavy, plodding movement of her legs.

For some inexplicable reason she went upstairs and changed into the frock she had hoped to wear for the long-planned night out. When her mother raised her eyebrows as she came into the dining-room she explained hastily, "Just wanted to try it, darling. It looks nice, doesn't it?"

And it did, too, although in the simple room it looked more elaborate than it had in the smart shop.

"Are you going to change it now?" her mother asked, "Hattie's just going to serve."

Nancy nodded mutely, "No, I'll change it after," she said, and slipped into her seat. She made only a pretence of eating, conscious of the sparkle of the new frock that had meant so much to her. After, they moved into the sitting-room to have their coffee in the half light.

It seemed that all the sounds of the dying day—the muted shouts of children bicycling by, a door slamming, a car horn

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tooting—only sharpened the fine edge of her suffering.

How many nights, just like this one, she had waited—wearing a new dress, exuding a faint aroma of perfume, smiling to herself, happy, excited—for Bill's battered little car to draw up to the house!

Finally she rose to her feet. "Excuse me," she mumbled. She entered the dim hall, stumbling a little, wanting only to go up to her room and fall on the bed in the darkness, to lie utterly still and let disaster curl over her in a black wave.

She mounted the steps slowly. As she neared the landing, she heard the faint sound of a car coming to a stop outside, the slam of a car door, feet coming up the path—

She stood motionless, her hand on the banister, trembling inwardly in a queer way. There was a stir below and then mingled voices. "Nancy!" her mother called out. "Bill's here, dear!"

Nancy turned and saw the door opening, saw him standing below her in the dimly lit hall, gazing up at her. He looked very tall; his face seemed thinner than usual, a little tired. "Hello," he said.

She stood without moving, an almost unbearable pressure in her chest. "Bill," she said. She was filled with the miracle of his being there, only a few feet away. The beauty and the wonder of it gathered like a tide inside her, getting bigger and bigger. She began to walk down towards him, but she did not feel her legs moving.

When she was next to him, he looked down at her, clearing his throat. "I wanted you to know," he said, "that I'm sorry for some of the things I said last night when I was angry." The faint light outlined the strong planes of his face. "I didn't mean them."

Her breath came, light and quick, in her throat. "Bill," she said. "I—"

"But I haven't changed my mind about the other thing," he broke in. "I'm going to the dinner tomorrow night, and I'm going to make the speech I promised to make."

She drew in her breath. "I know," she said. "You really should. That's why I telephoned you this afternoon—to tell you that I'd been wrong."

He stiffened, staring down at her. "You rang? I didn't get any message."

Something warm and very sweet, very comforting began to steal through her.

"I knew there must be some mistake," she said. "I called around two, and the girl said she'd be sure to leave the message on your desk."

"But I never went back to the office," he said. "I had to go out on a case, and I never got back." His hand went out and touched her cheek; his whole face was soft, very gentle. "I'm glad you did," he said.

They both stood without moving, gazing at each other. The hall was very quiet; there was only the murmur of voices from outside, a faint drift of radio music from next door, Hattie clattering the dishes in the kitchen. Looking up at Bill in the near-darkness, Nancy could see the liquid shine of his dark eyes, a small cleft in his lower lip. A faint masculine odor emanated from his hair, his skin, his clothing, making her dizzy.

Suddenly he pulled her close. His lips brushed against her cheek, explored a soft place in her throat, reached her mouth. "I love you," he whispered between kisses. "I love you, I love you."

She closed her eyes. "Oh, Bill, I love you, too," she said. She straightened, breathless, to look up at him. "And I suffered so today. Let's never, never—"

But she didn't finish the words; she knew suddenly that they were silly. They would fight again, many times over,

WOMEN ON WATER SKIS

WATER skiing, like its elder brother snow skiing, is a fast-moving sport that women can enjoy as much as men.

In fact, its speed throws the emphasis on skill rather than strength.

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Several of the club's women members are glamorous young models, who bring the gracefulness of their professional work to this sport on the water.

Color pictures of the girls in action are a feature of the two-page story on water skiing in this week's issue of A.M., the Australian Magazine, now on sale.



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When you come to think of it the most expensive savouries or cakes are never eaten with the same relish as your own fresh-from-the-oven scones served with butter and jam. Save money! Save time. Whether you're entertaining friends or "filling-up" a hungry family serve scones and jam more often.

TAKE-IT-EASY SCONES

Save time... save messy rubbing-in... make higher, lighter scones!

8 ozs. (2 level cups) self-raising flour, 1 level teaspoon sugar, 1 level teaspoon salt, 2 ozs. butter or margarine, a bare 1 cup very hot water, 1 cup milk.

Sift the flour, sugar and salt into a bowl. Dissolve the shortening in the hot water, add the milk, then stir lightly into the flour with a knife. Turn out on a well-floured board and fold over and pat out 8 or 10 times to fold air into the dough. Handle lightly. Press out about 1/2 an inch thick and cut into squares with a knife. Glaze with melted shortening and bake in a very hot oven about 12 minutes. Serve hot or cold with butter (or whipped cream) and serve plenty of luscious jam.



WHY JAM IS GOOD FOR YOU

The jam which satisfies your natural, wholesome desire for something sweet is a luscious combination of Nature's two chief sweet-meats—ripe fruit and pure cane sugar. Sugar is the world's most concentrated energy food. Fresh fruit from which all jam is prepared is a rich source of Vitamins A, B1, B2 and C, as well as the vital minerals—calcium, phosphorus and iron.



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rich meaty flavour of

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So tasty
So tempting

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CHEON BEEF on hand.



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quality Swift CAMP PIE

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meat meals. The whole
family will enjoy the firm,
real meaty flavour of Swift
CAMP PIE.



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ARE ALWAYS
GOOD!

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Certainly! SERVE A Salad Dressing

Ask any chef, any gourmet. He'll tell you a salad dressing is a "must" with salads. There's only one point on which the experts can't agree—and that's the type of salad dressing. Some like them sweet; some like them tangy. Some like them with oil; some without. How do you like your salad dressing? There's only one way to find out. Put your taste to the test. Here are four wonderful new recipes—each a different type. Try them out; they've all virtues individually their own.

MAYONNAISE SUPERBE

One egg yolk, $\frac{1}{4}$ level tea-
spoon sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ level teaspoon
salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ level teaspoon mustard,
2 tablespoons lemon juice, $\frac{1}{4}$
cup salad oil, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk.

Beat egg yolk, gradually
work in mustard, sugar, salt.
Add milk gradually, then salad
oil a little at a time. Lastly
fold in lemon juice, adding
about $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon at a time.
Chill before using.

ONE-EGG MAYONNAISE

One egg, 1 level tablespoon
sugar, 2 tablespoons milk, 2
tablespoons vinegar. Pepper,
salt, and mustard to taste.
One level tablespoon butter,
1 tablespoon condensed milk
or cream.

Beat egg with the sugar,
salt, pepper, and mustard.
Add milk, then lastly vinegar
drop by drop. Melt butter in
double saucepan, gradually
add egg mixture, and stir over
boiling water until thickened.
Cool quickly; before serving,
add condensed milk or cream.

LEMON DRESSING

Three-quarters cup lemon
juice, 3 level tablespoons
sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ level teaspoon salt,
 $1\frac{1}{4}$ level teaspoons dry must-
ard, 3 onion slices.

Pour lemon juice over onion
slices, leave to stand $\frac{1}{2}$ hour.
Strain, gradually add to sugar,
salt, and mustard, mix until
smooth. Flavor to taste with
chopped mint, chives, gher-
kins, olives, parsley, horse
radish, shallots or pickles.

COOKED SALAD DRESSING

Two level tablespoons but-
ter or substitute, 2 eggs, 1 cup
milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 1 level
teaspoon salt, 1 level teaspoon
mustard, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar, 1
tablespoon condensed milk.

Melt butter or substitute;
add beaten eggs, milk, sugar,
salt, and mustard. Stir in
vinegar a little at a time. Stir
gradually into condensed milk
in basin. When well mixed,
bottle in screw-top jar, store
in ice-chest or refrigerator.



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land.



FOR LUNCHES



FOR SAVOURIES



FOR COOKING

For lunches, for savouries, for any dish that calls
for cheese — Try **MAXAM**

MC28C-HP

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 9, 1955

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS



Continental Flavor

● Use these traditional recipes from the Continent to add variety and interest to everyday family menus.

DISHES which are familiar favorites on the dining tables of Europe are becoming increasingly popular here.

The recipes are, for the most part, quite simple, and the ingredients are readily available.

Spoon measurements in all our recipes are level.

QUICHE LORRAINE. (France)

This famous dish from Lorraine may be served as an entree, luncheon dish, or for a late evening supper.

Chill some tart pastry and roll it out thinly. Line a pie plate with the pastry and prick the base well with a fork. Cut $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. lean bacon into strips and fry them in their own fat until they are crisp. Drain on absorbent paper. Spread the bacon over the crust and cover it with 1 cup shredded mild cheese. Beat

3 eggs and add $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk. Season with salt and pepper. Pour this mixture over the cheese and bake in a hot oven. Once cooked, it must be served immediately.

APPLE STRUDEL (Germany)

Three and a quarter cups flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon shortening, 2 eggs, 1 extra egg-yolk, 3 dessertspoons sour cream, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 6 cups thinly sliced apples, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped sultanas, good $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening. Beat the 2 eggs, mix with two-thirds of the cream. Pour into dry ingredients, adding sufficient warm water to make a smooth, soft dough. Turn on to lightly floured board, knead until elastic. Cover and stand in warm place $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Turn

again on to floured board, roll to wafer thinness, then lift, pull, and stretch carefully until the dough is paper thin. Brush with melted butter, cover with mixture of apples, sultanas, sugar, cinnamon, crumbs, and lemon juice. Take filling to within $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. of one end, fold this over the filling and roll up into a long, thin roll. Place on greased oven tray, twisting the roll to fit. Brush with the extra egg-yolk mixed with the remaining sour cream. Bake 20 to 25 minutes in a hot oven. Cut in thick slices and serve hot.

BEEF STROGANOFF (Russia)

Take 1 lb. of stewing steak and flatten it to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness with a steak mallet. Cut it into thin strips, 2 in. long and 1 in. wide, and toss it in 2 tablespoons flour mixed with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and a pinch of pepper. Brown lightly in $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. good shortening; add 1 chopped onion and allow it to brown. Stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup stock or water and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato puree. Stir until boiling, add 4 or 5 peppercorns, 1 bay leaf, and 2 chopped gherkins. Simmer gently until meat is tender, approximately 2 hours.

Just before serving add 2 oz. or 3 oz. sautéed mushrooms and 3 table-spoons of sour cream. Or the sour cream may be spooned on top after serving. Serve with cooked noodles.

WIENER SCHNITZEL (Austria)

Cut slices from a leg of veal $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, taking care to see that they are cut across the fibre and not with it. Beat the slices with a wooden mallet and salt them. Sprinkle both sides with flour and coat with egg and breadcrumbs. Heat 1 oz. of lard in a frying-pan, and put in the slices side by side, shaking the pan frequently to prevent them sticking to the bottom. Fry golden-brown, drain on paper, serve at once.

NORWEGIAN BISCUITS (Norway)

Cream one and a half ounces of butter with the same quantity of sugar. Stir in 1 dessertspoon of cream or top milk beaten with an egg-yolk, and add $3\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of flour sifted with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of baking powder. Make a cone of stiff paper, and press the mixture through this on to a floured baking sheet in little circular or S-shaped biscuits. Bake in a moderate oven until brown.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE (France)

Four ounces chocolate, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 5 eggs, separated, 1 teaspoon vanilla, or $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon brandy, or 1 tablespoon sherry.

Combine the chocolate, sugar, and water in the top of a double boiler. Heat until the chocolate is melted, stirring occasionally. Add the egg-yolks, one by one, beating well after each one is added. Remove the top

BEEF STROGANOFF served with noodles and topped with sour cream is a popular Continental dish. **Apple Strudel**, served with it, is a traditional German dish. See recipes on this page.

part of the boiler and let the mixture cool while the egg-whites are beaten until stiff. Fold them into the chocolate mixture gently but thoroughly, and flavor with vanilla, brandy, or sherry. Turn into a serving dish or into individual sherbet glasses. Chill for 12 hours.

PEASANT GIRL WITH VEIL (Denmark)

Grate about 1 cup of bread-crumbs, mix them with 1 tablespoon of brown sugar, and fry them gently with 1 or 2 tablespoons of butter, stirring all the time, until the crumbs are crisp. Peel and core $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of apples and stew them until quite soft and mashed. Put a layer of the fried crumbs in a dish, then a layer of stewed apple, and continue like this until the dish is full, making the last layer crumbs. Set aside to cool. Before serving, grate a good layer of chocolate over the top, having first spread the pudding with whipped cream. Serve cold.

BOILED POTATOES WITH COTTAGE CHEESE (Austria)

Peel and boil potatoes in salted water, drain. Melt one ounce butter, add potatoes, shake the pan until the potatoes are coated with butter. Turn quickly into serving dish and sprinkle $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. crumbled cottage cheese over. Serve with salad.

PRIZE RECIPES

● Bananas are plentiful and inexpensive, so now is the time to use them in sweets.

THE recipe for banana roll, which wins this week's main prize of £5, is easy to prepare.

Peach delicious and coconut cookies win consolation prizes. All spoon measurements are level.

BANANA ROLL

Two ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2 or 3 ripe bananas, juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, extra brown sugar, 1 cup hot milk.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, add beaten egg. Work in sifted flour and salt, making a stiff dough. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly. Roll to an oblong

shape, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, spread with mashed bananas mixed with lemon juice and sprinkle with brown sugar. Roll up as for swiss roll, place in ovenware dish. Pour milk over roll, bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes, or until milk is absorbed and roll lightly browned. Serve with caramel sauce or cream.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Walpole, P.O. Box 141, Fortitude Valley, Brisbane.

PEACH DELICIOUS

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup self-raising flour, 6 ripe slipstone peaches or preserved peach halves, 3 tablespoons coconut, extra butter, 1 tablespoon orange juice.

SAVORY MEAT LOAF

Half-cup dry rolled oats, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. minced steak, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated carrot, salt, pepper, 1 egg, 2-3rd cup skinned, chopped tomatoes.

Mix meat, rolled oats, onion, parsley, carrot, salt, pepper, and tomato. Beat egg, mix with other ingredients. Fill into greased loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Serve with bacon rolls, cheese-topped tomatoes, and brown vegetable sauce.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted flour, fill into greased 7 in. cake-tin. Stone and halve peaches, arrange on cake mixture, cut side up. Fill peach cavities with coconut, moisten with orange juice, dot generously with butter. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Lloyd, Hicks St., Gosnells, W.A.

COCONUT COOKIES

One cup flour, 1 teaspoon spice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cornflakes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sultanas, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 3oz. butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Sift flour, spice, and soda, add coconut, cornflakes, sultanas, and sugar. Mix well, then add beaten egg mixed with golden syrup, melted butter, and lemon rind. Make a well in the centre of the dry ingredients, stir in egg and golden syrup mixture. Mix to a stiff dough, drop a teaspoonful at a time on to greased oven-tray. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Cool on tray, store in airtight tin when cold.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. N. Miller, 42 Empress St., Hurstville, N.S.W.

FAMILY DISH

An unusual way of serving lamb's fry or liver is this week's family dish. The liver-and-bacon patties are baked, then topped with tomato slices 5 minutes before serving.

THE dish costs approximately 5/- and serves four.

BAKED LIVER-AND-BACON PATTIES

One and a half pounds lamb's fry or liver, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bacon rashers, $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons flour, salt, pepper, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, extra flour, 1 tablespoon fat, 2 or 3 tomatoes, parsley.

Soak lamb's fry or liver in salted water 15 minutes. Drain, remove skin, then chop finely

or mince. Mix with breadcrumbs, finely chopped bacon (rind removed), salt and pepper to taste and onion. When thoroughly combined, shape into flat patties, keeping fingers coated with extra seasoned flour. Thickly grease baking-dish with fat, place patties in and bake in moderate oven 20 minutes, turning once during cooking. Top each with a thick slice of tomato and bake further five minutes. Serve garnished with parsley.

Tony's Luxury Dish

Chocolate Souffle

SOUFFLES are the lightest and most famous sweets of the French cuisine. When a souffle is in the baking-dish and put in the oven, it must not be disturbed. The oven door should not be opened because the air will stop the souffle from rising.

For good results follow this recipe from Tony, of Sydney's Colony Club. This souffle will serve two.

Three eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons cocoa, $\frac{1}{4}$ tablespoon gelatine, 3 tablespoons water.

Separate the eggs and whip the whites very stiffly. Soak the gelatine in a little cold water (1 tablespoon), and dissolve the gelatine by heating the water and gelatine over the stove. Dissolve the cocoa in two tablespoons of cold water. Now stir the yolks of eggs and the sugar together to a foamy consistency. Add the dissolved cocoa and gelatine. Fold in the whites very carefully and pour into a greased baking-dish. Bake 35 minutes in very moderate oven. Sprinkle some castor sugar over and serve immediately. Serve fresh whipped cream separately if you wish.



SAVORY MEAT LOAF, made moist and flavorful with grated carrot and chopped tomatoes, is a good week-end luncheon dish. See recipe on this page.



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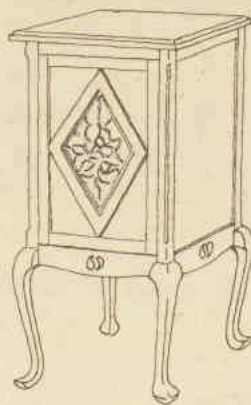
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SMART CONVERSION



MUSIC CABINET which was in vogue 25 years ago was converted into the two useful pieces of furniture shown in the sketches on this page.

● A filing cabinet and a coffee table made from an old-style music cabinet win the prize this week in our contest on how to make something new from something old.

MRS. E. M. COLLINS, 50 Chadstone Road, Chadstone S.E.10, Victoria, wins £3/3/- for the entry.

"We had an old-fashioned music cabinet which served no useful purpose other than to hold obsolete music rolls that were never used," she writes.

"As the cabinet was of good wood we did not like to throw it away, so my husband decided to make a filing cabinet and a coffee table from it.

"The top section made the filing cabinet. Using additional scrap timber he made and fitted drawers in the cupboard space, and fitted rails around the top and bottom. A set of four castors fixed to the lower rails makes it easy to move to his desk when reference to files is necessary.

"The stand of the cabinet which made the coffee table was easy to convert, as the framework needed no alteration. Only a top and a finishing beading were fitted to make it a strong and very useful coffee table."

Each week a cash prize of £3/3/- is given to the reader who sends in the best idea for this contest.

Address your entry to The Editor, Homemaker Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



ABOVE: Mobile filing cabinet with good drawer space which was made from the cupboard section of the old music cabinet.

BELOW: The cabriole legs of the cabinet with the addition of a table top and a finishing beading made this useful coffee table.



Useful feeding hints

By **SISTER MARY JACOB**,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

AT all ages a definite quantity and type of food is needed for the body to maintain good nutrition and growth. Bad tissues are constantly wearing down and need repair.

All young and growing things need food not only for repair work but for growth.

Food is also needed to supply heat for our bodies and to provide energy for the working of the various organs and for muscular energy.

The amount of food the body needs varies with the size and age of the individual, the condition of our nutrition, and the amount of

energy expended and the heat lost.

There are times, however, when it is wise not to force babes and toddlers to have their full food requirements. Briefly these conditions are as follows:

1. In the first few months of life, especially where a baby has been bottle fed from birth, you must gradually accustom its stomach to the new food.
2. When a baby has to be suddenly weaned.
3. When a baby has been overfed and had a digestive upset or is recovering from some gastric disturbance.
4. When a baby is having a complete change of food

(i.e. when you change over from one milk to another.)

5. When the baby has any feverish condition, as in teething or during a cold.

These feeding hints are given in more detail in a special chapter on feeding in "You and Your Baby," by our Mothercraft Nurse, Sister Mary Jacob, A.T.N.A.

This can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, or from bookshops in the capital cities. Price, 12/6, plus 9d. for postage (1/6 for registered post).

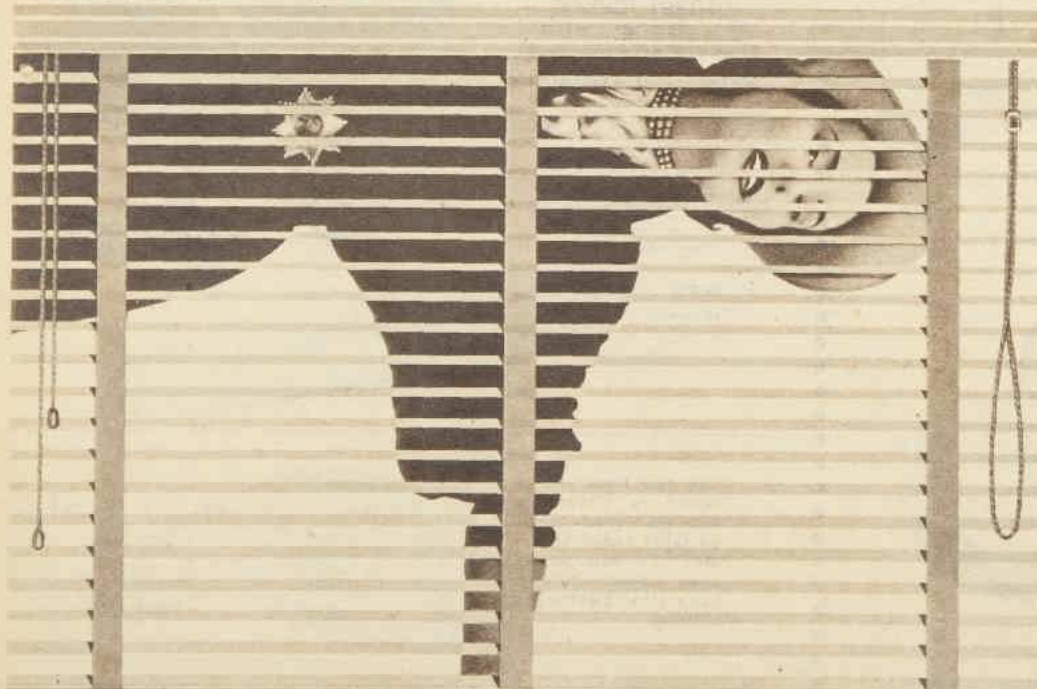
NOTE: Names and addresses should be printed clearly in block letters.

Miss Precious Minutes

HONEY is much more effective than the blue-bag to counteract the pain and swelling of a sting by a bee, a wasp, or a mosquito.

A VOID having wall-to-wall carpet laid with the seams running in the wrong direction. Parallel with the longer measurement of the room looks best.

WHEN the color has been taken from silk by an acid it can sometimes be restored by lightly daubing with sal volatile.



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Fashion PATTERNS

FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

Pattern for Beginners

F3555.—Beginner's pattern for an easy-to-make tailored blouse. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 36in. material. Special price, 2/.

F3556.—Softly styled one-piece has high neckline and three-quarter length pushed-up sleeves. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3557.—Slim, easy, elegant—a one-piece designed for wool. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3558.—Afternoon dress with a short jacket. The dress has a different fabric top. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material and 3yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 4/6.

F3559.—Glamorous lace-trimmed lingerie set. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 7yds. 36in. material, 1yd. 36in. lace, 8yds. 1in. lace. Price, 4/9.



F3560.—Small girl's party frock designed with a ribbon-threaded waistline. Sizes, lengths 20in., 23in., 27in., and 31in. for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material, 2yds. 1½in. ribbon, and 2½yds. braid. Price, 2/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



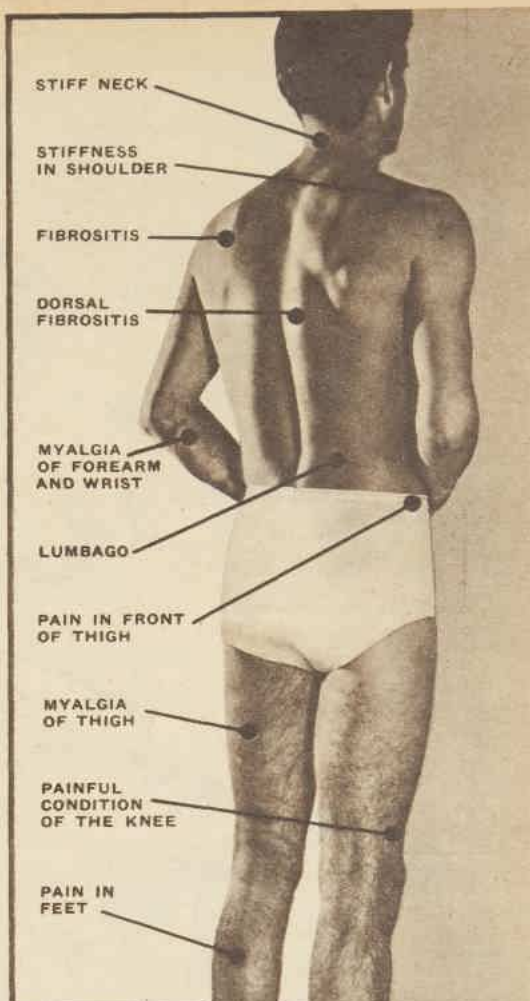
No. 853.—GIRL'S WINTER SUIT
Girl's smartly tailored suit is obtainable cut out ready to make in brush-wool, backed cotton tartan. The tartan includes: Victoria, McBeth, Royal Stewart, McRitchie, and two unnamed tartans featuring white, green, and red; and white, green, and yellow. Sizes: length 27in. for 8 years, 25/6; 31in. for 10 years, 36/11; 34in. for 12 years, 27/6. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

No. 854.—DUCHESS SET
The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes cream and white Irish linen, and sheer linen in blue, pink, green, and lemon. Sizes: Large mat, 11in. x 17in., and small mat, 4in. x 8in. Price, 8/11. Postage and registration, 9d. extra.

No. 855.—SANDWICH-TRAY D'ORLÈYS
The d'Orlèys are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes cream and white Irish linen. Price, 1/3 each; set of three, 4/3. Postage and registration, 4d. extra.

No. 856.—CHILD'S OVERALLS
The overalls are obtainable cut out ready to make in blue, green, pink, and yellow headcloth. Sizes: length 25in. for 1 year, 18/11; postage and registration, 1/8 extra; 29in. for 2 years, 19/3; postage and registration, 1/8 extra; 31in. for 3 years, 21/4; postage and registration, 2/- extra; 33in. for 4 years, 24/9; postage and registration, 2/- extra.

NOTE.—Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 10/- sent by registered post.



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P1



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SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

MARCH 9, 1955

NOT TO BE SOLD SEPARATELY

Glamor KNITS



EVENING
SWEATER
SEE PAGE 6.



Carefree comfort and casual smartness are easily achieved with a beautifully designed sweater like this. Made in double crepe wool, it's a bulky-knit that will quickly win admiration. Directions for three sizes are given on this page.

CASUAL SWEATER WITH NEW H-LINE

● Loose, rib-patterned sleeves and an exaggerated collar that can be worn up or down are features of this H-line sports sweater.

Materials: 19 (20, 21) 1oz. skeins Lincoln Mills "Waratah" double crepe wool; 1 pair each Nos. 12, 9, and 7 knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 20 (20½, 21½) in.; sleeve seam, 19 (19½, 20) in.

Tension: 6½ sts. and 9 rows to 1 in. measured over st-st. on No. 9 needles.

BACK

* Using No. 9 needles, cast on 96 (102, 108) sts.

Commencing with a p row, work 9 rows in st-st.

10th Row (right side): P. t.b.l., to mark hemline.

Commencing with a p row, work 15 rows. Cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every 6th row following, until there are 114 (120-126) sts. on needle. Cont. without further shaping until work measures 12 (12½, 13) in. from hemline (or desired length).

Armhole Shaping.—Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1

st. at each end of next and every alt. row following until 96 (102, 108) sts. rem.

Work 5 rows, then inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every 6th row following, until there are 106 (112, 118) sts. on needle. * Cont. without further shaping, until armhole measures 6½ (6½, 7) in., measured on straight, ending with a p row.

Neck Shaping.—Next Row: K 36 (39, 42), leave on holder, cast off 34, k to end of row. Cont. on last 36 (39, 42) sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge of next 6 rows, 30 (33, 36) sts.

Shoulder Shaping.—Cast off at armhole edge, 10 (11, 12) sts., 3 times.

Join wool at neck edge to rem. sts. and work to correspond with side already worked.

FRONT

Rep. from * to * as given for back. Cont. without further shaping until armhole measures 6½ (6½, 6) in., measured on straight, ending with p row.

Neck Shaping.—Next Row: K 41 (44, 47), leave on holder, cast off 24, k to end of row.

Cont. on last 41 (44, 47) sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge of next 11 rows. Cont. without further shaping, until armhole measures same as back to shoulder.

Shoulder Shaping.—Cast off at armhole edge 10 (11, 12) sts., 3 times. Join wool at neck edge to rem. sts. and work to correspond with side already worked.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 56 (58, 60) sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3½ in., ending with a row on right side. Change to No. 7 needles.

Next Row: P 4, * p twice into next st., p 1, rep. from * to last 6 sts., p twice into next st., p to end. (80 sts.)

Note: For sizes 34 and 36, inc. to 83 and 86 sts. in this row.

Change to following patt.:

1st Row: K 1, * w.f., s 1, k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Rep. this row for patt., inc. 1 st. at each end of every 8th row following, until there are 96 (99, 102) sts. on needle. Cont. without further shaping, until sleeve measures 18 (18½, 19) in. from commencement. (Extra rows should be added at this stage if longer sleeve is desired.)

Still working in patt., inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row following, until there are 106 (109, 112) sts. on needle.

Armhole Shaping.—Cast off at beg. of next and following rows, 6 sts., 4 times, and 2 sts. 12 times. Cast off remainder loosely. Work a second sleeve to correspond.

COLLAR

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 167 (173, 179) sts. Work in patt. as given for sleeves for 4 in. Change to No. 9 needles and work a further 4 in. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press st-st. sections only. Join side, shoulder, and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves. Turn under hem at lower edge and st-st. into position. Sew cast-off edge of collar loosely to neck, keeping opening at centre back. Starting at neck edge, sew up 3 in. of collar seam.

SWEATER WITH DECORATIVE COLLAR TRIM

- Matching trimmed cuffs and a double collar outlined in white blanket stitch give distinction to this plain-textured sweater.

Here are directions:

Materials: A, 8oz.; B, 8oz.; C, 9oz.; 1oz. contrasting color Patons "Azalea" crochet wool (this is the only wool that should be used), 1 pr. each of Nos. 11 and 13 needles, 4 small buttons, medium-size crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit A, 32in.; B, 34in.; C, 36in. bust, length from top of shoulder, A, 19in.; B, 19in.; C, 20in.; length of sleeve from underarm, A, 5in.; B, 5in.; C, 5in. **Tension:** 8½ sts. to 1in. in width on No. 11 needles.

FRONT

Using No. 13 needles cast on 114 (120-126) sts., and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3in.

Change to No. 11 needles and work in st-st., inc. once each end of needle in 7th and every following 8th row until there are 134 (140-146) sts. on needle. Work even until front measures 12in.

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. once each end of needle in every alt. row until 102 (108-114) sts. rem.

Work even until front measures 17½ (17½-18½) in.

In next row: K 42 (45-48), cast off 18 sts., k 42 (45-48).

Cont. on last 42 (45-48) sts., dec. once at neck edge in every row until 34 (36-40) sts. rem.

Work even until front measures 19½ (19½-20½) in., ending at neck edge.

Shape shoulder as follows: 1st Row: Work to last 8 (9-10) sts., turn.

2nd and 4th Rows: Work to end of row.

3rd Row: Work to last 16 (18-20) sts., turn.

5th Row: Work to last 24 (27-30) sts., turn.

6th Row: Like 2nd row. Cast off.

Join in wool at neck edge and work on rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

BACK

Work as given for front until back measures 17 (17-18) in.

In next row: K 51 (54-57), turn.

Work even on these 51 (54-57) sts. until armhole measures same as front armhole, ending at neck edge.

Shape shoulder as follows: 1st Row: Work to last 8 (9-10) sts., turn.

2nd and alt. Rows: Work to end of row.

Coral accented with white is a vibrant color combination for this smart American design, but there are many other lovely colors you could choose. Directions for three sizes are given on this page.

Supplement to the Australian Women's Weekly, March 9, 1955 — Page 3

COLLAR (All Sizes)

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 65 sts., and work 4 rows in st-st.

5th Row: K 2, inc. once in next st., * k 4, inc. once in next st., rep. from * to the last 2 sts., k 2.

Work 22 rows even. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Work 3 rows even. Cast off. Work another piece in same manner.

Using No. 11 needles cast on 55 sts. and work as given for first collar, working 18 rows after 5th row instead of 22 rows. Work another piece in same manner.

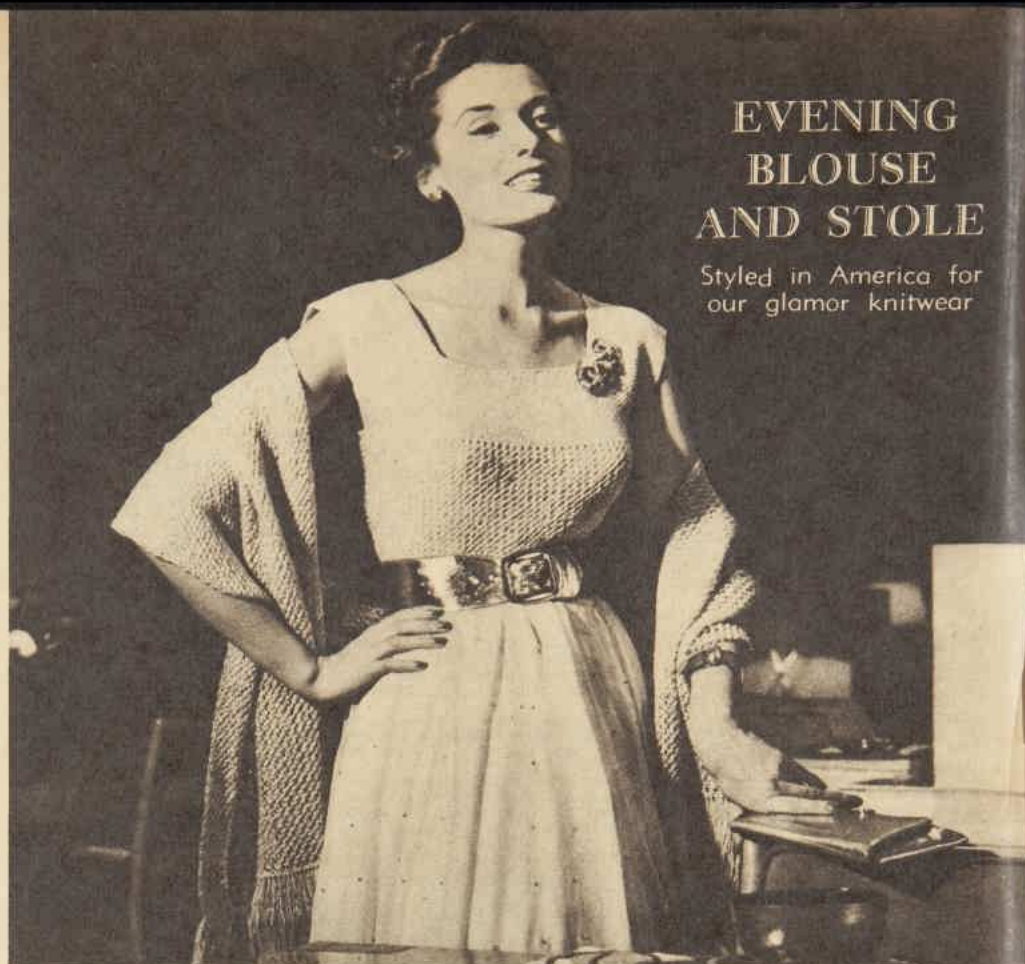
TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Using a flat seam for ribbing and an in. back st. seam for other seams, sew up the side, shoulder, and sleeve seams. With right side of work facing, pick up 108 sts. evenly round neck. Work 3 rows of k 1, p 1 rib. Cast off.

Turn under 3 sts. on cuffs and 3 sides of collar pieces and sl-st. to form hem. Using crochet hook and contrasting wool, work 1 row of blanket stitch round collars and cuffs. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew on collars by placing cast-on edge to where sts. were picked up for neckband. Sl-st. cast-off edge of band to large collar.

Using crochet hook work 2 rows of d.c. down right side of back opening, working 4 buttonhole loops in second row. Sew on buttons to correspond with loops. Press all seams.





EVENING BLOUSE AND STOLE

Styled in America for
our glamor knitwear

Simplicity is the key to the elegant look of this beautifully designed evening blouse and stole. Directions for the evening blouse are given for sizes 32in., 34in., and 36in. The matching stole is finished with a 6in. fringe.

Materials: 5 (5-6) skeins F. W. Hughes' "Twinprufe" 3-ply crepe wool, shade No. 2386 (French turquoise), 2 prs. needles, Nos. 10 and 12.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 19in. (20-20½in.); bust 32in. (34-36in.).

Note.—Instructions are for size 32in. bust; sizes 34in. and 36in. are in parentheses.

Tension: 7 sts. 1in., 9 rows 1in.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 100 (104-110) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in. Change to No. 10 needles, p 1 row, inc. 15 (17-19) sts., 115 (121-129) sts.

Next Row: P 1, * w.o.n., p 2 tog., rep. from * to end. Rep. this row

until work measures 12in. (12½in.-12½in.) Work in m-st. for 4in. (4in.-4in.), then shape neck as follows:

Next Row: M-st. 38 (40-43), leave on a spare needle, cast off 39 (41-43) sts., m-st. 38 (40-43).

Cont. on last 38 (40-43) sts. in m-st. for 3½in. (3½in.-4in.) Cast off. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

FRONT

Work the same as for back.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts except ribbing with a warm iron and damp cloth. Join shoulder seams. Sew underarm seams to beginning of yoke.

STOLE

Materials: 10 skeins F. W. Hughes'

"Twinprufe" 3-ply crepe wool, shade No. 2386 (French turquoise), 1 pair No. 9 needles, 1 crochet hook.

Measurements: Length 68in., width 15in.

Tension: 6½ sts. 1in., 8½ rows 1in. Using No. 9 needles, cast on 99 sts., p 1 row.

Next Row: P 1, * w.o.n., p 2 tog., rep. from * to end. Rep. this row until work measures 56in., or required length.

To fringe ends of stole, use 6 strands of wool about 12in. long, fold in half, then with crochet hook draw the centre of the six strands through st. on end of stole, bring ends of strands through the loop and knot firmly.

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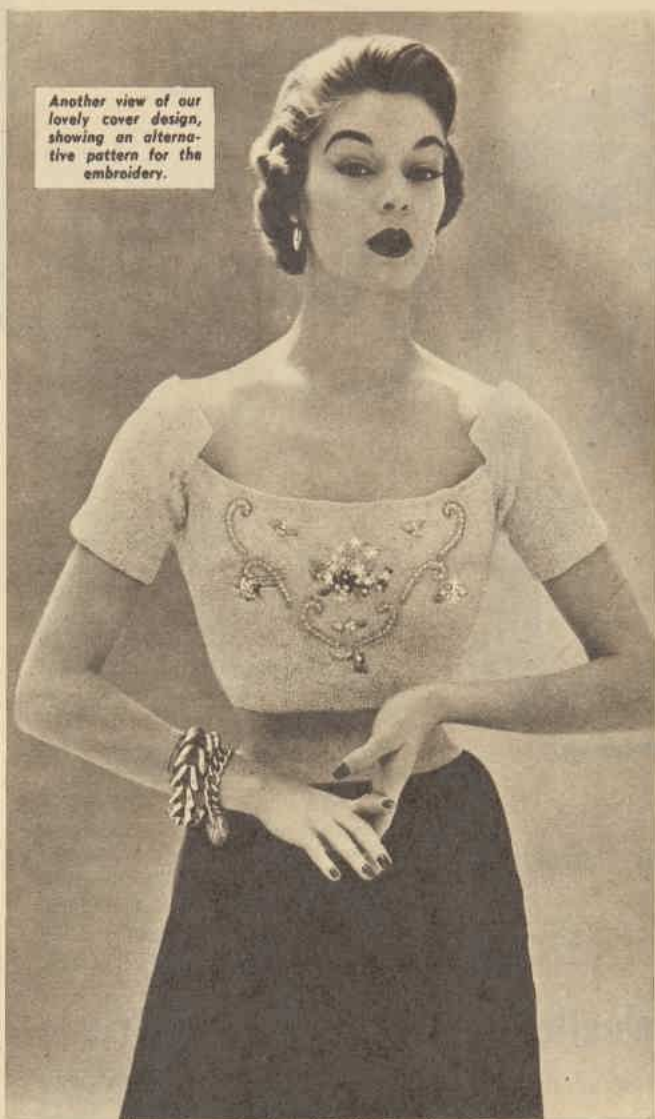
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as ordinary detergents

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Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly, March 9, 1955 — page 5

JEWEL-ENCRUSTED BLOUSE

The gem of our collection of American and Continental hand-knits for winter.



Another view of our lovely cover design, showing an alternative pattern for the embroidery.

Materials: Patons "Beehive" Fingering 3-ply Patonised wool, (this is the only wool which should be used)—size A, 32in. bust, 5oz.; size B, 34in. bust, 6oz.; size C, 36in. bust, 7oz.; size D, 38in. bust, 7oz.; size E, 40in. bust, 8 oz.; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles; Kullerskeme crochet hook No. 12; beads, sequins, rhinestones, and pearls for trimming; 1yd. grosgrain ribbon, 1in. wide; 1yds. hat elastic.

Measurements: Length from top of neck—A, 16 (B, 16; C, 16½; D, 16½; E, 17) in. Length of sleeve from underarm, all sizes 2½in.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1in. in width on No. 10 needles.

BACK
Using No. 12 needles cast on 108 (116, 124, 132, 140) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 6 rows.

Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st. for 3½in.

Inc. once each end of needle in next and every following 8th row until there are 128 (136, 144, 152, 160) sts. on needle.

Work even until back measures 12½in.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of each of next 2 rows, then dec. once each end of needle in every alt. row until 102 (110, 118, 126, 134) sts. rem.

Work even until armholes measure 3½ (3½, 4, 4, 4½) in. Cast off.

FRONT
Work as given for back.

SLEEVES
Using No. 10 needles cast on 100 (100, 104, 108, 112) sts. and work in st-st. for 8 rows. P 1 row on right side for turn of hem, then cont. in st-st. for 2½in.

To Shape Top of Sleeve: Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of each of next 2 rows, then dec. once each end of needle in every alt. row until 56 sts. rem. Work even until top of sleeve measures 4½ (4½, 5, 5, 5½) in. (or 1in. longer than armhole). Cast off.

TO MAKE UP
With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Using a flat seam for ribbing and an ¼in. back-st. seam for other seams, sew up the side and sleeve seams. Turn back hem round lower edges of sleeves and st-st. in position on wrong side. Using crochet hook, work 2 rows of d.c. across top sleeves, back and front. Sew in sleeves. Face top of sleeve with grosgrain ribbon. Trim front with beads, sequins, and rhinestones as illustrated or as desired. Draw double strand of elastic thread through sts. at inside of neck edge to fit. Finally press all seams.

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A ROUND YOKE SWEATER

A pretty design in close knitting for winter days.

Materials: A-8oz. (B-9oz. C-10oz.) Villawool "Horizon" crochet wool, 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 needles, 4 small buttons.

Measurements: To fit A-32in.; B-34in.; C-36in. bust. Instructions are given for size A; any variations for sizes B and C are given in parentheses.

Tension: 7½ sts. and 12 rows 1in. over m-st.

Pattern Stitch—1st Row: P 1, K 1, P 1, K 1, P 1, K 3 tog. * rep. from * to * till 7 sts rem., P 2, P 1, K 1, P 1, K 1, P 1.

2nd Row: P 1, K 1, P 1, K 1, P 1, K 2, cast on 4 sts., K 1, cast on 4 sts. * rep. from * to * till 7 sts. rem., K 2, P 1, K 1, P 1, K 1, P 1.

3rd Row: M-st. 5 (border), P to last 5 sts., m-st. 5 (border).

4th Row: M-st. 5, K to last 5 sts., m-st. 5.

5th Row: M-st. 5, P 3, * (P 1, w.t.r.n.) 7 times, P 4, * rep. from * to * till 8 sts. rem., P 3, m-st. 5.

6th Row: M-st. 5, K 3, * (drop made sts. of previous row, K 1) 7 times, K 4, * rep. from * to * to last 8 sts., K 3, m-st. 5.

7th Row: M-st. 5, P 2, * (P 3 tog.) 3 times, P 2, * rep. from * to * to last 5 sts., m-st. 5.

8th Row: M-st. 5, K 2, * P 3 tog., K 2, * rep. from * to * to last 5 sts., m-st. 5.

9th Row: M-st. 5, P 2, * K 1, P 2, * rep. from * to * to last 5 sts., m-st. 5.

FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 106 sts. (B-112 sts.; C-116 sts.)

Work in rib of K 1, P 1 for 3½in., inc. 1 st. at end of last row.

Change to No. 10 needles and work in m-st., inc. 1 st. at each end of every 8th row till there are 121 sts. (B-127 sts.; C-133 sts.) Cont. even in m-st. till work measures 12½in. (B-12½in.; C-13½in.)

To shape armholes: Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Then K 2 tog. at beg. and end of next 6 rows.

Then K 2 tog. at beg. and end of every alt. row till 93 sts. (B-97 sts.; C-101 sts.) rem.

Cont. even in m-st. till work measures 14½in. (B-14½in.; C-15½in.)

Shape for yoke: With right side of work facing and keeping continuity of m-st., work 27 sts., turn, and work to end of row.

Next Row: Work 24 sts., turn, work to end of row.

Next Row: Work 21 sts., turn, work to end of row.

Next Row: Work 18 sts., turn, work to end of row.

Next Row: Work 15 sts., turn, work to end of row.



Next Row: Work 12 sts., turn, work to end of row.
Next Row: Work 9 sts., turn, work to end of row.
Next Row: Work 6 sts., turn, work to end of row.
Next Row: Work 3 sts., turn, work to end of row.

Next Row: Work across all sts.

Next Row: Work 27 sts., turn, work to end of row.

Next Row: Work 24 sts., turn, work to end of row.

Cont. in similar manner as for first side, until 3 sts., turn, etc., has been worked, then work 1 row across all sts.

Leave on a spare needle.

BACK

Work same as for front till armhole shaping has been completed.

Cont. in m-st. till work measures 15½in. (B-15½in.; C-16½in.)

Then shape yoke as for front and leave on a spare needle.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 70 sts. (B-74 sts.; C-78 sts.)

Work in rib of K 1, P 1 for 1½in. Change to No. 10 needles.

Next Row: K 10 sts. (B-12 sts.; C-14 sts.), K twice into each of next 50 sts., K 10 sts. (B-12 sts.; C-14 sts.)

(A-120 sts.; B-124 sts.; C-128 sts.)

Next Row: K and P into 1st st., * K 1, P 1, * rep. from * to * to end of row.

Commence m-st. and work even until sleeve measures 2½in.

To shape top of sleeve: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Then K 2 tog. at beg. and end of every alt. row till 71 sts. rem.

Next Row: (with right side of work facing) K 1, * K 2 tog. * rep. from * to * to end of row.

Moss-stitch, with a bobble-stitch yoke for contrast, is used in this sweater.

Leave sts. on a spare needle (36 sts.).

YOKE

Divide sts. of back, 44 sts. (B-46 sts.; C-48 sts.) on right side, and 49 sts. (B-51 sts.; C-53 sts.) on left side.

To arrange sts. for yoke, starting from right side of back, slip 44 sts. (B-46 sts.; C-48 sts.) from spare needle on to No. 10 needle (long).

36 sts. from 1 sleeve, 93 sts. (B-97 sts.; C-101 sts.) from front, 36 sts. from other sleeve, then rem. 49 sts. (B-51 sts.; C-53 sts.) from back.

(A-258 sts.; B-266 sts.; C-274 sts.)

With wrong side of work facing and commencing at right side back, cast on 5 sts. for placket under flap.

Next Row: P 1, K 1, P 1, K 1, P 1, P 2 tog., P to last 5 sts., P 1, K 1, P 1, K 1, P 1 (B-P 1, K 1, P 1, K 1, P 1, * P 2 tog., * rep. from * to * to last 5 sts., P 1, K 1, P 1, K 1, P 1, * P 13, P 2 tog., * rep. from * to * to last 19 sts., P 14 sts., P 1, K 1, P 1, K 1, P 1) (262 sts.), turn.

Then work pattern as given, 1st to 9th rows inclusive, then 2nd to 9th rows, making a buttonhole on 13th and 14th rows as follows:

13th Row: M-st. 3, cast off 2 sts., P 3, * (P 1, w.t.r.n.) 7 times, P 4, * rep. from * to * till 8 sts. rem., P 3, m-st. 5.

14th Row: M-st. 5, K 3, * (drop made sts. of previous row, K 1) 7 times, K 4, * rep. from * to * to last 6 sts., K 3, cast on 2 sts. (over cast off of previous row), m-st. 3.

Repeat 2nd to 8th rows inclusive.

25th Row: M-st. 3, cast off 2 sts.,

(Continued on page 9)



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Illustrated above "Lucette" design — Page 100



CARDIGAN WITH A NEW LOOK

There's a fashion trick
in these raglan sleeves

Materials: 17 (18-20) skeins P. W. Hughes' Twinprufe sports wool, shade No. 2353 (cardinal red), 2 pairs Nos. 10 and 6 needles; 8 Twinprufe buttons, shade No. 2353.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 20in. (21in.-21½in.), bust 32in. (34in.-36in.); length of sleeve seam, 21in. (21in.-21½in.), measured along top of arm.

Tension: 4½ sts. 1in.; 7 rows 1in.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles cast on 66 (70-74) sts. Work in rib of K 1, P 1 for 3½in. Change to No. 6 needles and work in st-st. When work measures 20in. (20½in.-21in.) shape shoulders by casting off 8 (8-9) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off 7 (8-8) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off loosely.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles cast on 32 (34-36) sts. Work in rib of K 1, P 1 for 3½in. Change to No. 6 needles and work in st-st. When work measures 16½in. (17½in.-17½in.), cast off 4 (4-5) sts. at neck edge of next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of next 3 (3-3) rows, then every 2nd row until dec to 22 (24-25) sts.

When work measures 20in. (20½in.-21in.) shape shoulder by casting off 8 (8-9) sts. at armhole edge of next row. Cast off 7 (8-8) sts. at the armhole edge every 2nd row twice.

RIGHT FRONT

Work the same as far left front working shapings at opposite ends.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles cast on 38 (40-42) sts. Work in rib of K 1, P 1 for 3in. Change to No. 6 needles and work in st-st., inc 1 st. each end of every 2nd row 9 (9-5) times, then every 3rd row 35 (35-39) times. When sleeve measures 21in. (21in.-21½in.) measured along centre of sleeve, cast off.

LEFT FRONT BORDER

With right side of work towards you, using No. 10 needles, pick up and K 118 (122-126) sts. down left front. Work in rib of K 1, P 1 for 12 rows. Cast off in ribbing.

RIGHT FRONT BORDER

Work to correspond with left border, working buttonholes on 7th row as follows:

Buttonholes: Rib 14 (13-13), * w.fwd., K 2 tog., rib 14 (15-16), rep. from * to last 8 (7-5) sts., w.fwd., K 2 tog., rib 6 (5-3).



Action-free
cardigan for the
sportsgirl.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work towards you, using No. 10 needles, pick up and K about 56 (58-60) sts. around neck, commencing and ending inside the 13 border rows. Work in rib of K 1, P 1 backwards and forwards, picking up and knitting 4 extra sts. at

beg. of next 6 rows.

Next Row: Rib 5 w.fwd., K 2 tog., rib to end. Work 3 more rows in rib. Cast off in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew sleeves into position, sew up seams. Sew buttons on left front.

A ROUND YOKE SWEATER

(Continued from page 7)

* K 1, P 1, * rep. from * to * to last 7 sts., K 2 tog., m-st. 5.

26th Row: M-st. to last 3 sts., cast on 2 sts. m-st. 3.

27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd Rows: P 1, K 1 (m-st.), to last st., P 1.

33rd Row: M-st. 5, * K 2 tog., t.b.l., P 2 tog., m-st. 14, * rep. from

* to * to last 12 sts., K 2 tog., t.b.l., P 2 tog., m-st. 8 (143 sts.).

34th, 35th, 36th Rows: As 27th row.

37th Row: As 25th row.

38th Row: As 26th row.

39th, 40th Rows: As 27th row.

41st Row: M-st. 12, * P 2 tog., K 2 tog., m-st. 1, * rep. from * to

to last 15 sts. m-st. 15 (127 sts.).

42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th Rows:

As 27th row.

47th Row: M-st. 5, K 2 tog., t.b.l., P 2 tog., m-st. 9, * P 2 tog., K 2 tog.,

m-st. 10, * rep. from * to * ending m-st. 7 (109 sts.).

48th Row: As 27th row.

49th Row: As 25th row.

50th Row: As 26th row.

51st, 52nd Rows: As 27th row.

53rd Row: M-st. 9, * K 2 tog., t.b.l., P 2 tog., m-st. 8, * rep. from * to

* to last 4 sts., m-st. 4.

54th, 55th Rows: As 27th row.

Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Seam sides and sleeves. Seam

sleeves into armholes. Sew end of

placket in position. Sew on but-

tons to correspond with buttonholes.

Trix

is trumps



for washing
WOOLLENS

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly, March 9, 1955 — Page 9



YOKE OF PEARLS ON EVENING BLOUSE

To make and wear with a charming air to dinner or dance, theatre or cocktail party.

The evening blouse on the opposite page is shown here without the pearl embroidery, which is optional.

Materials: Patons "Beehive" fingering 3-ply Patonised wool, size A, 32in. bust, 6oz.; size B, 34in. bust, 6oz.; size C, 36in. bust, 7oz.; size D, 38in. bust, 8oz.; size E, 40in. bust, 9oz. 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles, No. 3 steel crochet hook; pearls and rhinestones for trimming; 5 pearl buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder — A, 18½in.; B, 18½in.; C, 19½in.; D, 19½in.; E, 20in. Length of sleeve from underarm — A, 2in.; B, 2in.; C, 3in.; D, 3in.; E, 3½in. **Tension:** 8 sts. to one inch in width on No. 10 needles, and 9 d.c. to 1in. in width.

FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 112 (120, 128, 136, 144) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3½in.

Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of needle in 7th and every following 8th rows until there are 128 (136, 144, 152, 160) sts. on needle.

Work straight until front measures 11½ (11½, 12, 12, 12½) in.

To Shape Armholes.—Cast off 4 (4, 4, 5, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, 2 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows, then dec. once each end of needle in every alt. row 3 (4, 5, 6, 6) times (98, 104, 110, 114, 122 sts.)

When front measures 13 (13, 14, 14, 14½) in., shape neck as follows:—Work across 36 (38, 40, 42, 45) sts. (Sl. these sts. on to a st-holder). Cast off next 26 (28, 30, 32) sts.

Work to end of row. At neck edge cast off every alt. row 4 sts. twice, 2 sts. 6 times, and 1 st. 4 (6, 6, 8, 9) times. (12, 12, 14, 14, 16 sts.)

When front measures 18½ (18½, 19½, 19½, 20) in., shape shoulder by casting off at armhole edge every alt. row 6 (6, 7, 7, 8) sts. twice. Fasten off. Join in wool at centre front and work on rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

BACK

Work as given for front.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 90 (94, 98, 98, 102) sts. and work in st-st. for 1 in. K 1 row on wrong side for turn of hem. Cont. in st-st.,

inc. once each end of needle in every 3rd row 3 times (96, 100, 104, 104, 108) sts.

When sleeve measures 2 (2, 3, 3, 3½) in. from turn of hem, shape top as follows:—

Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of each of next 2 rows, 2 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, dec. once each end of needle in every 3rd row 5 (5, 7, 7, 7) times, then one st. each end of needle in every alt. row 9 (9, 9, 9, 7) times.

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of each of next 4 (4, 4, 4, 8) rows, 3 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, then 4 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

CROCHETED YOKE

Make 334 ch. (ch. should measure about 40in. long).

1st Row: 1 d.c. in second ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in each st. across ch., 1 ch., turn. (333 d.c.)

2nd Row: 1 d.c. in each d.c., 1 ch., turn.

Rep. 2nd row twice more, ending 3 ch., turn.

5th Row: 1 tr. in each of first 2 sts., * 4 ch., skip 3 sts., 1 tr. in next st. Rep. from * to last 3 sts., 1 tr. in last 3 sts. 3 ch., turn. (82 spaces.)

6th Row: 1 tr. in each of 1st 2 tr., * 4 ch., 1 tr. in next tr., rep. from

* ending 1 tr. in each of last 3 sts., 3 ch., turn.

7th Row: 1 tr. in each of first 2 tr., * 3 ch., 1 tr. in next st., rep. from

* ending in 1 tr. in each of last 3 tr., 2 ch., turn.

Rep. 7th row 3 times more.

11th Row: 1 tr. in each of 1st 2 tr., * 2 ch., 1 tr. in next tr., rep. from

* ending 1 tr. in each of last 3 tr., 3 ch., turn.

Rep. 11th row 4 times more.

16th Row: 1 tr. in each of first 2 tr., * 1 ch., 1 tr. in next tr., rep. from

* ending in 1 tr. in each of last 3 tr., 3 ch., turn.

Rep. 16th row once.

18th Row: * 1 tr. in each tr., rep. from * to end, 1 ch., turn.

19th Row: 1 d.c. in each st. across row. Do not break wool but work 1 row of d.c. around rem. 3 sides, working 5 loops for buttons at right opening at back by 3 ch., skip 2 sts. about 1in. apart. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Using a flat seam for ribbing and an 1in. back st. seam for other seams, sew up the side, shoulder, and sleeve seams. Sew in the sleeves, placing seam to seam. Turn up hem at lower edge of sleeves and sl-st. in position on wrong side. Turn back 1in. hem around neck edge and sl-st. in position on wrong side. Sew yoke in position. Sew on buttons to correspond with loops. Trim with pearls and rhinestones as illustrated. Finally press all seams.

Our Family Knitting Book

● The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book for 1955, now on sale, is devoted to family needs.

● It is a 48-page book with directions for 51 designs, many of them illustrated in color.

● The four sections include: Designs for infants and toddlers, for children from four to 14, for mother-and-daughter and father-and-son, and socks for the family.

● You can get The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book from our offices or any newsagent or bookseller for 1/6.

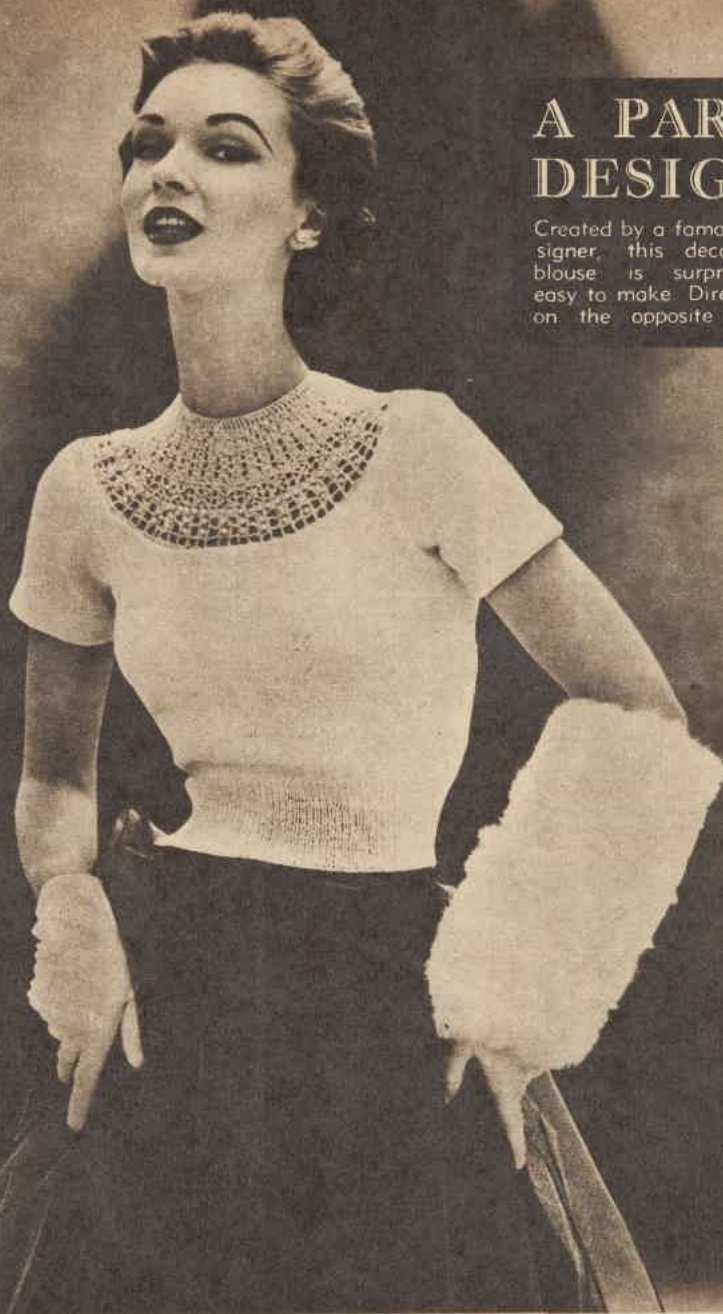
WOOLLENS

won't shrink, harden or "mat"
when you wash them with

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A PARIS DESIGN

Created by a famous designer, this decorative blouse is surprisingly easy to make. Directions on the opposite page.



Trix



keeps
WOOLLENS

Baby-soft

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly, March 9, 1955 — Page 11

SUPERBLY STYLED TWIN SET

Materials: 14oz. white, 3oz. royal-blue, 1oz. light blue Patons Azalea crochet wool (this is the only wool which should be used); the sweater takes 6oz.; 1 pair each Nos. 13 and 11 knitting needles, 9 buttons.

Measurements: Sweater — 34in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 22in. Cardigan — 34in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 22in.; length of sleeve seam, 17in.

Tension: 8½ sts., 1in. in width.

JUMPER

FRONT

** Using No. 13 needles and royal-blue wool, cast on 112 sts. and work in rib k 2, p 2 for 12 rows.

13th Row: Using white wool, k plain. Then work 5 rows in rib. Break off white wool.

19th Row: Using royal-blue wool, k plain. Then work 7 rows in rib.

27th Row: Using light blue wool, k plain. Then work 3 rows in rib. Break off light blue wool.

31st Row: Using royal-blue wool, k plain. Then work 13 rows in rib.

45th Row: K 2, p 2, * inc. once in next st., rib 2, rep. from * to last 3 sts., rib 3 (147 sts.).

46th Row: P, break off royal-blue wool.

Change to No. 11 needles and white wool and proceed as follows:

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1. Cont. in plain smooth fabric until work measures 14in. from com. Inc. 1 at each end of next and every alt. row until there are 157 sts. on needle.

Work 1 row without shaping. Cast on 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows (173 sts.). **

● Classic twin set with bands of royal-blue and light blue on the neckline, basque, and sleeves.

Work 48 rows without shaping. Next Row: K 75, cast off 23 sts., k 75.

Cont. on these 75 sts., dec. 1 at neck edge every row until 66 sts. rem.

Work 3 rows without shaping.

Shape shoulder by casting off 9 sts. at beg. of next and every alt. row until 30 sts. rem., then cast off 10 sts. at beg. of every alt. row 3 times.

Join in wool at neck edge and work on rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

BACK

Work as given for front from ** to ** (173 sts.).

Cont. in plain smooth fabric until work measures same as front to shoulder shaping.

Shape shoulder as follows:

Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows.

Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows.

Cast off rem. sts.

NECKBAND

Join right shoulder seam.

Using royal-blue wool and No. 13 needles and with right side of work facing, k up 132 sts. evenly round neck.

Work 5 rows in rib k 2, p 2.

6th Row: Join in light blue wool, k plain.

7th Row: Work in rib with light blue, break off light blue.

Using royal-blue wool, k 1 row plain, 1 row in rib.

10th Row: Join in white wool, k plain.

Work 3 rows in rib, break off white wool.

Using royal-blue wool, k 1 row. Work 3 rows in rib.

Cast off in rib.

SLEEVE BANDS

Join left shoulder seam.

Using royal-blue wool, No. 13 needles and with right side of work facing, pick up 82 sts. evenly along edge of sleeve. Work in rib as given for neckband.

Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press carefully. Using a flat seam for ribbing and back-st. for other seams, sew up side seams.

CARDIGAN

RIGHT FRONT

Using royal-blue wool and No. 13 needles, cast on 72 sts.

Work stripes as given for basque of sweater, making buttonholes lengthways as follows:

Work 4 rows in rib.

5th Row: K 2, p 2, k 1, join in fresh ball of wool, k 1, p 2, k 2, p 2, k 1, join in fresh ball of wool, rib to end of row.

Work 3 rows in rib, using fresh balls as you come to them.

Break off fresh balls and rib right across, keeping continuity of stripes and making two more sets of buttonholes in this manner in the following 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th rows twice.

45th Row: (K 2, p 2) 4 times, * inc. once in next st., rib 3, rep. from * to end of row (86 sts.).

46th Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1, break off blue wool.

Using white wool and No. 11 needles, proceed as follows:

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 11 times.

25th Row: K 5, join in fresh ball of wool, k 8, join in fresh ball of wool, k to end of row.

Work 3 rows in plain smooth fabric, using fresh balls of wool as you come to them. Break off fresh balls.

Cont. in plain smooth fabric, making buttonholes in this manner in every following 23rd, 24th, 25th, and 26th rows until 9 double buttonholes have been worked from commencement.

When the 3rd row after 7th double buttonholes has been worked, cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next row.

Dec. 1 at armhole edge in next and every alt. row until 68 sts. rem.

Cont. without shaping until 4th row after 9th double buttonholes has been worked.

Cast off 22 sts. at beg. of next row.

Dec. 1 at neck edge every row until 36 sts. rem.

Work 6 rows without shaping.

Shape shoulder by casting off 12 sts. at armhole edge in next and every alt. row twice.

(Continued on page 14)



A short-sleeved sweater and matching long-sleeved cardigan are always smart companions. Directions on this page for a 34in. cardigan and sweater.

ELEGANT SUIT

● An Italian designer, with detailed attention to line and finish, has transformed the "comfortable" knitted suit into a distinctive outfit for winter.

Materials: Patons "May Queen" knitting wool (this the only wool which should be used). Jacket—Size A, 32-33in. bust, 11oz.; Size B, 34-35in. bust, 12oz. Skirt—Size A, width all round at waist, 26in., 22oz.; Size B, width all round at waist, 27in., 24oz. 1 pair each Nos. 11 and 13 knitting needles, 8 button moulds, 1 6in. zipp fastener.

Measurements: Jacket—Length from top of shoulder (both sizes), 21in. Length of sleeve seam (both sizes), 20in. Skirt—Length from waist to hem (both sizes), 28in. (or length desired).

Tension: 8½ sts. to the in. in width on No. 11 needles.

JACKET

BACK

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 120 (B-128) sts.

1st Row: * K 2, p 2, rep. from * to end of row.

Rep. 1st row for 3½in.

Change to No. 11 needles and work in st-st. until back measures 8½in. Dec. once each end of needle in next and every alt. row until 92 (B-100) sts. rem.

Work straight until back measures 20½in.

Shape shoulder as follows:—

1st and 2nd Rows: Work to last 8 (B-9) sts., turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Work to last 16 (B-18) sts., turn.

5th and 6th Rows: Work to last 24 (B-27) sts., turn.

7th and 8th Rows: Work to last 32 (B-36) sts., turn.

9th Row: Work to end of row. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 72 (B-76) sts.

1st Row: * K 2, p 2, rep. from * to last 12 sts., k 12.

2nd Row: P 12, * k 2, p 2, rep. from * to end of row.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows for 3½in., inc. one st. at end of last row.

Change to No. 11 needles and work in patt. as follows:

***1st Row:** K plain.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: K 13 (B-17), (sl. next 3 sts. on to a spare needle and leave at back of work, p 3, then k 3 sts. from spare needle—this will be termed "Twist A"—k 7) three times, "Twist A" k 15.

4th Row: Like 2nd Row.

5th Row: Like 1st row.

6th Row: Like 2nd row.

7th Row: K 16 (B-20), (sl. next 3 sts. on to a spare needle and leave at front of work, k 3, then

(Continued on page 14)



A jacket with bracelet-length dolman sleeves and a patterned bodice is teamed with a slim-fitting skirt in this suit. See directions this page.

ELEGANT SUIT

(Continued from page 13)

p the 3 sts. from spare needle—this will now be termed "Twist B"—k 7) three times. "Twist B". k 12.

8th Row: Like 2nd row.

Rep. from ** to ** until front measures 6in., ending at side edge.

Dec. once at beg. of needle in next and every alt. row until 61 (B-65) sts. rem.

Work straight until front measures 14in., ending at armhole edge.

Inc. once at beg. of needle in next and every following 6th row until 6 increases have been made.

Work straight until front measures 19in., ending at front edge.

Cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. once at this edge in every row until 36 (B-40) sts. rem.

Shape for shoulder as follows:

1st Row: K 2 tog., patt. to last 8 (B-9) sts., turn.

2nd Row: Patt. to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

3rd Row: Patt. to last 16 (B-18) sts., turn.

4th Row: Patt. to end of row.

5th Row: Patt. to last 24 (B-27) sts., turn.

6th Row: Like 4th Row. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working border and shapings at opposite ends of needle, and making 8 buttonholes, the first in the 3rd and 4th rows from commencement, 2 more 1in. apart, and 5 more 3in. apart (8 buttonholes).

To make a buttonhole: 1st Row: K 7, cast off 4 sts., patt. to end of row.

2nd Row: Patt. to last 7 sts., cast on 4 sts., p 7.

SLEEVES (Both Sizes)

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 80 sts. and work in k 2, p 2 rib for 4in.

Change to No. 11 needles and work in st-st., inc. once each end of needle in 3rd and every following 6th row until there are 96 sts. on needle, every following 3rd row until there are 124 sts. on needle.

TWIN SET

(Continued from page 12)

LEFT FRONT

Work as given for right front basque, omitting buttonholes until 45th row is reached.

45th Row: Inc. once in first st., * rib 3, inc. once in next st., rep. from * to last 19 sts., rib to end of row (86 sts.).

46th Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1, break off blue wool. Change to No. 11 needles, and using white wool work to correspond with right front, omitting buttonholes and making shapings at opposite end of needle.

BACK

Using royal-blue wool and No. 13 needles, cast on 116 sts.

Work basque as given for sweater until 44th row is worked.

45th Row: Inc. once in first st., * rib 3, inc. once in next st., rep. from * to last 3 sts., rib 3 (145 sts.).

46th Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

every row until there are 196 sts. on needle.

Work 2 rows straight.

Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of every row until 28 sts. rem. Cast off.

COLLAR (Both Sizes)

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 122 sts.

1st Row: * K 2, p 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

2nd Row: (P 2, k 2) 6 times, p 2, k 2 tog., (p 2, k 2) 16 times, p 2, k 2 tog., (p 2, k 2) 6 times, p 2.

3rd Row: (K 2, p 2) 6 times, k 2, p 1, (k 2, p 2) 16 times, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 2, to last 2 sts., turn.

4th Row: (K 2, p 2) 6 times, k 1, (p 2, k 2) 16 times, p 2, k 1, rib to last 2 sts., turn.

5th Row: (P 2, k 2) 6 times, p 1, (k 2, p 2) 16 times, p 1, rib to last 4 sts., turn.

6th Row: (P 2, k 2) 5 times, p 2 tog., k 1, p 2 tog., (k 2, p 2) 15 times, k 2, p 2 tog., k 1, p 2 tog., rib to last 4 sts., turn.

Keeping continuity of patt., dec. once each side of single st. as before in every following 4th row until 100 sts. rem., whilst at same time leave 2 sts. unworked at the end of every row, until 12 sts. are unworked on either end of needle, then leave one st. unworked at the end of every row until there are 24 sts. unworked on each end of needle.

Work to end of row. Cast off.

BUTTONS

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 4 sts. and work in st-st., inc. once each end of needle in every row until there are 14 sts. on needle.

Work 5 rows straight.

Dec. once each end of needle in every row until 4 sts. rem.

Cast off.

Run a thread round outside edge, and placing button-mould in centre, draw up and finish securely.

Make 7 more buttons in same manner.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Using a flat seam for ribbing and an ain. back st. seam for other seams, sew in the sleeves, placing seam to seam. Turn back 4 sts. down left front, and sl-st. in position on

wrong side. Roll back 4 sts. down right front and sl-st. in position on right side. Sew collar in position. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

Finally press all seams.

SKIRT

FRONT

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 434 (B-492) sts.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end of row. Rep. 1st row three times, inc. once at end of needle in last row.

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: P 6, k 17 (p 12, k 17) 14 (B-16) times, p 6.

2nd Row: K 6, p 17 (k 12, p 17) 14 (B-16) times, k 6.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 23 times.

49th Row: P 4, p 2 tog., k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 13, k 2 tog., (p 2 tog., p 8, p 2 tog., k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 13, k 2 tog.) 14 (B-16) times, p 2 tog., p 4, (375 (B-425) sts.).

50th Row: K 5, p 15, (k 10, p 15) 14 (B-16) times, k 5.

51st Row: P 5, k 15 (p 10, k 15) 14 (B-16) times, p 5.

52nd Row: Like 50th row.

Rep. 51st and 52nd rows 18 times.

89th Row: P 3, p 2 tog., k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 11, k 2 tog., (p 2 tog., p 6, p 2 tog., k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 11, k 2 tog.) 14 (B-16) times, p 2 tog., p 3 (315 (B-357) sts.).

90th Row: K 4, p 13 (k 8, p 13) 14 (B-16) times, k 4.

Cont. in this manner, dec. in 55th and every following 56th row until 135 (B-153) sts. rem.

Cont. without shaping until work measures 28in. from commencement.

Using No. 13 needles, cont. without shaping until work measures 28in. (or length desired) from commencement. Cast off in rib.

BACK

Work exactly as given for front.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly.

Using an ain. back st. seam, sew up side seams, leaving 6in. open at top of left side. Sew zpp fastener into position. Sew petersham in position round top of skirt, attaching hooks and eyes at each end to fasten. Finally press all seams.

Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Dec. 1 at each end of next and every alt. row until 42 sts. rem., then in every row until 28 sts. rem.

Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams and turn back front borders, back-stitching across top of left front border, sl-st. on wrong side. Using royal-blue wool and No. 13 needles, pick up 114 sts. evenly round neck, com. at edge of right front and ending at start of left front border.

1st Row: * P 2, k 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 2.

Work in stripes as follows:

Four rows royal-blue, 2 rows pale blue, 2 rows royal-blue, 4 rows white, and 4 rows royal-blue.

Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press carefully. Join side and sleeve seams.

Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Work round buttonholes and sew on buttons to correspond.

POLO NECK, RAGLAN SLEEVES

The simple rib stitch gives freedom of movement but retains smart, shapely lines.

Materials: 16 (10z.) skeins Lincoln Mills "Daphne" triple twist wool, 1 pair each Nos. 10, 12, and 14 needles, 1 set of 4 No. 13 needles pointed both ends, 2 spare needles.

Measurements: To fit 32in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 22in.; sleeve seam, 17in.

Tension: 7½ sts. and 9 rows to 1in.

FRONT

* Using No. 12 needles, cast on 112 sts.

1st Row: (wrong side): K 1, (p 2 k 2) to last 3 sts., p 2, k 1.

2nd Row: P 1 (k 2, p 2) to last 3 sts., k 2, p 1. Rep. these 2 rows for 4in. Change to No. 14 needles and work a further 2in. Change to No. 10 needles and cont. as before. Inc. 1 st. at each end of 7th and every 8th row following (working extra sts. into rib pattern) until there are 132 sts. on needle.

Cont. without further shaping until work measures 14in.

Armhole Shaping.—Keeping continuity of rib, dec. 1 st. at each end of the next and every alt. row following until 70 sts. rem. * Work 1 row.

Neck Shaping.—Next Row: K 2 tog., rib 14 (leave rem. sts. on spare needle). Turn and rib back. Dec. 1 st. at each end of the next and every alt. row following until all sts. are used up. Leave 38 sts. at centre on spare needle.

Join wool to neck edge of rem. 16 sts. and work in rib to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Work back. Cont. in rib, dec. 1 st. at each end of the next and every alt. row following until all sts. are used up.

BACK

Rep. from * to * as given for front. Cont. in rib, dec. 1 st. at each end

of every alt. row following until 48 sts. rem. Leave on spare needle.

RIGHT SLEEVE

** Using No. 14 needles, cast on 64 sts. Work in rib as given for front for 3in. Change to No. 10 needles and cont. in rib, inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every 6th row following until there are 112 sts. on needle.

Cont. without further shaping until work measures 17in. Work extra rows at this stage if longer length required.

Shape Top.—Keeping continuity of rib, dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row until 64 sts. rem. Work 1 row. ** (Rib should now begin and end with "p 1" on right side).

Shoulder Shaping.—Next Row: (Right side), k 2 tog., rib 34, leave rem. 28 sts. on spare needle. Cont. on 35 sts., dec. 1 st. at armhole end of every alt. row until 20 sts. rem. Work 1 row. Leave on No. 13 needle of set. Join wool at centre to 28 sts. from spare needle and cont. in rib, dec. 1 st. at centre edge of 3rd and every alt. row following until 12 sts. rem. Work 1 row. Transfer these sts. to needle containing 20 sts.

LEFT SLEEVE

Rep. from ** to ** as given for right sleeve.

Shoulder Shaping.—Next Row: Work 28 sts. in rib, leave rem. 36 sts. on a spare needle. Cont. in rib on 28 sts., dec. 1 st. at centre edge of every alt. row until 12 sts. rem. Work 1 row. Transfer these 12 sts. to No. 13 needle of set. Join wool at centre edge of 36 sts. from spare needle and cont. in rib, dec. 1 st. at armhole edge of next and every alt. row following until 20 sts. rem. Work 1 row. Transfer these sts. to needle containing 12 sts.

POLO NECK

With right side of work facing and using No. 13 needle of set, pick up and k 9 sts. along shaped edge of left front, work 38 sts. from spare needle at front thus (k 2, p 2) 9 times, k 2. Pick up and k 9 sts. along shaped edge of right of front. Work across 32 sts. of right sleeve thus p 1 (k 2, p 2) 7 times, k 2, p 1.

Work across 48 sts. of back thus p 1 (k 2, p 2) 11 times, k 2, p 1. Work across 32 sts. of left sleeve thus p 1 (k 2, p 2) 7 times, k 2, p 1 (168 sts.).

1st Round: P 1, (k 2, p 2) to last 3 sts., k 2, p 1. Rep. this round for 4in. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly under a damp cloth. Join shoulder and armhole seams. Join side and sleeve seams.



Smart teenagers will appreciate the worth of this ribbed sweater. The polo neck gives extra protection against chilly weather.

Trix

washes

WOOLLENS

wonderfully well



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly, March 9, 1955 — Page 15



TAILORED SWEATER with VELVET COLLAR

Wool and velvet teamed for winter elegance.

Materials: 5 loz. skeins Lincoln Mills "Daphne" crochet wool; 1 pr. each Nos. 13 and 10 knitting needles; 1-3yd. of suitable material for collar.

Measurements: To fit 33-34in. bust; length from top of shoulder 19in.

Tension: 7½ sts. and 10 rows to 1in.

BACK

Using No. 13 needles cast on 112 sts.

Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 44 rows.

Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. at each end of 5th and every 8th row following until there are 128 sts. on needle, then without further shaping until 76th row above ribbing is complete.

Armhole Shaping—Still working in st-st., dec. 1 st. at each end of

next and every 4th row following until 102 sts. rem. Cont. without further shaping until 150th row above ribbing is complete.

151st Row: K 49; leave on spare needle, cast off 19 sts., k 41.

Work 2 rows, dec. 1 st. at neck edge of both rows.

Shoulder Shaping—1st Row: Cast off 11 sts., p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

2nd Row: K 2 tog., k to end of row.

3rd Row: Cast off 12 sts., p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

4th Row: As 2nd row. Cast off rem.

Join wool at neck edge to sts. from spare needle and work to correspond with side already worked, com. shoulder shaping after 152nd row.

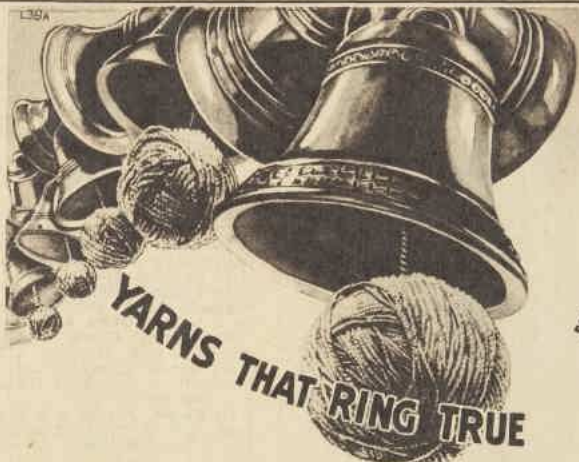
FRONT

Work as for back until 98th row above ribbing is complete (118 sts.).

Neck Shaping—99th Row: K 36, leave on spare needle, cast off 44 sts., k 36. Cont. on last 36 sts., dec. 1 st. at armhole edge every 4th row as before, a further 7 times, at same time inc. 1 st. at neck edge of

(Continued on page 17)

Right: Diagram of 3in. squares, showing how collar pattern is drawn. Cut on bias and make as instructed.



*Spun from Australia's
Finest Fleeces*

to the highest pitch of quality — in lovely colour tones

LINCOLN

DEPENDABLE KNITTING WOOLS

PRODUCTS OF LINCOLN MILLS (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED

DAPHNE • TRIPLE TWIST • WARATAH • GOLDEN WATTLE

Page 16 — Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly, March 9, 1955

A DOLMAN JACKET

The color contrast accents the smart new dolman line

Materials: 18 loz. skeins Lincoln Mills triple twist "Daphne" wool (the original was worked in yellow 16 skeins, black 2 skeins); 1 pair No. 9 needles; 6 buttons.
Measurements: To fit 35-36in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 22in.

Tension: 6½ sts. and 8½ rows 1in.

BACK

Cast on 110 sts.
1st Row: Knit.
2nd Row: Purl.
Rep. these 2 rows 4 times.
11th Row: Purl.
12th Row: Purl.
Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 4 times, then 11th row 4 times. (24 rows).
Cont. in st-st, inc. 1 st. at each end of 29th and every 4th row following until there are 144 sts. on needle and 96th row is complete.

Armhole Shaping—Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of every row until 42 sts. rem. (130th row). Work 2 rows without shaping, then inc. 1 st. at each end of 133rd and every 4th row following until there are 78 sts. on needle and 204th row is complete.

Shoulder Shaping—Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows and 5 sts. at beg. of following 8 rows. Cast off rem. 36 sts.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 70 sts. and work as for back until 28th row is complete. Then still working in st-st, inc. 1 st. at beg. of 29th and every 4th row following until there are 87 sts. on needle and 96th row is complete.

Armhole Shaping—Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next and following 15 alt. rows (127th row).

128th Row: Purl.
129th Row: Cast off 3 sts., k to last st., k twice into last st.

130th and every alt. Row: Purl.
131st Row: Knit.

133rd Row: K, inc. 1 st. at beg. of row.

135th Row: Knit.
137th Row: K, inc. 1 st. at each end of row.

Rep. from 130th and 137th rows until there are 67 sts. on needle and 204th row is complete.

Shoulder Shaping—Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of 205th row and 5 sts. at beg. of following 3 alt. rows. Work 25 rows on rem. 46 sts., leave on holder.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 70 sts. and work 4 rows in st-st.

This dolman jacket doubles for a blouse or a short coat.



5th Row: K 4, cast off 3, k 7, cast off 3, k to end of row. Work as for left front until 12th row is complete.

13th Row: As 5th row.
Continue as for left front until 28th row is complete.

Continue as for left front inc. 1 st. at end of 29th and every 4th row following until there are 87 sts. on needle and 97th row is complete, at same time working buttonholes on 37th and every 24th row following.

Armhole Shaping—98th Row: Cast off 3 sts. purlwise, p to end.

99th Row: Knit.

Rep. these last 2 rows 14 times then 98th row once, working further buttonholes on 109th row (128th row).

129th Row: Inc. in 1st st., k to end.

130th Row: As 98th row.

Continue in st-st, inc. 1 st. at front edge of 137th and every 6th row following and at armhole edge of 133rd and every 4th row follow-

ing working a further buttonhole in 133rd row.

Complete as for left front commencing armhole shaping after 205th row.

SLEEVES

Cast on 64 sts. Work as for back for 28 rows, then cont. in st-st, inc. 1 st. at each end of 29th and every 4th row following until there are 114 sts. on needle and 134th row is complete. Join in contrast color.

135th Row: K7B, k to last 7 sts., K7B.

136th Row: P7B, p to last 7 sts., P7B.

Rep. these 2 rows 34 times, then work across all sts. in contrast color for 9 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Join side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves. Make a hem 9 rows in width at bottom of jacket and sleeves. Graft sts. at back of collar and then fold the borders under, and collar in half. Stitch into position, join buttonholes. Press carefully. Sew buttons on to correspond with buttonholes.

VELVET COLLAR SWEATER

(Continued from page 16)

107th and every 8th row following, 6 times in all (35 sts.). Cont. until 153rd row is complete.

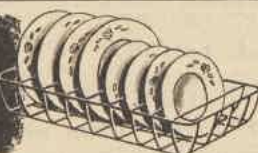
Shoulder Shaping: — Cast off 11 sts. at armhole edge of next row and 12 sts. at same edge of following 2 alt. rows. Join wool at neck edge to sts. from spare needle and work to correspond.

TO MAKE UP

Join shoulder and side seams, make a hem 2 sts. wide around armholes and sl-st. into position. Press carefully.

Collar:—Cut two pattern sections of the material on the cross, join the outside edges together, turn, and press. Run a piece of bias tape on neck edge.

NO DRYING-UP



WHEN YOU WASH-UP WITH

TriX

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly, March 9, 1955 — Page 17

Lovely crocheted blouse with a charming tailored effect. The soft, full sleeves finish in wrist-fitting cuffs which match the waist-band and yoke. Directions in three sizes.



Materials: Patons "Nimble" knitting wool (this is the only wool which should be used)—size A, 34in. bust, 8oz; size B, 36in. bust, 9oz.; size C, 38in. bust, 9oz. Kullerskerne crochet hooks Nos. 7 and 12; 8 buttons.
Measurements: Length from top of shoulder—A, 19in.; B, 20in.; C, 20in. Length of sleeve from under-arm, all sizes 19in.
Tension: 2 patts. equal 1in. in width, using No. 7 crochet hook.

BACK
Using No. 7 crochet hook, make a ch. 17 (18-19) in. long.
1st Row: * 2 ch., 1 tr. into base of 2 ch., miss 1 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., * rep. from * to the end of row, turn. 34 (36-38) patts.

2nd Row: 2 ch., 1 tr. into first d.c., * 1 d.c. into 2 ch. loop, 2 ch., 1 tr. into same 2 ch. loop, rep. from * to end of row, 1 d.c. in turning ch., turn.
Rep. 2nd row until back measures 8in.

Shape Armholes: Sl-st. over 2 patts., work to last 2 patts., turn. Miss 1 st. at beg. of next 4 rows. Work straight until armhole measures 7 (7½-8) in.

Shape Shoulders: Sl-st. over 2 patts., work to last 2 patts., turn. Rep. this row 3 times. Fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 7 hook, make a ch. 8½ (9-9½) in. long and work in patt. as given for back until front measures 8in.

Shape Armhole: Sl-st. over 2 patts., work to end of row, turn. Miss 1 st. at armhole edge in every alt. row twice.

Work even until armhole measures 6 (6½-7) in. Fasten off.

LEFT FRONT

Work to correspond with right front.

WAISTBAND

Using a flat seam, sew up the side seams.

Using No. 12 crochet hook and with right side of work facing, proceed as follows:

1st Row: 1 d.c. in each of first 2 ch., * miss 1 ch., 1 d.c. in each of next 2 ch., rep. from * to end of row, turn with 1 ch.

2nd Row: * 1 d.c. into each d.c., rep. from * to end of row, 1 ch., turn. Rep. 2nd row for 2in. Fasten off.

Right Front Band:—Using No. 12 hook and with right side of work facing, proceed as follows:

1st Row: 1 d.c. into each st. of waistband, * 2 d.c. into each loop, rep. from * to neck edge, 1 ch., turn.

ITALIAN DESIGN

A finely crocheted blouse with high fashion interest

2nd Row: * 1 d.c. into each d.c., rep. from * to end of row, 1 ch., turn.

3rd Row: Like 2nd row.

4th Row: 5 d.c., 2 ch., miss 2 d.c., 6 d.c., 2 ch., miss 2 ch., (22 (26-30) d.c.), 2 ch., miss 2 d.c. 4 times, d.c. to end of row, 1 ch., turn.

Work 3 rows in d.c., working 2 d.c. over 2 ch. sts. of buttonhole. Fasten off.

Left Front Band:—Work as given for right front band, omitting buttonholes.

SLEEVES

Using No. 7 hook, make a ch. 14 (14-15) in. long and work in patt. 27 (27-29) patts. across, until sleeve measures 17in.

Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next 16 (16-18) rows. Fasten off.

CUFFS

Using a flat seam, sew up the sleeve seams. With right side of work facing and using No. 12 hook, commence directly opposite seam and work 1 d.c. in each of 2 ch., * miss 1 ch., 1 d.c. into each of 2 ch., rep. from * to end of row, 1 ch., turn.

2nd Row: * 1 d.c. in each d.c., rep. from * to end of row.

Rep. 2nd row 4 times.

7th Row: 4 d.c., 2 ch., miss 2 d.c., d.c. to end of row, 1 ch., turn.

Rep. 2nd row 7 times, working 2 d.c. over 2 ch. for buttonhole.

RIGHT FRONT YOKE

With right side of work facing and using No. 12 hook, commencing at front edge, work 1 d.c. into each st. of front band, * 1 d.c. into each ch., rep. from * to end of row, 1 ch., turn.

2nd Row: * 1 d.c. into each d.c., rep. from * to end of row, 1 ch., turn.

Rep. 2nd row 15 (17-19) times.

Shape Shoulder:—1st Row: Work to last 4 sts., 1 ch., turn.

2nd Row: Work to end of row.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 5 times. Fasten off.

LEFT FRONT YOKE

Work to correspond with right front yoke.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Using a flat seam, sew up the shoulder seam. Sew in the sleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Using No. 12 hook and commencing at lower edge of left front yoke, work 1 row of d.c. up front, around neck, and down right yoke. Fasten off. Finally press all seams.

WOOLLENS

won't shrink, harden or "mat"
when you wash them with

Trix

DAINTY BOLERO

(Shown in color at right)

● A dainty bolero is a pretty complement to dinner and cocktail frocks. This design in soft angora was made exclusively for us by one of Britain's leading stylists. Make it in fashionable red, black, white, or any desired color.

Here are directions:

Materials: 6 1oz. balls Patons "Fuzzy Wuzzy" Angora (this is the only wool which should be used); 1 pair No. 9 needles.

Size: Medium fitting.

Measurements: Length from cast-on edge to cast-off edge, 14in.; width across widest portion gently stretched, 36-38in.; width across narrowest portion gently stretched, 10in.

Tension: To test tension—Using No. 9 needles, cast on 14 sts. and work a square of st-st. Cast off but do not press.

Now measure tension—If you have more than 7 sts. to the in., work another sample using a size larger needle. If, however, the first sample had less than 7 sts. to the in., test again using a size finer needle. When you are satisfied that you have the correct tension, proceed to make the garment with the needles used for your proved tension sample.

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 216 sts. loosely.

Work K 3, P 3 rib thus:—
1st Row (right side of work): K 4, * P 3, K 3. Rep. from * to last 2 sts., P 1, K 1.

2nd Row: K 2, * P 3, K 3. rep. from * ending row P 3, K 1.
Rep. these 2 rows until work measures 6in. from the cast-on edge, ending with a 1st row.

Note: Allow for expansion of rib (i.e. when released from needle) when taking these measurements.

Next Row: K 2 tog. right across row (108 sts. now on needle)

Next Row: As 1st row.

Next Row: As 2nd row.

Rep. the last 2 rows until work measures 11in. from the cast-on edge, ending with a 1st row.

Next row: K 2 tog. right across row (54 sts. now on needle).

Next Row: As 1st row.

Next Row: As 2nd row.

Rep. the last 2 rows until work measures 14in. from the cast-on edge. Cast off very, very loosely.

Work another piece exactly the same.

TO MAKE UP

Do not press. The ridges on the ribs at the two decrease rows are the right side of the work. Fold each section lengthways, and using a flat seam sew the side edges together.

Now lay each portion flat, widest part to widest part and the seams to underarm. Count up from the underarm seams 14 ribs (42 sts.) of each portion, then join the two portions by sewing together the next 22 ribs, thus leaving 36 ribs free for fronts of the garment.



Ribbed bolero (above) which is made in two pieces, then seamed under the arms and at centre back. Directions to fit a 36-38in. bust are given on this page.

(Left). Shoulderette which weighs only 2½ ounces is a wonderful addition to holiday clothes and ideal for beach wear. Directions for sizes 32-36in. below.

SNUG SHOULDERETTE

(Shown above)

This sleeveless shoulderette is another exclusive English design. It is feather-light, but so designed that shoulders and back are well protected.

Directions follow for a 32-36in. bust.

Materials: 5 1oz. balls Patons "Fuzzy Wuzzy" angora knitting wool (this is the only wool which should be used), 1 pair No. 8 needles.

Measurements: To fit 32-36in. bust; length from cast-on edge to top of fold, 12in.; width across back, 17in.

Tension: 6 sts. to 1in. on No. 8 needles measured over st-st. Knit a small sample square to test tension before you begin the work. If you get more sts. to 1in., try a larger needle; if fewer sts., try a smaller needle. It is important that tension is absolutely correct.

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 224 sts.

Work k 2, p 2 rib, thus:

1st Row: K 3, * p 2, k 2. rep. from * to last 5 sts., p 2, k 3.

2nd Row: Sl. 1 knitways, * p 2, k 2. rep. from * to last 3 sts., p 2, k 1.

Rep. these 2 rows until work measures 3in., ending with a 2nd row.

Next Row: K 3, p 2, * k 2 tog., p 2 tog., rep. from * to last 3 sts., k 3 (116 sts.).

Next Row: As 2nd row.

Next Row: As 1st row.

Rep. the last 2 rows until work measures 24in. from the cast-on edge. With right side of work facing, cast off knitways, loosely.

N.B. The 1st row is the right side of work.

TO MAKE UP

Do not press. Fold in half, cast-off edge to cast-on edge.

Sew a flat seam for 5in. each side on the side edges.

The cast-on edge and cast-off edge is the bottom and the seam commences this end.



*Your pretty hands agree
with your woollen witchery...*

*Lux is
so safe*

You go to a lot of time and care to knit smart woollies so make sure you *keep* them lovely as new—with Lux. Strong soaps and harsh washing methods shrink and matt woollens. Delicate wool fibres *need* Lux—and its safe, gentle care keeps knitteds kitten-soft and shapely year after year. Your hands, too, will stay party-pretty no matter how often they're in Lux.



So safe...you'll want to use it always

HOW TO WASH WOOLLIES THE SAFE WAY — IN LUX

<p>First trace the outline of the garment on plain white paper before washing.</p>	<p>Next squeeze the garment gently through rich, luke-warm Lux suds. Rinse 3 times at the same temperature.</p>	<p>Then roll the woolly flat in a towel to absorb moisture—but do not wring. Unroll immediately.</p>	<p>Finally, ease back to original shape over pencilled outline and dry flat, away from direct heat.</p>

BLACK SWEATER WITH POLO NECK

Streamlined for chic in frosty white on black

Materials: 11 skeins of F. W. Hughes' "Twinprure" crochet wool, shade No. 1016 (black), 2 skeins shade No. 1075 (white), 2 prs. needles, Nos. 13 and 14; 5in. zipp.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder 21in., bust 36in., length of sleeve seam 10in.

Tension: 8 sts. and 10 rows, 1in.

BACK

Using No. 14 needles and B wool, cast on 110 sts. Work in rib of K 1, P 1 for 3in.

Change to No. 13 needles, P 1 row, inc. 10 sts. evenly across row. Cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until inc. to 144 sts.

When work measures 12in. cast on 80 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows for sleeves, then cast on 7 sts. each end of next 2 rows (278 sts.). Cont. without shaping until work measures 17in.

Next Row: K 139 (leave rem. 139 sts. on spare needle). Cont. on last 139 sts., and commence to shape sleeve and shoulder by casting off 8 sts. at sleeve edge every second row until dec. to 19 sts. Cast off loosely. Join wool at centre back and work other side to correspond.

FRONT

Work same as for back until inc. to 278 sts. When work measures 16in. shape neck as follows:—

Next Row: K 132 (leave on a spare needle), cast off loosely 14 sts., K 132.

Cont. on last 132 sts., and cast off 2 sts. at neck edge every 2nd row 14 times. At the same time, when work measures 17in. commence to shape sleeve and shoulder by casting off 8 sts. at sleeve edge every 2nd row until all sts. are cast off. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

YOKE

Using No. 13 needles and B wool, pick up and K about 100 sts. around front. Work 4 rows st-st. in B wool.

5th Row: Using W wool, K.

6th Row: Using W wool, K.

Rep. these 6 rows twice.

Using B wool, K 1 row.

Next Row: * P 3, P 2 tog., rep. from * to end. Leave these sts.

COLLAR

Join sleeve and shoulder seams.

Next Row: Using W wool, pick up and K 20 sts. across one half



This easy-to-knit polo-neck sweater has eye appeal, and its modified design and push-up sleeves make it right for any daytime occasion.

of back of neck, K the 80 sts. of front, then K 20 sts. across other half of back.

Change to No. 14 needles and work in rib of K 1, P 1 for 4in. Cast off loosely in ribbing.

CUFFS

With right side of work towards you, using No. 14 needles and B wool, pick up and K about 72 sts. along edge of sleeves. Work in rib of K 1, P 1 for 1½in. Cast off in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts except ribbing with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side seams. Fold collar in half and stitch on to right side. Sew zipp. into back opening.

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• PERFECT RESULTS
• WITHOUT EXPERIENCE



Standard Model, 160 stitches ... 37/-

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The LONG, LOOSE LINE at its best



Note the treatment of shoulders and the smart protective collar.

● French designer's interpretation of the H-line in a double-breasted cardigan.

Materials: 14oz. (B, 15oz.; C, 16oz.) Villawool Aurora 4-ply wool; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 needles; 10 buttons.

Measurements: Bust — A, 32in.; B, 34in.; C, 36in. Instructions given are for size A, any variations for B and C are given in parentheses. Tension: 7 sts. to 1in. over st-st.

LEFT FRONT PANEL

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 24 sts. (Do not knit into back of sts.) Work in st-st. for 6 rows, commencing with a k row.

Next Row: K. Cast on 16 sts. at end of row.

Next Row: Purl.

Work 8 more rows in st-st.

To form hem: K tog. 1 st. from needle and 1 st. from cast-on edge. Work 24 sts. in this manner, then k rem. 16 sts.

Cont. in st-st. on all sts. till work measures 34in., ending with a p row. Leave panel aside.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 2 sts. and p 1 row.

1st Row: (P 1, k 1) into first st., (k 1, p 1) into second st.

2nd Row: (P 1, k 1) into first st., p 2 (k 1, p 1) into last st.

3rd Row: (K 1, p 1) into first st., p 1, insert needle puriwise into first st. on left hand needle, k into second st., then k first st. and slip both sts. off needle (this will be known as "twist 2"), p 1 (p 1, k 1) into last st.

4th Row: (K 1, p 1) into first st., k 2, p 2, k 2 (p 1, k 1) into last st.

5th Row: (P 1, k 1) into first st.,

k 1, p 2, twist 2, p 2, k 1 (k 1, p 1) into last st.

6th Row: (P 1, k 1) into first st., p 2, k 2, p 2, k 2, p 2 (k 1, p 1) into last st.

7th Row: (K 1, p 1) into first st., p 1, twist 2, p 2, twist 2, p 2, twist 2, p 1 (p 1, k 1) into last st.

8th Row: (K 1, p 1) into first st., * k 2, p 2, * rep. from * to * to last 3 sts., k 2 (p 1, k 1) into last st.

9th Row: (P 1, k 1) into first st., k 1, * p 2, twist 2, * rep. from * to * to last 4 sts., p 2, k 1 (k 1, p 1) into last st.

10th Row: (P 1, k 1) into first st., * p 2, k 2, * rep. from * to * to last 3 sts., p 2 (k 1, p 1) into last st.

Cont. in this way (keeping patt. correct), inc. 1 st. at each end of every row till 78 (B, 82; C, 86) sts. are on needle.

Next Row: (r.s.f.) (k 1, p 1) into first st., working in patt. till 1 st. rem., join on left front panel and k tog. last st. of left front and first st. of left panel, then k rem. panel sts.

Next Row: P 40, patt. 78 (B, 82; C, 86) sts.

Next Row: Inc. 1 st. in first st., work in patt. to last 41 sts., k 2 tog., k to end of row.

Next Row: P 40, work rem. sts. in patt.

Rep. last 2 rows till centre front panel measures 64in. (B, 68; C, 7in.).

Next Row: (r.s.f.) K 2 tog., work in patt. to last 41 sts., k 2 tog., k to end of row.

Next Row: P 40, patt. to last 2 sts., work 2 tog.

Rep. last 2 rows till 103 (B, 107; C, 111) sts. rem.

Next Row: (r.s.f.) Work in patt. to last 41 sts., k 2 tog., k to end of row.

Next Row: P 40, patt. to end of row.

Rep. last 2 rows till 97 (B, 100; C, 103) sts. rem.

Next Row: (r.s.f.) Inc. 1 st. in first st., work in patt. to last 41 sts., k 2 tog., k 39.

Next Row: P 40, patt. to end of row.

Rep. last 2 rows till centre front panel measures 14in. (B, 14; C, 15in.).

Next Row: (r.s.f.) K 2 tog., work in patt. to last 41 sts., k 2 tog., k 39.

Next Row: P 40, patt. till 2 sts. rem., p 2 tog.

Rep. last 2 rows till 76 sts. rem.

Next Row: (r.s.f.) K 2 tog., work in patt. to last 41 sts., k 2 tog., k 39, cast on 10 sts.

Next Row: P 50, patt. to last 2 sts., work 2 tog.

Next Row: K 2 tog., patt. to last 51 sts., k 2 tog., k 49.

Next Row: P 50, patt. to last 2 sts., work 2 tog.

Rep. last 2 rows twice.

Next Row: K 2 tog., work in patt. to last 51 sts., k 2 tog., k 49.

Next Row: Cast off 36 sts., p 14, patt. to last 2 sts., work 2 tog.

Next Row: K 2 tog., work in patt. to last 15 sts., k 2 tog., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Next Row: P 2 tog., p 11, work in patt. to last 2 sts., work 2 tog.

Next Row: K 2 tog., work in patt. to last 13 sts., k 2 tog., k to 2 last sts., k 2 tog.

Next Row: P 2 tog., p 9, work in patt. to 2 last sts., work 2 tog.

Next Row: K 2 tog., work in patt. to last 11 sts., k 2 tog., k 7, k 2 tog.

Next Row: P 2 tog., p 7, work in patt. to last 2 sts., work 2 tog.

Next Row: K 2 tog., work in patt. to last 9 sts., k 2 tog., k 5, k 2 tog.

Next Row: P 2 tog., p 5, work in patt. to last 2 sts., work 2 tog.

Next Row: K 2 tog., work in patt. to last 7 sts., k 2 tog., k 3, k 2 tog.

Next Row: P 2 tog., p 3, work in patt. to last 2 sts., work 2 tog.

Next Row: K 2 tog., work in patt. to last 5 sts., k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog.

Next Row: P 2 tog., work in patt. to last 2 sts., work 2 tog.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k 2 tog., k 1.

Next Row: P 3 tog., end off.

Place ten markers for buttons (on centre front panel) in pairs and evenly spaced, the first pair 4in. from lower edge and the last pair 4in. from top of panel.

RIGHT FRONT PANEL

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 24 sts. (Do not knit into back of sts.) Work in st-st. for 8 rows, commencing with a k row.

Cast on 16 sts., then work 8 rows st-st.

Next Row: K 16, form hem on next 24 sts. as given for left front panel.

Cont. on these 40 sts. in st-st. till work measures 34in., ending with a p row. Leave aside.

(Continued on page 23)

The LONG, LOOSE LINE at its best

(Continued from page 22)

RIGHT FRONT

Work as for left front until 78 (B, 82; C, 86) sts. are on needle. Return to sts. for right front panel, k 39, sl. 1, k first st. of right front, pass the slipped panel st. over the k st., then work in patt. to last st. (p 1, k 1) into last st.

Next Row: P 1, * k 2, p 2, * rep. from * to * to last 41 sts., k 1, p 40.

Next Row: K 39, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o. work in patt. to last st. (k 1, p 1) into last st.

Next Row: Work in patt. to last 40 sts., p 40.

Next Row (to make buttonholes): K 1, cast off 3 sts., k 8, cast off 3 sts., k 18, cast off 3 sts., k 3, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., work in patt. to last st. (k 1, p 1) into last st.

Next Row: Work in patt. to last 33 sts., p 4, cast on 3 sts., p 18, cast on 3 sts., p 8, cast on 3 sts., p 1.

Cont. to work to correspond with left front, having shapings at opposite side and making buttonholes to correspond with markers on left front.

FRONT BASQUES

Using No. 12 needles (r.s.f.), pick up and k 48 (B, 50; C, 52) sts. evenly along lower edge of left front.

Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3½ in.

Cast off.
Work right front basque in similar manner.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 118 (B, 122; C, 126) sts.

Work in a rib of k 1, p 1 for 3½ in. Change to No. 10 needles and work patt. as follows:

1st Row: (r.s.f.) P 2, * twist 2, P 2, * rep. from * to * to end of row.
2nd Row: * K 2, p 2, * rep. from * to * to last 2 sts., k 2.

Cont. in patt., inc. 1 st. at each end of every 8th row till 134 (B, 138; C, 142) sts. are on needle.

Cont. even in patt. till work measures 13 (B, 13; C, 13) in.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, dec. 1 st. at each end of following 6 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next 3 alt. rows. (A, 104; B, 108; C, 112) sts.

Cont. even in patt. till work measures 19½ (B, 20; C, 20½) in.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows.

Then cast off 12 (B, 14; C, 16) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Cast off rem. 32 sts.

RIGHT SLEEVE

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 62 sts.



This cardigan features the latest in French styling. Directions in 3 sizes commence on the opposite page.

Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 4 in.

Next Row: P, inc. sts. evenly along row to 70 sts. (B, 74; C, 78) sts.

Change to No. 10 needles and work 4 rows in patt. st.

Cont. in patt., inc. 1 st. each end of next and every following 6th row till 100 (B, 116; C, 122) sts. are on needle.

Cont. even in patt. till work measures 19½ (B, 19½; C, 20) in. or length required.

To Shape Top of Sleeve—Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, Dec. 1 st. each end of every row till 30 sts. rem.

Cont. in patt. on these 30 sts. for 5½ (B, 5½; C, 6) in. (r.s.f.). Cast off 15 sts., work rem. sts. in patt. for 2½ in. Cast off.

LEFT SLEEVE

Work same as right sleeve till 30 sts. rem.

Cont. on these 30 sts. for 5½ (B, 5½; C, 6) in. (w.s.f.). Cast off 15 sts. at beg. of row. Finish sleeve same as right sleeve.

TO MAKE UP

Sew sleeves into armholes and sew fronts and back to shoulder yoke. Seam back of yokes together. Sew front facings in place.

COLLAR

Using No. 12 needles (r.s.f.), pick up and k 20 sts. from right front, commencing 2½ in. from edge, 15 sts. from right front yoke, 32 sts. across back of neck, 15 sts. from left front yoke, and 20 sts. from left front, ending 2½ in. from edge. (102 sts.).

Next Row: Purl.

Work 2 more rows in st-st.

Change to No. 10 needles and work even in st-st. for 6½ in.

Change to No. 12 needles and work 4 rows in st-st.

Cast off.

Press all st-st. areas with warm iron and damp cloth.

Fold collar in half (r.s.f.) and seam ends, turn to right side and st-st. free edge to neck edge. Seam sleeves and sides. Seam front basques to front panels. Sew buttons to left front to correspond with buttonholes. Press seams open. Turn up cuffs.

keep your WOOLLENS in "GOOD SHAPE" ... wash them with **TRIX**

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